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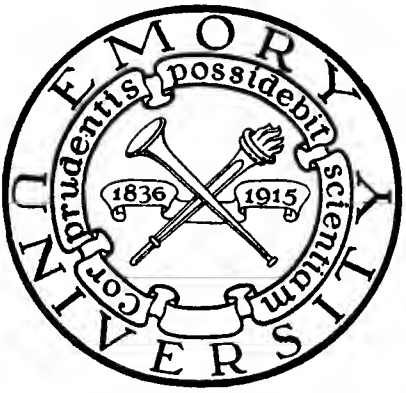

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GEO. DALLAS MOSGROVE.

"Warriors!—and where are warriors found,
If not on martial Dixie's ground?"

KENTUCKY CAVALIERS IN DIXIE

OR

The Reminiscences of a Confederate Cavalryman.

BY GEO. DALLAS MOSGROVE.

EMBRACING

Much of the History of General Humphrey Marshall and his "Army" and of "Morgan and his Men;" Colonel Henry L. Giltner and his Cavalry Brigade; A History of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry Regiment; Recollections of Generals John C. Breckinridge, Wm. Preston, "Cerro Gordo" Williams, S. B. Buckner, Geo. B. Cosby, Geo. B. Crittenden and others; General Longstreet in Tennessee, and General Jubal A. Early in the Shenandoah Valley; Pen Portraits of Officers and Men; Life in Tent and Field; Battles, Cavalry Raids, Songs, Incidents and Anecdotes; Characteristics of the Confederate Soldier; Interesting Miscellany, etc.

Illustrated.

LOUISVILLE, KY.:
COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING CO.
1895.

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DEDICATION.

To the Confederate Soldier,
this book
is Affectionately Inscribed
by the Author.

"The men who held the heights at Gettysburg will live in history; yes—and the men who charged up the heights will live in history, too."
—*Abraham Lincoln.*

PREFACE.

THE following pages represent the labor of years and the affection of a lifetime.

Old soldiers, Confederate and Federal—they are all old—are accustomed to salute the one the other, and exclaim: "We are passing away!" When all shall have answered the last roll call, no sculptured marble may perpetuate the memory of their soldierly virtues, but their names shall be enshrined in the remembrance of their countrymen.

The stars and bars are entwined within the folds of the star-spangled banner, and the bravest in time of war show themselves the most orderly and generous when the doves are nesting within the cannon's mouth.

I have written the following pages largely from memory, and, although what I have written is authentic history, I do not pretend to claim that this book contains a *complete* history of any company, regiment, brigade or division of the Confederate army.

The personages with whom I came in contact were so many, the movements of troops so numerous and complex, that it were impossible for me to remember all of them; and besides, no one soldier or officer of any command ever saw everything, or had the same experience.

Being connected with the adjutant-general's office, and performing staff duty, I was brought in close contact with the rank and file of regiments, brigades and divisions, and was enabled to see much of prominent officers and to acquire information in regard to plans of campaigns, the movements of troops and to witness innumerable interesting incidents; yet I was so young, only eighteen, that I naturally failed to observe the panorama of war as closely and intelligently as I probably would have done had I been past the age of boyhood.

Many personages and incidents, however, impressed themselves indelibly upon my youthful mind, and I have been

constrained to write these reminiscences that the virtues and valorous deeds of my comrades may not be lost in oblivion. I am conscious, however, that my pen is lamentably deficient in artistic and descriptive ability to do justice to the Confederate chevalier.

I have written this book also with the hope that to the Confederate soldier who is not yet "sleeping in the valley" may be recalled memories of the bivouac, his marches, his battles and the innumerable scenes and incidents peculiar to the days when he was "a soldier in gray."

It will not be long until "the last of the Confederates" shall have passed to the "eternal camping ground," to "rest under the shade of the trees." Even now, but few are left to bury the dead; therefore, to the sons and daughters of Confederate veterans should be left something more tangible than tradition to remind them of the gallant deeds performed by their fathers who followed the stars and bars and starry cross "away down South in Dixie."

A native of Louisville, I was living in Hunters Bottom, on the banks of La Belle Riviere, near Carrollton, Ky., when I mounted a charger and rode to Dixieland to serve her cause "for three years, or during the war." This was early in September, 1862, and, looking adown the long vista of years intervening between the present and the far-away past, I see the indistinct outlines of many pictures I fain would hang on the "walls of memory's hall." Numbers of them, however, are hanging there in bold relief, every feature clearly delineated, the coloring fresh, every tint discernible. I have striven to freshen up the faded pictures by brushing away the accumulated dust and cobwebs of Time, and, in numerous instances, have succeeded only by the aid and counsel of a few intelligent comrades, who, believing in my work, have given an impetus to my energies by their assistance and encouragement.

To Captain Edward O. Guerrant, Adjutant-General, the comrade whom I loved, I am indebted, more than to any other person, for material aid in the preparation of this book.

The Hon. Charles J. Bower, Kansas City, Mo.; General Basil W Duke, Captain John J. McAfee, Captain Bart W

Jenkins, Captain R. O. Gathright and Comrade Neville Bullitt, of Louisville, Ky.; Captain J. J. Schoolfield, of Iuka, Ill.; H. P Willis, of Bracken County, Ky.; Col. A. S. Berry, Member of Congress Sixth Kentucky District; D. Brainard Bayless, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and others have been prompt and generous in giving me valuable aid, timely suggestions and encouragement. I herewith beg them to accept my thanks and acknowledgments for the same.

GEO. DALLAS MOSGROVE.

CARROLLTON, KY., December, 1894.

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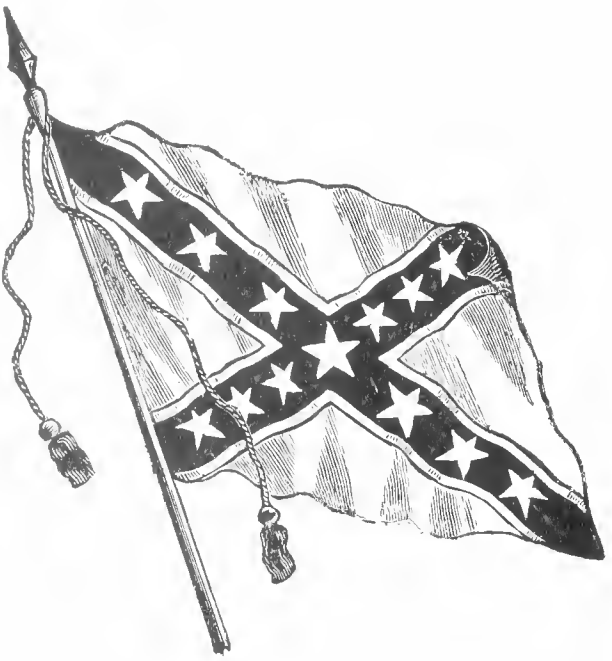


KENTUCKY CAVALIERS IN DIXIE.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR BECOMES A CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMAN—THE MARCH FROM THE OHIO RIVER TO OWENTON—ORGANIZATION—FROM OWENTON TO CAMP BUCKNER—GENERAL BRAGG'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE—RETREAT FROM KENTUCKY.

"And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat;
And through the wide land everywhere,
The answering tread of hurrying feet."

SIMULTANEOUSLY, September 5, 1862, General Lee invaded Maryland and General Bragg marched into Kentucky. There were exciting times in the Northland and in the Southland, and more especially in the border States. In Kentucky thousands of young men were eager to enlist under the starry cross of Dixie. The coming of Bragg opened the way In advance of his army recruiting officers appeared here and there throughout the State, none of whom were more daring and successful than the noted trio, Giltner, Pryor and Parker, who came into Kentucky with the intention of recruiting a regiment. They operated in the border counties, along the Ohio River from Louisville to Cincinnati, and in counties adjoining them not lying immediately on the river. The result of the enterprise was the organization known as the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry Regiment. The recruits remained quietly at their homes until there was a marshaling of clans for purposes of organization. They were compelled to be very discreet in their preliminary movements, as there was ever present the menacing danger of being captured by the Federals upon information given by unfriendly citizens.

Having secretly provided themselves with arms, horses

and other equipments, they quietly assembled at the designated rendezvous, and, without noteworthy adventure, concentrated at Owenton, Owen County, Ky., at which place four companies were organized, H. L. Giltner, M. T. Pryor, W B. Ray and J. T. Alexander being selected as captains. Subsequently Captain John G. Scott, Captain R. O. Gathright and Captain D. L. Revill reported with parts of companies, which were afterward filled, and Captain Thomas E. Moore brought in another company. From Owenton the march was resumed, the column being constantly augmented by additional recruits. Passing through Stamping Ground, and on to Paris, in Bourbon County, the "little army" went into camp for a day or two at the fair grounds, and then moved into a more permanent camp near by, in a beautiful woodland carpeted with luxuriant bluegrass, owned by the wealthy and hospitable Buckner family, in honor of whom the encampment was called "Camp Buckner." Being liberally supplied by the generous and wealthy citizens with well-cooked provisions, and visited by the fair ladies of that most beautiful and hospitable of all lands, and in turn the gay soldier boys being received as welcome guests in the elegant manors, the halcyon days at Camp Buckner savored little of the rough, hard life afterward experienced. The march from the Ohio River to Camp Buckner had been a continuous ovation. All along the route men cheered and fair women smiled and waved handkerchiefs. An exhilarating scene was witnessed at the Oxford Female Academy, where the young girls rushed out upon the green, wildly cheering and waving encouragement. The most notable demonstrations, however, were at Georgetown and Paris, where the ladies thronged the sidewalks, doorways and windows, waving handkerchiefs and small Confederate flags. This so enthused the boys that, after giving the regulation "Confederate yell," they began singing:

"Cheer, boys, cheer, we'll march away to battle;
Cheer, boys, cheer, for our sweethearts and our wives."

Pleasant memories cluster about Camp Buckner and the elysian fields and smiling skies of Bourbon—the generous

families of Buckner, Clay, Thomas and Bedford. But the bugle calls, and all is changed. We mount our horses and forthwith confront the rough, hard life of a Confederate cavalryman. There are to be no more Camp Buckners. From now on it is marching, marching, marching, day and night, along dusty turnpikes, suffering greatly for want of water, and nearly always hungry and sleepy.

Until the close of General Bragg's campaign we were constantly marching—moving to and fro on the chess-board of war.

Just before marching into Kentucky General Bragg had been at Chattanooga, on the left flank of Buell's Federal army. Early in August, with Morgan's cavalry in advance, the Confederate army made a rapid movement up the Sequatchie Valley into Kentucky Buell immediately started for Louisville, and then there was an exciting race between the two armies. To make it more interesting, General E. Kirby Smith, of Manassas fame, leaving a considerable force to watch the wily Federal general, George W Morgan, at Cumberland Gap, with twelve thousand infantry and about a thousand of Scott's celebrated cavalry, entered Kentucky from Virginia and struck the army of General Wm. Nelson at Richmond, and, in a pitched battle, defeated the Federals, the defeat becoming a rout. Smith swiftly marched upon Lexington, effecting a junction with General John H. Morgan, and advanced a division of his army to the vicinity of Covington, threatening Cincinnati. Within a few days Bragg also arrived at Lexington, thence moving to Frankfort, taking possession of that city and the country south and west of it. At Frankfort, October 4th, in the presence of thirty thousand Confederate soldiers and a vast assemblage of citizens, Richard Hawes was inaugurated Governor of Kentucky The new Governor had scarcely concluded his inaugural address when the advanced cavalry of Buell's army charged up to the Kentucky river bridge, and "Governor" Hawes retired with General Bragg to Lexington.

Buell, having reached Louisville and reorganized his army, marched upon Frankfort with one column, sending another

down the south bank of Kentucky River, on Bragg's left flank, threatening his rear.

Strangely, inexplicably, General Bragg divided his army, and with the smaller part fought the larger part of Buell's divided force.

The battle of Perryville, fought October 8th, was most desperate and bloody—the bloodiest ever fought on Kentucky soil. Neither general was aware of the real situation when the battle began. General Bragg thought he was attacking the smaller part of Buell's army, while Buell believed he was confronted by the greater part of the Confederate force. Just the reverse was true.

The battle was brief. It began at 2:30 o'clock and closed at 6 P. M. Of twenty-five thousand men, the Federals lost, in killed and wounded, probably four thousand. The Confederates lost, in killed and wounded, about three thousand of the fifteen thousand men they had in the fight.

By nightfall, General Bragg realized that nearly the whole of General Buell's army was confronting him, and concluded to fall back toward Harrodsburg to meet General Kirby Smith, who was marching toward him from Frankfort and Lexington. Bragg then resolved to retreat from the State, overruling the counsel of Generals Humphrey Marshall and Smith, who declared that such a movement was not necessary.

The Confederate Government was very much dissatisfied with Bragg's management of the Kentucky campaign, and placed him, temporarily, under arrest. In like manner, the Federals severely criticised General Buell. The Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, having been assigned to General Marshall's command, assisted in covering the retreat, marching in rear of the immense wagon train—said to be about thirty miles long.

Upon reaching Lancaster, due east from the Perryville battlefield, General Marshall's column separated from Bragg's, leaving the State by way of Pound Gap, while General Bragg retreated into Tennessee by way of Cumberland Gap and other passes through the mountains.

CHAPTER II.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FOURTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY—THE MUSTER ROLLS.

"There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen."

THE Fourth Kentucky Cavalry Regiment, nearly nine hundred strong, was fully organized at Salyersville, Ky., on the 5th day of October, 1862. Henry L. Giltner was made Colonel; M. T. Pryor, Lieutenant-Colonel; Nathan Parker, Major; S. S. Scott, Surgeon; Geo. T Campbell, Captain-Commissary; Geo. T. Atkins, Captain-Quartermaster; Terah M. Freeman, Adjutant, and R. Frank Harrison, Sergeant-Major. Charles Duncan, of Covington, Ky., had been adjutant, temporarily, and Captain Campbell was eventually succeeded in the commissary department by Captain Jacob Yeager.

The final organization of companies was as follows: Company A, Captain Wm. B. Ray; Company B, Captain John G. Scott; Company C, Captain J. T Alexander; Company D, Captain Thomas E. Moore; Company E, Captain Sam Duncan; Company F, Captain Thomas M. Barrett; Company G, Captain Loss Revill, succeeded by Captain James T Willis; Company I, Captain John J Marshall; Company K, Captain Shuck Whittaker. When Major Parker was killed, Captain Ray became Major, and Lieutenant Ben Duncan became Captain of Company A. When Captain Marshall was killed, Lieutenant H. S. Chilton succeeded to the captaincy of Company I, and when Captain Sam Duncan was captured at Rheatown, Tenn., Lieutenant H. H. Adcock succeeded to the command of Company E, retaining it until the close of the war.

The companies were made up of men from the counties of Harrison, Bourbon, Pendleton, Kenton, Campbell, Boone, Grant, Gallatin, Owen, Henry, Carroll, Trimble and Oldham. Some were from Louisville, others from different parts of the State, and not a few from other States.

The regiment was first brigaded under General Marshall; afterward under Generals Wm. Preston, John S. Williams and others; finally, under Colonel H. L. Giltner. The brigade was a part of General John H. Morgan's division from the time of that chieftain's escape from the Ohio prison until he was killed. It then became an independent brigade, continuing as such until the close of the war.

The muster rolls of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry are herewith appended:

FIELD AND STAFF.

H. L. Giltner, Colonel.
Moses T. Pryor, Lieutenant-Colonel.
Nathan Parker, Major.
Sam S. Scott, Surgeon.
George S. Whipple, Assistant Surgeon.
H. Gamble, Assistant Surgeon.
L. L. Gregory, Assistant Surgeon.
G. T. Campbell, Commissary.
Clint W Kelly, Commissary Sergeant.
Geo. T. Atkins, Quartermaster.
James Crews, Assistant Quartermaster.
Terah M. Freeman, Adjutant.
R. Frank Harrison, Sergeant-Major.
James O. Bersot, Quartermaster-Sergeant.
Jacob Yeager, Commissary Sergeant.

COMPANY A.

Wm. D. Ray, Captain.
Ben F. Duncan, First Lieutenant.
John H. Thomas, Second Lieut.
John R. Sanders, Second Lieut.
Fred Hutchison, First Sergeant.
L. G. Peak, Orderly Sergeant.
Silas N. Peak, Second Sergeant.
Ben F. Gray, Second Sergeant.
Jesse F. Fallis, Third Sergeant.
Geo. W. Abbott, Fourth Sergeant.
Nathan Barnes, Fourth Sergeant.
Geo. W Miller, Orderly Sergeant.
Jacob Yeager, Quartermaster.
John Law, First Corporal.
Columbus Shephard, Second Corporal.
John F Hall, Second Corporal.
John R. Skidmore, Third Corporal.
Robt. W Gatewood, Fourth Corporal.

Abbott, Wm. A.
Abbott, W H.
Alexander, James.
Arington, Lafe W., transferred to Company H.
Burrows, Wm. F., transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Burrows, A. W.
Belle, Lafe, transferred to Company H.

Burton, W. B., transferred to Company H.
Burrows, Thos. D.
Colbert, John L., detailed as butcher and commissary.
Colbert, Russell, detailed as butcher and commissary.
Colbert, W. J., transferred to Company H.
Coleman, Wm. Oscar.
Crafton, Jack.
Crafton, Elijah.
Crafton, Babbitt, died.
Canady, Moses, died March 3, 1863.
Callis, Hampton, transferred to Company H.
Callis, Thos. A., transferred to Company H.
Callis, Camden B., transferred to Company H.
Callis, E. B., transferred to Company H.
Duggins, Kendrick, transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Davis, Flem, killed.
Ewing, Geo.
Ewing, Augustus M.
Edrington, Alex., died.
Edwards, Geo. W.
Ewing, G. D.
Fisher, J. E., died.
Fallis, Flournoy C.
Farley, Wm., died.
Frost, Amos.
Foree, John T.
Ferguson, Sid.
Foree, Thos., transferred to Company H.
Faulconer, Lev., transferred to Company H.
Foree, Geo., transferred to Company H.
Tague, John T.
Ginn, James G.
Greenwood, Wm. L.
Gatewood, W. R.
Goode, Wm. R.
Greenwood, Wm. H., transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Greenwood, John W., transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Gideon, John R.
Gideon, James W.
Glass, F. M., transferred to Company H.
Greenwood, W.
Glass, Conway, transferred to Company H.
Gosmam, Sam'l.
Hunter, Henry, transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Hood, Robt.
Hall, Ely.
Humphrey, Robt. E.
Hoskins, Armistead, died.
Hunt, J. C.
Hedges, R.
Harmon, O. P., transferred to Company H.
Hoskins, R. A., transferred to Company H.
Harmon, J. W., transferred to Company H.
Hoskins, A. G.
Jones, J. D.
Johnson, Joe, killed at Telford's Depot, Tenn., Sept. 9, 1863.
Johnson, Barney.
Jackson, Sam P.
Kirk, Wm.
Kent, David.
Lent, Geo., transferred to Company H.
Murphy, Philip.
McClelland, Wm.
Mitchell, Allen.
Maddox, Alonzo W.
McCarty, James.
Mitchell, W. C., transferred to Company H.

Mayfield, C. G.
Martin, James, transferred to Company H.
McGlochlen, Henry, transferred to Company H.
Ogden, Wm.
Owen, James G., promoted to Ordnance Sergeant.
Owens, James.
Perkinson, John D.
Pendleton, John R.
Peak, Geo. W
Peddicord, John.
Pryor, Wm. M.
Penn, John W
Quinley, Allen.
Robinson, John L.
Romans, Sam L.
Rowlett, John W.
Riddle, Wm., transferred to Company H.
Richmond, Andrew, transferred to Company H.
Richmond, J. W., transferred to Company H.
Stafford, D. F., died.
Stafford, H. W.
Smith, Robt.
Smith, Albert R., killed at Limestone, Tenn., Sept. 1863.
Sanders, Gosley.
Shoemaker, John.
Staples, Marion, transferred to Company H.
Staples, Sam'l A., transferred to Company H.
Smith, Robt. F
Sanders, Jas. G.
Trulove, H. H.
Trulove, W T.
Trulove, H. W
Trout, Dan'l B.
Tandy, John A.
Thompson, W D., died.
Tingle, Sam.
Tingle, Wm.
Turngate, J. N., transferred to Company H.
Turngate, D. W., transferred to Company H.
Tandy, John F
Tandy, Andrew J.
Vawter, Wm. H.
Vawter, Alphiel.
Welch, David.
Wooley, Thos.
Wright, James.
Welch, Geo. W., transferred to Company H.

COMPANY B.

John G. Scott, Captain.
Marion Corbin, First Lieutenant, shot by Burnside, death order, on Johnson's Island.
Robt. F. Alexander, First Lieutenant.
Pierce Whittaker, Second Lieutenant.
Parker Dean, Second Lieutenant, killed at Cynthiana, Ky.
Alex. C. Ross, First Sergeant, killed at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Lewis Alexander, Second Sergeant.
Price N. Demint, Third Sergeant.
John D. Alexander, Fourth Sergeant.
Robert L. Bond, Fourth Sergeant.
Sam'l Ryan, Fifth Sergeant.
Robt. L. Sanders, First Corporal.
Daniel H. Morgan, Second Corporal.
John E. Egleston, Third Corporal.
James O. Bersot, Fourth Corporal.
Wood G. Stansifer, Fourth Corporal.
Dike Arnold, Bugler, died at Jonesville, Va., February 12, 1863.
Joel K. Corbin, Blacksmith.
John W West, Farrier.

Alexander, Lewis.
Alexander, Richard M.
Allcorn, Benj., transferred to Company K.
Ayers, Jas. T., transferred to Fifth Kentucky.
Boothe, James.
Baxter, James.
Baker, Wm.
Bowlin, Robt. O.
Bowlin, John, died at Gladeville, Virginia.
Bournand, Henry.
Brown, Wm. M.
Boyd, Wm.
Costigan, Albert.
Cox, Richard L.
Craig, Edward T.
Demint, Wm., transferred from Company F.
Diarmit, Richard.
Dinguid, James E.
Friend, R. S., captured in Kentucky.
Franklin, Robert, transferred to Company K.
Garnett, Wm. R.
Green, Henry.
Garnett, Andrew T.
Garnett, Wm. H., died in Virginia, May 20, 1863.
Garnett W. B., wounded; died in Virginia, June 22, 1863.
Hammond, Sam'l.
Hammond, Wm.
Johnson, Wm.
Judge, Michael.
Knox, Joel T., died in Virginia, April 30, 1863.
Knox, Newt. A.
Kirby, Nat.
Lilla, John A.
Langley, Wm. F., transferred to Company K.
Lindsay, John F
McElroy, Geo.
Murphy, John F.
Means, Nimrod A.
Marksberry, Sam'l.
McDaniel, John H., died at Camp Henry, January 11, 1864.
McDaniel, Thos. D.
McCreary, Wm. H.
Myrick, Morton.
McElrath, Thos. J., captured at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Noel, John B.
Pettit, Julius J.
Pettit, James, died at Holston Springs.
Pettit, John E.
Pate, John.
Perkins, Joseph.
Pilow, John.
Rodgers, Alex. M.
Rodgers, Wm.
Rudd, Jos. T.
Reptka, Barney.
Rigg, Harry B., wounded at Bean Station, Tenn.
Ross, Campbell, killed at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Roberts, Robt. L.
Reed, Thos.
Rodgers, John.
Ross, Wm. A.
Stansifer, Wood G.
Sullinger, James.
Smith (or Schmidt), John.
Souther, John M.
Summers, James W.
Smith, Allen, transferred to Company K.
Stevenson, Wm. G.
Smith, Geo.
Tigha, Wm.
Thomas, Harrison, transferred to Company K.
Utz, Thos. J.
Vallandingham, Richard.

Vaughan, Geo. B.
Williams, Joel N., captured in Kentucky.
Williams, Wm. B.
Wells, Geo. W.
West, John W.
White, Leroy, died in Virginia, June 9, 1863.
Whittaker, John T.

COMPANY C.

J. T. Alexander, Captain.
E. D. Whittaker, First Lieutenant, promoted to Captain, Company K., December 10, 1862.
E. J. Sanders, First Lieutenant, promoted from Second Lieutenant.
W T. Bond, Second Lieutenant.
W. H. Hammond, Third Lieutenant, resigned.
J. P. Garvey, Third Lieutenant.
J. P. Van Pelt, Orderly Sergeant, transferred to Company K.
Thos. Violett, Orderly Sergeant.
James P. McNeal, First Sergeant.
Isaac T. Webster, Second Sergeant.
T. D. Alexander, Third Sergeant, transferred to Company K.
Peter Gentry, Fourth Sergeant.
Elijah Arnold, First Corporal.
J. W. Moore, First Corporal.
Patrick Gill, Second Corporal, transferred to Company K.
T. J. Allnut, Second Corporal.
John Rohrer, Third Corporal.
T. W. Taylor, Third Corporal.
John Montgomery, Fourth Corporal, transferred to Company K.
G. W. Douglas, Fourth Corporal.
James Burk, Blacksmith.
W. M. Early, Farrier.
N. M. Sanders, Farrier.

Arnold, W. J., transferred to Company K.
Allcorn, John, transferred to Company K.
Ayres, John S., died April 1, 1863.
Arnold, W. C., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Brown, J. W.
Baucum, Allen, transferred to Company K.
Bond, R. S.
Baker, J. W.
Burk, Patrick, transferred to Company K.
Burk, John.
Brock, Granville.
Baldwin, T. D.
Beaty, C. H.
Beverly, Wm.
Brock, W. J., died May 1, 1863.
Beverly, Jesse.
Bryant, Granville, transferred to Captain Marshall.
Craigmyles, J. W., transferred to Company K.
Craigmyles, Van Buren, transferred to Company K.
Clements, G. A., transferred to Company K.
Childs, A. L., transferred to Company K.
Calender, John, transferred to Company K.
Craigmyles, R. W.
Clements, Gustavus, transferred to Company K.
Cook, J. P., transferred to Company K.
Craigmyles, Sylvanus, transferred to Company K.
Childs, G. M., transferred to Company K.

Coots, M. T.
Catlett, T. A., transferred to Company K.
Callahan, Dennis, transferred to Company K.
Conover, John J., formerly of Buckner Guards. Re-enlisted.
Darbrow, Wm., transferred to Company K.
Davis, G. W.
Darbrow, James.
Douglas, G. W.
Duncan, Squire, transferred to Company K.
Douthit, James, transferred to Company K.
Dorman, J. H.
Early, W M.
Edwards, J. W.
Early, T. H.
Early, Joseph.
Furnish, W H., transferred to Company K.
Gill, Michael, transferred to Company K.
Garvey, Joseph, died at Blountville, Tenn., December 6, 1862.
Garvey, B. E.
Garvey, James.
Green, J. L.
Green, G. W., died March 1, 1863.
Gill, Matthew, transferred to Company K.
Hartsough, J. C.
Hammond, J. A.
Hearen, W. T.
Hopkins, Benj.
Holliday, Geo. W.
Herrington, J. H.
Hopkins, T. H., wagoner.
Jackson, Andrew.
Jones, Alonzo, transferred to Company K.
Jagers, Joseph.
Jones, L., died April 20, 1863.
Kemper, G. G.
King, J. T., transferred to Company K.
Kemper, J. P.
Lewellyn, John, transferred to Company K.
Lyons, James, transferred to Company K.
Lewis, G. T., died at Crank s Gap, Va., May 16, 1863.
Lewis, John.
Lewis, Joseph.
McDermott, Leander, transferred to Company K.
Maddox, James.
Minor, Gideon.
McCreary, James K.
Minor, E. S.
May, G. W
May, Hezekiah, transferred to Captain Marshall.
McGaffic, Wm., transferred to Captain Gathright.
Nichols, Ed, transferred to Company K.
Nuttall, Thomas, transferred to Captain Marshall.
Nuttall, W. L., transferred to Captain Marshall.
O'Donnel, Patrick, transferred to Company K.
Orr, Richard H., transferred to Company K.
Osborne, D. L.
Osborne, Thomas.
Poland, J. J., transferred to Company K.
Poland, Jesse, transferred to Company K.
Poland, D. L., captured in Kentucky.
Perry, M., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Pate, John, transferred to Captain Scott.

Rodgers, N. B.
Rossel, E. T.
Renslaw, S. P., transferred to Company K.
Russel, E. A.
Sanders, Wm.
Smith, R. P.
Smith, J. H., transferred to Company K.
Spangler, Ed R., transferred to Company K.
Sanders, N. M., transferred to Company K.
Smith, J. A., transferred to Company K.
Stiggers, John.
Stiggers, W R.
Slaughter, A. T., died at Holston Springs, July 1, 1863.
Slaughter, W. P.
Slaughter, R. F.
Steward, S. M., transferred to Company K.
Sanders, W. F., transferred to Company K.
Stevenson, Flourry, transferred to Captain Marshall.
Sullenger, John T., transferred to Captain Scott.
Todd, O. B., died at Holston Springs, March 20, 1863.
Threlkeld, G. B.
Vallandingham, Geo.
Whittingham, Harry.
West, Newt. S.
Wood, D. D.
Webster, J. T.
Waldrop, S. S.
White, Dan'l, transferred to Captain Marshall.

COMPANY D.

Thomas E. Moore, Captain, wounded at Mossy Creek.
Robert T. Garrard, First Lieutenant, wounded.
James T. Jenkins, Second Lieutenant.
W N. Ewing, Second Lieutenant.
Jno. Makemson, Third Lieutenant.
Ben. T. Hume, First Sergeant.
W J. Turner, First Sergeant.
John B. Cason, Second Sergeant.
John E. Lightfoot, Second Sergeant.
Wm. A. Moore, Third Sergeant.
E. J. Rawlings, Third Sergeant.
John W Dance, Fourth Sergeant.
A. J. Rawlings, Fourth Sergeant.
Joseph Brann, Fifth Sergeant, died at Jonesville, Va., February, 1863.
W G. Barker, Fifth Sergeant.
Joseph R. Ellis, First Corporal.
F A. Boston, Second Corporal.
Geo. T. Routt, Third Corporal.
John Howk, Fourth Corporal.
James M. McCandless, Farrier.

Asbury, James S.
Asbury, Robert F.
Asbury, Sam'l S., died in hospital November 15, 1862.
Adams, S. F.
Bird, Columbus, captured at Rheatown, October 11, 1863.
Burgess, Henry.
Boston, Frank A.
Bradshaw, Alex.
Beagle, S. K.
Curry, Benj. F.
Carter, Obediah, died June, 1863.
Corbin, Wm. F., shot while recruiting. Order of Burnside.
Cownths, Jonas, died, Jonesville, Va., February, 1863.
Cahill, Thomas.
Caldwell, A. J.
Caldwell, Alex.

Colvin, Nimrod.
Colvin, Beverly M.
Collier, L. F.
Crawford, J. M.
Colvin, Minor.
Dickens, Absolom C.
Day, Lewis.
Draper, Martin.
Dorman, James M.
Dance, Thos. B.
Darnell, John.
Ellis, James, died at Holston Springs, June, 1863.
Ewing, John J.
Ewing, Sam'l T.
Ewing, Joel, wounded.
Fogle, David K.
Finn, Patrick.
Forsythe, James.
Fogle, Geo. W.
Furnish, J. T.
Garrett, John B.
Howk, John.
Hume, Samuel F
Hill, Theodore M.
Harrington, Philip.
Henry, Edward.
Ingles, Tyra M.
Justice, Isaac D.
Kidwell, Isaac, captured while on picket, March 21, 1863.
Kirkwood, Cushenberry (W C.).
Keith, Wm.
Lowe, Moses.
Lowe, Samuel.
Lovingood, N. J.
Lightfoot, Elkin D.
Lightfoot, John (E.).
McKinney, Wm., wounded.
Morin, Frank S.
McCann, Frank.
Marshall, Robt. F.
Mann, Livingston.
Myers, Geo. F.
McKinney, John T.
McGraw, T. J., shot by order of Burnside.
Martin, James, transferred from Company H.
Morin, Andrew.
Nelson, Theodore P.
Newman, John W
Orr, Morris, killed Feb. 13, 1864.
Oldfields, Jesse S.
Perry, Oliver.
Phillips, John C.
Porter, Wesly.
Rule, Geo. R.
Robinson, John.
Robinson, Francis M.
Richison, Samuel.
Riley, Alfred.
Riley, James.
Ravena, Jacob.
Rawlings, Perry.
Rice, Willis.
Routt, Thornton D.
Skinner, Silas.
Sellers, James H.
Stowers, David L.
Shively, Andrew J.
Shoemaker, Andrew J.
Turner, Wm. J.
Taylor, Jasper.
Tomlin, Christian.
Thompson, Joseph L., captured in Kentucky.
Thompson, John H., captured February 13, 1864.
Taylor, Joseph F
Tomlin, Henry E.
Victor, John W
Vance, James.
Vance, Peter, captured in Kentucky.
Williams, John T.
Williams, Pope W.
Williams, Wm. P.
Williams, Wm.
Yelton, Wm. H.

COMPANY E.

M. T. Pryor, Captain, promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.
Sam P. Duncan, Captain.
John N. Tague, First Lieutenant, resigned.
Henry H. Adcock, First Lieutenant, promoted from Second Lieutenant.
Sinnet Duncan, Second Lieutenant.
Archie W. Smith, Jr., Second Lieutenant.
Wm. Buchanan, First Sergeant.
Thomas J. McElrath, Second Sergeant.
D. T. Coleman, Second Sergeant.
James T. Buchanan, Third Sergeant.
Wm. T. Scott, Fourth Sergeant, transferred to Captain Marshall.
Cavallo G. Mayfield, Fourth Sergeant.
Humphrey May, Fifth Sergeant, died in Lee County, Va., January 29, 1863.
Albert C. Norvill, Fifth Sergeant.
James F. Roberts, First Corporal.
Richard H. Strother, Second Corporal.
A. P Pierce, Third Corporal.
Thomas R. Powell, Fourth Corporal, died at Holston Springs, April 8, 1863.
Ziba King, Fourth Corporal.

Ashby, Z. K., transferred to Fifth Kentucky, May 18, 1863.
Adcock, Lawson.
Barriger, Isaac T.
Brain, Wm., died at Holston Springs, March 24, 1863.
Barriger, Robert G., died at Lebanon, Va., January 10, 1863.
Ball, Claybourn B.
Beck, Wm., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Butcher, John Newt.
Burrows, James W.
Beasly, Robt.
Bryant, Tully, transferred to Captain Jessee.
Bain, Wm. A.
Banks, G. W., transferred to Colonel Hawkins' Regiment.
Barriger, James W.
Billingsly, R. B.
Connell, Thos. B.
Coleman, Dan'l T.
Clem, Coleman C.
Connell, Albert W.
Caplinger, A. D.
Caplinger, James F.
Caplinger, James W
Campbell, James L.
Douglas, Wm. H., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Delany, W A.
Delany, L. L.
Ennis, George.
Ely, John A.
Edwards, James.
Fresh, Walter A.
Fisher. Theophilus.
Gossom, Wm. F.
Gecoby, Wm., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Glasscock, Wm. P.
Holsclaw, Wm.
Holsclaw, Elijah.
Hisle, John.
Humston, Wm. A.
Horton, Minor.
Humston, T. M., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Huston, M.

Jackson, James D.
Jenkins, Wm. L.
Jenkins, Fred'k R.
Jones, T.
Kibble, E. G.
Lee, Levi H.
Lamaster, Abraham, transferred to Captain Marshall.
Lamaster, Hugh.
Martin, John E. F. (or T.)
Moore, George, transferred to Captain Marshall.
Moscow, Rich'd B.
May, Wm. B.
May, A. J.
Martin, Albert, died at Jonesville, Va., January 23, 1863.
Morgan, Alfred, died at Holston Springs March 24, 1863.
Metts, Alfred.
May, G. W.
Maline, H. C., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Mead, Sharmon.
Maddox, James W.
Malloy, Peter A.
Mathis, Lee.
Nevill, Jas. R.
Neves, B. B.
Peterson, Joseph.
Pritchett, E. H.
Perry, Benj., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Parks, Wm. T.
Powell, John R.
Piles, Wm. H., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Pritchard, E. D.
Powers, S.
Powers, H.
Ransdall, G. T., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Sidebottom, W. A., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Stansberry, Leander.
Sams, G. W.
Scott, Joseph H., died at Jonesville, Va., January 15, 1863.
Smith, Henry L.
Sims, Silas G., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Sams, James R.
Spillman, John H.
Scott, P. C.
Speaks, John P., transferred from Captain Jessee.
Sibert, Henry.
Smith, Thomas.
Tharp, G. A.
Turner, Wm. A., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Vannice, John, transferred from Company F.
Vancliver, W. G.
Williams, Mose V
Wilson, Travis, transferred to Captain Marshall.
Wilson, Wm.
Wilson, R. S.
Wilson, D. E.
Wilson, Henry, died at Holston Springs, March 6, 1863.
Willis, John P.
Wells, James W.
Wells, Barney.
Williams, George.
Whitmore, Ed D., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Young, D., transferred to Captain Marshall.

COMPANY F.

H. L. Giltner, Captain, promoted to Colonel.
Thomas M. Barrett, Captain, promoted October 6, 1862.
Geo. S. Wood, First Lieutenant.
Wm. Hayden, Second Lieutenant.
Lewis O'Neal, Third Lieutenant.
Lewis S. Ellis, First Sergeant.
John D. Cox, First Sergeant.
Scott T. Souther, Second Sergeant.
R. M. Souther, Third Sergeant.

Ellis, Geo. C., Fourth Sergeant, detailed as Forage Master.
Burrows, R. W., Fifth Sergeant.
Bond, R. L., First Corporal.
Butts, John W., First Corporal.
McCann, J. J., Second Corporal.
Hayden, Thomas, Third Corporal, became Chief Bugler, November 25, 1862.
Coghill, James, Third Corporal.
Cox, D. M., Third Corporal.

Anderson, John.
Arnold, J.
Brown, James C.
Boorom, George, captured and exchanged.
Bradley, Wm. H.
Bradley, James A., wounded and captured at Mt. Sterling, 1864. Died at Camp Douglas prison.
Bridges, Joe.
Baker, J. F.
Booker, Robert B.
Bartlett, W. Taylor.
Barrett, Richard.
Baker, Robert, detailed in Med. Department.
Bohon, Wm. J.
Bashaw, Thomas P.
Brown, James.
Bower, Charles J.
Benny, W.
Craig, Lewis.
Cox, W. A.
Carrico, Wm. T.
Carrico, John T.
Campbell, John W
Craig, L. N.
Chadwell, James, died December 22, 1862.
Duvall, Sam L.
Darling, A. Frank.
Demint, Wm., transferred to Company B.

Dugan, Wm. J., captured and exchanged.
Disinger, David.
Ellis, Wm. C.
Ellis, David, transferred to Company B.
Ellis, Charles C., transferred to Company B.
Ellis, J. A., transferred to Company B.
Ellis, Robert.
Ellis, L. S., Quartermaster-Sergeant, transferred to Company K.
Ethridge, J. A.
Easterday, Abraham.
Forsee, G. N.
Gardner, G. T.
Galfus, Wm.
Guthrie, W. S.
Hudson, Robert.
Hayden, Fielding V.
Hayden, James M.
Harrison, R. F., promoted to Sergeant-Major.
Hayden, Ben.
Hautzer, W. H.
Hays, Wm.
Highfield, John, transferred to Company B.
Heron, James.
Hayden, B. F., died at Jonesville, February 8, 1863.

Hayden, R. F.
Hayden, W. H.
Johnson, W. A., captured and exchanged.
Johnson, H.
Kemper, Samuel, transferred to Company K.
Kelly, Clint. W
Lindsay, J. W.
Lindsay, J. S., transferred to Company B.
Little, Willis.
Langstaff, John.
Lacefield, S. M.
McCann, W L., transferred to Company K.
Mason, J. P.
McMannis, A. J.
Mosgrove, Geo. D., on detached service at regimental and brigade headquarters.
Martin, John M.
McCreary, David.
Montgomery, G.
Netherland, M. C.
North, James O.
O'Neal, T. J.
O'Neal, J. W.
O'Neal, R.
O'Neal, D. B.
Roy, Thomas.
Robertson, Wm.
Southard, James L.
Smith, Martin.
Searcy, Abe E.
Scott, S. M.
Searcy, A. G., died at Blountville, January 19, 1863.
Searcy, Wm. B., died at Blountville, December 17, 1862.
Sanders, Henry R.
Starling, Isaac.
Sanderson, W H.
Shirley, W. O. B.
Sanders, C.
Spencer, J. W.
Stemper, Fred.
Tandy, James P.
Taylor, T. M.
Taylor, Wm. J.
Tingle, R., transferred to Captain Marshall.
Tharp, J.
Vannice, J. C., transferred to Company E.
Vories, J. G.
Vories, John.
Whitehead, J. R., died at Blountville, November 25, 1862.
Williams, Geo. W.
Wayland, Daniel.
Wayland, W. A., died at Jonesville, February 1, 1863.
Wayland, Butler.
Wells, Wash.
Williams, Nat. H.
Webster, Wm.
Williams, O. P.
Wood, Alonzo, died in Hospital Emory & Henry, Virginia.

COMPANY G.

D. L. Revill, Captain.
James T. Willis, First Lieutenant, promoted to Captain, December 22, 1862.
T. D. Redd, Second Lieutenant, promoted to First Lieutenant December 22, 1862.
James E. Revill, Second Lieutenant.
V. R. Belew, Second Lieutenant.
Jo. C. Revill, Third Lieutenant.
L. M. Bond, Third Lieutenant, promoted to Second Lieutenant, January 12, 1863.
Cyrus W. Threlkeld, First Sergeant.
Frank Stair, Second Sergeant.
W. H. Moore, Third Sergeant.

W. V. Sale, Fourth Sergeant.
H. B. Gross, Fifth Sergeant.
Hardin Davis, First Corporal.
W. A. McNeas, First Corporal.
Wm. T. Steele, Second Corporal.
Joseph N. Carter, Third Corporal.
Warren Pryor, Farrier.
J. B. Rodgers, Bugler.

Ames, John.
Ayers, John.
Bridges, B. T.
Brock, W. H., captured in Kentucky.
Beard, H. J.
Brissey, F. J.
Brown, S. B.
Brumback, Wm. S.
Bruce, A. H.
Berlew, J. R.
Baleon, V. R.
Bruce, Wm.
Casseday, James.
Carter, H. M.
Carter, T. H.
Caldwell, S.
Clark, W M.
Cox, Sam'l C.
Conover, J.
Cammack, G.
Crouch, J. H.
Conover, Peter.
Combs, W. C.
Casseday, J. M.
Cates, Wesley.
Calender, Wm.
Cook, A. F.
Clark, Zack.
Crouch, G.
Carter, N.
Cox, Thomas.
Deringer, Joseph.
De Jarnett, W H., transferred to Captain Jessee.
Dunavant, W. H.
Dixon, T. K.
Davidson, H. J.
DeWitt, Wm.
Davis, Hardin.
Downs, E. J.
Evans, Wm. T.
Fisher, Nat.
Ford, W. W.
Finley, F. M., died.
Fighn, Jesse.
Gross, Gilbert.
Gallagher, Peter.
Gravitt, W. H.
Green, John W.
Green, John J.
Green, John.
Harrison, T. D.
Hoover, George.
Hall, E. D.
Hutton, Wm.
Hutton, John.
Holiday, James.
Humphreys, Andy.
Hammond, N. B.
Judea, Wallace.
Juett, William.
Kuhn, W H.
Kirby, John.
Kalander, W.
Mitchell, Robt.
Moreland, Geo.
Mayberry, Wm.
McHatton, J. J.
McComis, P.
O'Banon, P. T.
Oliver, Henry.
Poe, Samuel.
Pettit, C. G.
Reddin, John.
Reddin, Jacob.
Rector, M.
Russell, Willis (or Wm.).
Razor, Nat.
Ransdall, M. D.
Roland, N.
Reading, Henry.

Redd, T. D.
Ross, W. A.
Rodgers, John, transferred to Captain Scott.
Rodgers, J. B.
Reddin, G.
Reddin, James.
Sale, S. B.
Simpson, Abe.
Spencer, G. D.
Scott, Dan.
Suter, John M.
Suter, James M.
Simpson, James.
Sebree, John.
Smithers, Ezekiel.
Sale, Austin.
Sechrest, James D.
Stiger, James.
Smith, Jesse.
Thornton, John.
Thornton, Thos.
Threlkeld, W S.
Wilhoite, Wm.
Wingate, Cyrus.
Wilson, Martin.
Welch, Thos.
Webb, Joseph F.

COMPANY H.

Richard O. Gathright, Captain.
J. Crit Ireland, First Lieutenant.
W. W. Pierce, Second Lieutenant.
D. P. Mitchell, Third Lieutenant.
G. W. Welch, First Sergeant.
Wm. Helm, First Sergeant.
W. W. White, First Sergeant, captured at Moccasin Gap.
J. H. Caplinger, Second Sergeant.
W. Mitchell, Third Sergeant.
John H. Calloway, Third Sergeant.
R. A. Hoskins, Fourth Sergeant.
W. B. Crabb, Fifth Sergeant.
A. J. Thorn, First Corporal.
W. Burton, Second Corporal.
J. W. Harmon, Third Corporal, died at Lebanon, Va., January 4, 1863.
W. McGavic, Third Corporal.
Lafe Bell, Fourth Corporal.
W. W. Hunt, Fourth Corporal, captured in Kentucky.

Arrington, Lafe.
Bates, John.
Branch, John.
Crabb, W. L.
Crabb, S. F.
Callaway, O., captured in Kentucky.
Callis, C.
Callis, Albert.
Callis, Camden.
Conway, Thomas.
Colbert, W. J.
Callis, Hampton.
Crafton, J.
Crabb, W. B.
Doyle, Geo. W.
Davis, Flem., killed at Carters Station, Tenn.
Ellison, L.
English, Thos. D.
Fible, John.
Franey, Pat.
Forsee, Geo.
Faulkner, L. W
Forsee, Thos.
Glass, Conway.
Glass, F. M.
Hedges, R.
Hunt, W. W.
Harmon, O. P.
Ioskins, R. A.
Hardin, J. R.

Henry, Barney.
Kendall, Thos. D.
Kidwell, O. A.
Kent, David.
Lents, Geo.
Mack, James.
Mulligan, John H.
Martin, James.
McGaffic, W C.
McGlochlin, Edward.
McGlochlin, Henry.
McGrother, E.
Prewitt, G. W.
Patton, Dolph H.
Robbins, John.
Riddle, W. T.
Richmond, J. W.
Richmond, A.
Rolston, Joseph.
Staples, S. A.
Staples, F M.
Sullivan, W. S.
Sparks, J. F., captured in Kentucky.
Sandifer, Thos., captured in battle, Mooresburg, Tenn.
Smyser, Geo., killed at Newcastle, Ky., September, 1862.
Shirley, J. W.
Tucker, W D.
Tungett, J. N.
Tungett, G. W.
White, Newton.
Wells, D. N.
Welch, Geo. W

COMPANY I.

John J. Marshall, Captain, killed at Russell Court House, Va.
H. S. Chilton, First Lieutenant, promoted to Captain.
Wm. C. Edrington, Second Lieutenant, promoted to First Lieutenant.
Wm. J. Turner, Third Lieutenant, promoted to Second Lieutenant.
S. Hall, Third Lieutenant.
Charles O. Chilton, First Sergeant.
James Tingle, Second Sergeant.
Thos. Batts, Third Sergeant.
J. W. Carpenter, Third Sergeant.
J. T. Berry, Fourth Sergeant.
J. S. Turner, Fifth Sergeant, died at Rogersville, January 18, 1863.
Joshua Turner, Fifth Sergeant.
W L. Nuttall, First Corporal.
Joseph Turner, Second Corporal.
J. S. Turner, Second Corporal.
S. Harrell, Second Corporal.
Joseph T. Chilton, Third Corporal.
R. Tingie, Third Corporal.
F. M. Humston, Fourth Corporal.

Arnold, Wm. C.
Adams, Wm.
Beck, Wm.
Bryant, G.
Berry, N. S.
Butcher, J. N.
Bishop, Thos.
Callahan, Dennis.
Clemmons, G. A.
Cravens, Jesse.
Darnell, Alex.
Douglass, W H.
Darnell, W. H.
Douthit, J. L.
Darnold, Thomas.
Darnall, Wm.
Edrington, C. J., died, Cassel Woods, Va., June 16, 1863.
Green, Geo.
Harrill, J. S.

Hall, Sylvester.
Hampton, T. M.
Humston, T. M.
Herrell, Saml.
Jones, F. C.
Jacobi, Wm.
Kendall, J. W., transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Kendall, J. R.. transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Lamaster, Hugh J.
Lamaster, Abe.
May, H., transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Mathis, James.
Malone, H.
Moore, Geo.
Nuttall, T. B.
Nuttall, Thos.
Piles, W. H.
Perry, W. M.
Perry, B.
Perry, M.
Ransdell, G. T., transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Robertson, Ben T.
Sidebottom, W A., transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Scott, W. F.
Sims, Silas.
Stevenson, F., died May, 1863.
Smith, R. P.
Tingle, Roland, transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Tingle, Reuben.
Tingle, J. A., transferred to Col. Hawkins.
Taylor, F. W.
Tharp, W. J.
Tharp, Jesse.
Tharp, Marshall.
Tharp, Jordan.
Tharp, Wm.
Thornsburg, E. D., Ordnance Sergeant.
Vaughan, Silas, transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Violett, Wm. M.
Wilson, R. J., transferred to Colonel Hawkins.
Wilson, Travis.
Wilson, Shelby.
White, Dan'l.
Whitmore, Ed.
Whipple, G. S.
Wilson, Wm.
Wilson, John.
Young, D.

COMPANY K.

E. D. Whitaker, Captain, transferred from Company C.
Nat. M. Sanders, First Lieutenant, transferred from Company C.
John T. Vanpelt, Second Lieutenant, transferred from Company C.
R. H. Orr, Third Lieutenant, transferred from Company C.
J. A. Smith, Orderly Sergeant.
Thos. J. Uitz, Second Sergeant, transferred from Scott's Company.
Ed R. Spangler, Third Sergeant, transferred from Alexander's Company.
David Ellis, Fourth Sergeant, transferred from Barrett's Company.
Squire Duncan, Fifth Sergeant, transferred from Alexander's Company.
Michael Gill, Fifth Sergeant, transferred from Alexander's Company.
Patrick Gill, First Corporal.

W. J. Arnold, Second Corporal.

Jeptha Arnold, Second Corporal, transferred from Alexander's Company.

T. D. Alexander, Third Corporal, transferred from Alexander's Company.

Allcorn, John, transferred from Alexander's Company.

Allcorn, Benj., transferred from Scott's Company.

Bancum, Allen, transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Burke, Patrick, transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Craigmyles, Van Buren, transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Craigmyles, Sylvanus, transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Craigmyles, J. W., transferred from Captain Alexander' Company.

Childs, Geo. M., transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Childs, A. L., transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Catlett, T. A., transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Cook, J. N., transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Callahan, Dennis.

Callahan, E. D., transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Clements, G. A., transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Clements, G.

E. J. Nichols, Third Corporal.

James Douthit, Fourth Corporal, transferred from Alexander's Company.

Geo. W. Holliday, Blacksmith.

Thos. Hayden, Bugler, transferred from Barrett's Company.

Calender, John, transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Clemon, G. C., transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Darbrough, Wm., transferred from Captain Alexander's Company.

Dye, John.

Ellis, Louis S., transferred from Captain Barrett's Company.

Ellis, Charles C., transferred from Captain Barrett's Company.

Franklin, Robt., died at Lebanon, Va., December 28, 1862.

Flusser, Guy, of Louisville, Ky., killed at Mt. Sterling.

Gill, Matthew, transferred from Alexander's Company.

Gill, Michael, transferred from Alexander's Company.

Hartsough, J. C., transferred from Alexander's Company.

Highfield, John, transferred from Barrett's Company.

Jones, Alonzo, transferred from Alexander's Company.

Kemper, Sam'l, transferred from Alexander's Company.

King, J. T., transferred from Alexander's Company.

Lewellyn, John, transferred from Alexander's Company.

Longley, W. F., transferred from Scott's Company.

Lyons, James, transferred from Alexander's Company.

May, Wesley, transferred from Alexander's Company.
May, G. W
Minor, Gideon, transferred from Alexander's Company.
Minor, E. S.
Minor, Edward, transferred from Alexander's Company.
McDorment, Leander, transferred from Alexander's Company.
Mosgrove, Geo. D., transferred from Barrett's Company by request of Colonel Giltner. Never served with the Company; Clerk in Adjutant-General's office.
McCann, W. L., transferred from Barrett's Company.
Montgomery, John, transferred from Alexander's Company.
Nichols, E. J., transferred from Alexander's Company.
O'Donnell, Patrick, transferred from Alexander's Company.
Poland, J. J., transferred from Alexander's Company.
Poland, Jesse, transferred from Alexander's Company
Rohrer, John, transferred from Alexander's Company.
Renshaw, S. P., transferred from Alexander's Company.
Riley, James.
Smith, J. H., transferred from Alexander's Company.
Sanders, Wm., transferred from Alexander's Company.
Sanders, Whitfield, transferred from Alexander's Company.
Stewart, S. M., transferred from Alexander's Company.
Sanders, W. F.
Thomas, Harrison, transferred from Scott's Company.
Thornton, Charles, transferred from Fifth Kentucky.

Company K, being the last company organized, was made up of officers and men from other companies, principally from that of Captain Alexander, which was a very large company.

The foregoing muster-rolls are by no means perfect. They fail, excepting in a few instances, to show the list of killed, wounded, captured and missing, and many names, doubtless, are not correctly recorded.

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL HUMPHREY MARSHALL.

"Yet, hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear;
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanch lion e'er fall back?
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots, 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy."

THE massive form of General Humphrey Marshall, an intellectual giant, presents itself vividly to my retrospective eye, and demands a first and conspicuous place in my "picture gallery." His prominence, as an orator, lawyer, soldier and statesman, requires one to assign more space to him than I shall be able to accord to many other generals mentioned on succeeding pages. He was the first general under whom the brigade served, and the boys cherish fond recollections of the singularly kind-hearted, broad-minded, massive-bodied chieftain.

Upon his graduation at West Point, in June, 1832, General Marshall was assigned to the regular army with the rank of second lieutenant. He immediately attracted the attention of General Cass, Secretary of War, who offered to place him in any branch of the service he should prefer. He was in the campaign against Black Hawk and the Sac Indians, and received honorable mention from Major-General Winfield Scott. There being no war, Lieutenant Marshall left the army, studied law and began the practice at Louisville, Ky., in November, 1834. In 1836, President Jackson called for volunteers to march to the Sabine to defend the frontiers of Louisiana against the Mexicans. A company was formed in Louisville, which elected Marshall captain. It did not march, however, as the battle of San Jacinto settled the status of Texas. In 1837, after an exciting contest, he was defeated for the Legislature by the Hon. S. S. Nicholas, who

GEN. HUMPHREY MARSHALL.

had just retired from the bench of the Court of Appeals. In the practice of law he at once took rank with the foremost of a strong and famous bar.

At the outbreak of the Mexican war he promptly abandoned the honors and emoluments of the bar to return to his first love, the army, as colonel of the Kentucky Cavalry Regiment which was mustered into service at Louisville, June 9, 1846. He greatly distinguished himself in that war for bravery and military acumen. At Buena Vista he gallantly charged the enemy at the head of his Kentuckians, and, at a critical moment, turned the tide of battle in favor of General " Rough and Ready's " army. At the close of the war he returned to Louisville, was nominated for the State Senate, declined the honor, and removed to a farm in Henry County, where he soon achieved the reputation of being probably the most unsuccessful farmer in the State. It is not to be supposed that the farm received much attention from a mind profound in other thought. A Whig in politics, he was elected to Congress from the Louisville district in 1849, and again elected in 1851. In 1852, there being a vacancy in the United States Supreme Court, the Louisville bar, Kentucky Court of Appeals and the Kentucky delegation in Congress, both Whigs and Democrats, united in urging President Fillmore to appoint Marshall. The President would have done so, but was prevented by reason of an administrative rule which limited the successor of a justice to the district to which the deceased had been assigned. The President, however, tendered him the mission to Central America, which he declined. In 1852 he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to China. In order to see what was most notable in the Old World, he went to England, thence to France, thence to Italy; traversed the Egyptian desert between Cairo and Suez, arriving at Canton in April, 1853; thence he went to Shanghai, where he resided until 1854. In this mission he achieved high standing as a diplomat. Returning home he defeated Colonel Wm. Preston for Congress, and, in 1857, was re-elected, defeating the Hon. Mr. Holt. Nominated by acclamation in 1859, he declined, not approving the platform which his party adopted, it simply declaring opposition to the

Democratic party. He then became a Democrat and ably supported Breckinridge for the Presidency. About this time, his private fortune having been much neglected, he formed a partnership with ex-United States Senator Cooper, of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of practicing his profession in the United States Supreme Court, Court of Claims and departments at Washington City. The firm was successful, but at the outbreak of the Civil war the partnership was dissolved, and there being no other prospect for Colonel Marshall than to espouse the Southern cause, in the summer of 1861 he established a Confederate camp in Owen County, Ky., near Lusby's Mills, on a high hill which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. Hundreds of men assembled there to join the Confederate army, the majority of whom succeeded in making their way south, while some returned to their homes. Vallandingham's barn, near Owenton, was another rendezvous. Colonel Marshall made his way to Nashville September, 1861, where he was commissioned a brigadier-general and given an independent command, styled "The Army of Eastern Kentucky," which was expected to invade the State through the Eastern mountain passes. The fall of Fort Donelson frustrated this plan, and the little army was compelled to assume the defensive. A battle fought at Middle Creek, Floyd County, Ky., between General Marshall and General Garfield, in 1862, was not a very sanguinary affair; both sides claimed the victory, but Garfield retired to Paintsville, while Marshall remained near the battlefield the rest of the winter. The movements of Marshall depended entirely upon occurrences in the West. His campaign through the winter of 1861–2 was one of the hardest ever endured by soldiers—being compelled to subsist on a country where agriculture was necessarily very limited, and to grind what little corn was to be had in diminutive, primitive water mills on the mountain streams, their utmost capacity being to grind about two bushels in twenty-four hours. Much of the time the men subsisted on parched corn.

A Federal force commanded by Major-General Cox, at Princeton, Va., was surprised and defeated by General Mar-

shall, in May, 1862. This victory relieved the Lynchburg & Knoxville Railroad, and Southwestern Virginia, of the presence of Federal troops. The general was highly complimented by General Lee in a personal letter.

When McClelland was defeated before Richmond it was deemed an auspicious time to invade Kentucky, and President Davis ordered General Marshall to prepare to command the invading forces. The President, however, made a mistake, much regretted by the army, by changing his mind and giving the command to General Bragg. General Marshall was confessedly an admirably equipped man to command such an expedition. Thoroughly acquainted with the people and topography of the State—General Bragg was acquainted with neither—there is every reason to believe the invasion would have been more successful had Marshall been in command. He, like Bragg, was a "West Pointer;" both had served in the Mexican war; but Marshall was infinitely Bragg's superior in broad comprehensiveness of mind; in fact, was peculiarly adapted to the command of the army in Kentucky in 1862.

At Mt. Sterling, Ky., General Marshall made a speech to his new recruits, the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, which, in the light of subsequent events, proved to be prophetic. He assured them that his personal knowledge of the men who were running the political machinery of the Federal government, and his acquaintance with their prominent military men, who had been his classmates at West Point and his comrades in Mexico, led him to believe that they would not easily be defeated in their relentless crusade against the Southland. He was aware that we were mere boys, who entertained the idea that we were out on a "frolicsome kind of a high roller," and that it would require but a brief time to roll back the masses of invading Northmen, *a la* Manassas. He said we must at once unload our minds of such "foolish notions," and prepare to endure a long siege and to see grim-visaged war in all its horrors. He stripped the war picture of all gilt and fancy tints, leaving in view nothing but a dark, forbidding perspective. The address was well-timed and convinced us that we were not there for a "rollicking frolic,"

but it by no means discouraged us, nor did it abate our enthusiasm for the cause of sunny Dixieland.

When the retreat from Kentucky began, with our backs turned upon our homes and faces looking southward, there was no murmuring. The march to the old mother State, Virginia, was long, wearisome and disagreeable.

It was on this march that we struck our first really rough experience, when we encountered the heavy snowstorm, October 26, 1862. It caught us high up on a mountain on a narrow, winding road amid a dense forest. Some wagons in front having broken down, and being otherwise blockaded, we were forced to remain in the road on the mountain side all night in the deep snow, without food or fire, and in imminent danger of being crushed by the snow-laden tree-branches falling all around us. This was by no means an inspiring time for singing the song, "Ain't you glad you joined the cavalry?"

The Federal general, Carter, made a raid into Virginia from Kentucky in the winter of 1862–3, penetrating to the railroad at Bristol. The weather was intensely cold, and we had just made ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night, being in winter quarters at Lebanon, when the news came of Carter's movement. Tom Hayden's bugle horn sounded "boots and saddles," and in a short time we were facing the wintry blast, passing the night in our saddles instead of in our tents. After a hard march of several days and nights we finally, at nightfall, attacked Carter at Jonesville, doing him little damage, as his main column was even then escaping into Kentucky through a gap in the Cumberland Mountains near that village. Finding we were close upon the enemy, with a chance of intercepting him at that point, the command dashed forward at a trot, and it was here that, for nearly a mile, the road was strewn with playing cards which the boys, believing they were going into a bloody battle, had thrown away, not wishing to be ushered into the presence of God and the angels with the condemnatory cards in their pockets. As a faithful chronicler, however, I must state that after the "scrimmage" was over the boys gathered up the cards and never threw them away again.

In the spring of 1863, General Marshall marched his cavalry into Kentucky, the plan being to establish headquarters at Lexington. Generals Pegram and Jenkins were to co-operate with him, by attaching their commands to his, making a little army of occupation seven or eight thousand strong; but, Pegram on the left and Jenkins on the right, by pursuing independent movements, failed to co-operate, thereby frustrating the success of the enterprise. General Marshall, however, alarmed the Federals by making a demonstration on the town of Louisa, on the Big Sandy River. The place was strongly fortified on the side of our approach, and garrisoned by a brigade under command of General White. In order to carry it by storm, it would be necessary to charge up the side of a high hill, where trees had been felled, and in the face of the enemy's cannon and concealed musketry. The place was not worth taking, and it was plain that its capture would necessitate the slaughter of many of our boys, while there was grave doubt of our ability to capture it at all. The officers and men had been "spoiling for a fight" and clamoring to be led to fields of gore. It has been surmised that General Marshall led them to the front of this apparently impregnable place to satisfy their thirst for blood. Calling a council of war, he said, "Gentlemen, there is the enemy; if you want to go up there I will lead you." Recognizing the foolhardiness of assaulting such a fortress, they wisely decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and declined to sacrifice themselves. Thus this march resembled that of the King of France, who marched up the hill and then marched down again.

We were much annoyed by the bushwhackers, many of whom we captured and then shot, or, in army phrase, we "lost" them. No mercy was shown to these bloodthirsty, skulking land pirates.

The staff officers comprising General Marshall's military family were intrepid, efficient, accomplished gentlemen and soldiers. I now recall to memory the conspicuous figure of Captain Bart W Jenkins, the tall, dashing, impulsive aid-de-camp, brave as Marshal Lannes; Captain Edward O. Guerrant, A. A. G.; Major Ed Crutchfield, Quartermaster-

General, and Colonel Charles Marshall. Of the commanders of regiments and battalions I call to mind Colonel Giltner, Colonel Zeke Clay, Colonel Candall, Colonel Tom Johnson and Major Shawhan. There were others whom I can not at this time remember.

Upon our return to Virginia, General Marshall was ordered to report to General Joe Johnston, in Mississippi, the brigade being now placed under command of General Wm. Preston.

This permanently ended our association with General Marshall. He proceeded to Mississippi where General Johnston desired to give him command of a division, but was overrruled by the authorities at Richmond, and another general was appointed to the place. He was then offered the brigade of General Lloyd Tilgham, recently killed, but, instead of accepting it, he tendered the resignation of his commission, which was reluctantly accepted. He then went to Richmond and began the practice of law, June, 1863. There he was elected to the Confederate Congress where he served until the stars and bars were furled at Appomattox.

Had General Marshall remained in the army and been given a command commensurate with his great ability, I doubt not his name would have been as illustrious in war as is his fame as a jurist and statesman.

General Marshall was a large man, weighing probably three hundred pounds; possibly more. But notwithstanding his massive avoirdupois, he carried himself erect and gracefully. With the possible exceptions of General John C. Breckinridge and General S. B. Buckner, I do not think I ever saw a more soldier-like figure on horseback. He was by no means slow or sluggish in movement. His head was large and his face pleasant, reflecting the kindness of his heart. He was a charming conversationalist, a master of language.

GENERAL WILLIAM PRESTON.

"All hail the proud crest of the brave cavalier,
His banner unconquered, resistless his spear."

General Preston, who succeeded Marshall in command of the troops in Southwestern Virginia, was a man of proud, aristocratic lineage, and came to us laden with laurels won in the political arena, as a diplomat in royal courts and as a dashing soldier on many a hard-fought battlefield. His proud banner and gleaming sword had been notably conspicuous in the memorable charge across Stone River, where he commanded the right wing of General Breckinridge's division, and where, facing two Federal divisions and fifty-eight cannon, 1,700 Confederates, out of 7,000, fell during the brief but terrible *melee*. In that battle nearly all of his staff officers were killed or wounded.

One morning, soon after he took command of the Marshall brigade, I had occasion to visit the general's headquarters, and, finding him at breakfast, was charmed by his courtly manners and thoughtful courtesy.

He and his military family were indulging in reminiscences, the special topic of conversation being the charge at Stone River. Captain Joe C. S. Blackburn, aid-de-camp, always voluble and entertaining, was the principal talker. He humorously remarked that General Preston had seemed determined to have his staff officers killed off at Stone River, and congratulated himself that the general's fell purpose had failed in regard to him, and that he felt that his life was "charmed." The general laughingly rejoined: "That's all bosh, Blackburn; I'll have you killed in the very next battle." Seeing me standing at "attention," the courtly general ordered me to sit down and eat breakfast—a command which I was not slow to obey, the behest reminding me of the words of Roderick Dhu:

"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

General Preston retained command in Virginia but a short time, being transferred to the army of General Bragg in time to greatly distinguish himself in the battle of Chickamauga.

I quote from another author: "General Preston commanded a division at Chickamauga, where, after the repulse by General George H. Thomas of Longstreet, with Hood's division, under McLaws, and the repulse of another attack by Hindman's division, Preston ordered Gracie's brigade to fix bayonets and renew the attack, and, pressing after him with his whole force, he gained Missionary Ridge, and drove the Federals in confusion headlong down the ridge and through every avenue of escape to Chattanooga. His great victory, however, was gained at terrible cost—losing out of 4,078 men, 14 officers and 184 men killed, 63 officers and 1,014 men wounded, and 61 missing, a total of 1,336, or one-third. The correspondent of the London *Times* said that Preston's bearing in that charge would rank in history with that of Dessaix recovering the lost battle of Marengo."

General Preston was a notably handsome man, with accomplishments to grace any station.

COL. HENRY LITER GILTNER.

CHAPTER IV

COLONEL HENRY LITER GILTNER.

"To horse! to horse! the standard flies;
The bugles sound the call."

COLONEL GILTNER entered the Confederate army at Munfordville, Ky., in September, 1861, joining the Buckner Guards as a private soldier. Within a short time he was ordered to report to General Humphrey Marshall, who assigned him to duty as aid-de-camp on his staff.

In July, 1862, with M. T. Pryor, Nathan Parker, Peter Everett and sixteen other Kentuckians, he started upon the hazardous service of recruiting in Kentucky. The State was full of Federal troops, and before the party reached the bluegrass region, all except Giltner, Pryor, Parker and Everett concluded that the enterprise was fraught with too many dangers, and declined to go any further. Captain Everett stopped in Montgomery, his home, while the others, after many narrow escapes, losing their horses and clothes, walking through fields and forests by night, and hiding during the day, finally reached the border counties, in which they intended to operate.

At that time Colonel Giltner was a lithe, graceful man, of dignified mien, slightly above medium height, symmetrically proportioned, dark complexion, hair and beard black as the raven's wing, gray eyes, and about thirty-three years old. He was neatly attired, and when he became colonel of the Fourth Kentucky always wore the full and handsome uniform of his rank, and rode a magnificent dapple-gray charger—his old war horse "Billy." Cool, collected, absolutely impervious to excitement, he was a man of dauntless bravery and wonderful fortitude. A strict disciplinarian, yet kind of heart; never effusive nor demonstrative in affection, he nevertheless concerned himself more for the comfort of his troops than any other commander I ever knew. Belong-

ing to his military family, I understood him thoroughly and know whereof I write. A soft voice and an easy flow of language made him an entertaining companion, and yet, his dignified bearing and a peculiarity, natural to him, of "carrying his head high," impressed not a few with the mistaken idea that he was cold and exclusive. Under his quiet exterior was a vein of humor, and no man had a higher appreciation of the humorous and ludicrous than he.

The following letter explains itself:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WEST VIRGINIA
AND EAST TENNESSEE.

WYTHEVILLE, VA., February 16, 1864.

General S. Cooper, Adjutant, Inspector-General.

GENERAL: I respectfully recommend the promotion of Colonel H. L. Giltner, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, to the rank of brigadier-general. Colonel Giltner has held his present rank since October 5, 1862, and has always discharged his duty most faithfully and efficiently, both in the camp and in the field. For nearly two years of this time he has been in command of a brigade, and has shown himself on all occasions fully equal to the position, both in the discipline of his men and in handling them on the field of battle. He is a rigid disciplinarian, always having his command well in hand, looking to their wants and promoting their efficiency. Since the transfer of Brigadier-General John S. Williams from the department Colonel Giltner has commanded his old brigade, of which he is still in command. This brigade, according to last returns, shows an aggregate of nine hundred and eighty men, and will, I think, be materially increased under the management of Colonel Giltner. I ask this promotion because I think it would be an act of justice to a most deserving and industrious officer.

I have the honor to be, general,

Very respectfully, etc.,

JOHN ECHOL,

Brigadier-General, Commanding Department.

Promotions were often slow, and not until the closing days of the Confederacy was tardy justice done and Colonel Giltner duly commissioned a brigadier-general. However, the flag went down at Appomattox before the commission was forwarded to him.

Colonel Giltner died in the summer of 1892, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and the remains were taken to Carrollton, Ky.,

his native home, for burial. The obsequies were attended by about fifty of his old regiment, a number of Confederates of other commands, and a large concourse of citizens. His comrades adopted appropriate resolutions and conducted the funeral ceremonies.

"Ay, speak with bated breath,
And move with measured tread
Among the grass-grown dwellings
In the city of the dead.

"Here warriors of the gallant past,
The heroes of the land,
The sons the sunny South sent forth,
That gray-clad, honored band,

"Who heard death's whispers 'mid the strife,
And answered prompt the calls,
Dream out an endless night of peace
Within these voiceless walls."

The following just tribute to the memory of Colonel Giltner was written by his accomplished adjutant-general:

HAZARD, KY., August 27, 1892.

From these mountains, where I once followed this brave officer, I send this tribute to his unsullied memory.

I knew him better than most men, for I had the honor to belong to his military family, and I knew him under those peculiar circumstances which reveal a man's true character. Henry Giltner was a man among men. No man ever commanded truer, braver men than his old regiment. They chose him because of the sterling qualities which he possessed in a rare degree. It was not because he was a great man; he was not; not because he was a learned man; his education was very limited; not because he was a trained soldier; he knew but little of military tactics or the art of war; but he possessed what was better than all these virtues—character. If I were asked why this humble, uneducated countryman rose to eminent distinction among the best and bravest men I ever knew, I would say, *character.*

I never knew Henry Giltner to do a mean thing; I never knew him to speak a base word; I never knew him to compromise the dignity or character of a gentleman. I saw him in many trying and difficult positions, and he was always the wise, cool, self-poised, courageous man. I never knew him flurried, and I do not remember that I ever

saw him angry during nearly four years of war. His gentleness and moderation were proverbial. He lacked the brilliancy of Murat, but he possessed the will and firmness of the Iron Duke, which were better. His old Fourth Kentucky Regiment was the best corps of soldiers I knew during the war. This is no small praise, for they fought side by side with brave men from Kentucky, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina. That regiment I have often seen bear the brunt of battle and turn the tide of war. They went in the advance toward the enemy, and in the rear on the retreat. Generals assigned them posts of honor and danger. That regiment is the best eulogy on Henry Giltner. True, it had splendid material and brave officers, but he was commander. To him, more than to any other man, it owed its morals, its character, its glory. Death never laid a truer man or braver soldier on the bosom of his mother State. Kentucky may be proud to number him among her honored and heroic sons.

Farewell, true friend, brave soldier. I shall meet you when we have conquered death.

EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

CAPT. EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

CHAPTER V

ADJUTANT-GENERAL EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

"High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battled line."

A NATIVE of Sharpsburg, Ky., his father a talented physician, Captain Edward O. Guerrant was a favored son of the bluegrass country. A bright, handsome young man, Chesterfieldian in manner, possessing wondrous fluency of speech, a graduate of Centre College, his accomplishments were so many and varied that he was admired by men and women. Although a small man, his was a conspicuous figure in any assemblage. Polite as the politest Frenchman, gentle and refined as any lady, he was a superb cavalier, intrepid as Henry of Navarre, from whose sunny France he had descended. He served during the war as a staff officer, performing the duties of adjutant-general for General Marshall, General Williams, General Cosby and Colonel Giltner. I was adjutant-general's clerk, and intimately associated with him. He was exceptionally kind to me, a delicate, slender, beardless boy and, of course, my recollections of him are most pleasant. My duties were to assist in keeping the records of the brigade, copy orders and letters, carry orders, etc. He kept a voluminous journal, which was written in attractive and interesting style, both as to subject-matter and chirography, the latter being artistically ornamental. He often required me to write some favorite gem of verse or prose, which he desired to preserve, in the journal. He was fastidious about the work and watchful that I did it neatly and correctly. At the close of the war, he had twenty or thirty, probably more, volumes of the journal, and a few of them have been of incalculable value to me in writing this book. Seemingly without effort, Captain Guerrant was always faultlessly, not to say fastidiously, attired. No matter what the conditions

of the weather, he and his horse invariably appeared as if ready to go on dress parade or to pass inspection.

In a parlor filled with ladies and gentlemen, the captain was generally the cynosure of attention and the charmingly fascinating monopolizer of the conversation. The more ladies, the better—the faster he would talk. If there was a mirror in the room, he was likely to walk to it, brush his hair and arrange his necktie, talking volubly and entertainingly all the while. Such procedure would have been ludicrously grotesque in any other man, but with the adjutant-general it seemed to be the correct thing to do, and no one thought of criticising his peculiar movements; his grace, his wit and vivacity charmed his auditors, who, unquestioningly, gave him *carte blanche* to do as he pleased.

His comrades thought that when "the cruel war was over" he would make a magnificent lawyer; but when he laid aside his elegant uniform, and donned civilian garb, he chose to become a disciple of Æsculapius, and attended lectures in Philadelphia, becoming a successful physician. Soon thereafter, however, he became impressed with the conviction that it was his duty to employ his gifted mind and rare accomplishments in preaching his Master's gospel, which profession he has followed with the same vigor and success that characterized all his former undertakings. His eloquent voice has been heard throughout Kentucky and in many of the Southern States.

Captain Peyton Miller

Was another gallant staff officer, an aid-de-camp, young and gifted. He was poetically inclined, and wrote a great deal. The soul of honor, it was impossible for him to be anything less than a gentleman. No braver soldier in gray ever drew a sword than Captain Peyton Miller, who was never happier than when, with flashing saber, he was charging the enemy.

At Morristown (or Mossy Creek), Tenn., while fighting hand to hand some Federal infantry, who, with bayonets fixed, had formed a hollow square, his sword arm received a severe thrust, which disabled him, and he was compelled, reluctantly, to retire from the combat.

LIEUT.-COL. MOSES TANDY PRYOR.

CHAPTER VI.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MOSES TANDY PRYOR.

"Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid
And mingle in the mirth they made;
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he;
Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart;
They love a captain to obey
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May."

AS we turn back the hands on time's dial thirty years, we behold a knightly cavalier suggestive of the romantic age of chivalry. No more valorous knight e'er laid lance in rest, or more gallantly graced castle halls, challenging the admiration of fair women and brave men—a chevalier such as inspired the pen of Sir Walter Scott and the minstrel's tuneful lyre.

About thirty years old, with a tall, graceful, commanding figure, neatly attired in the uniform of a Confederate lieutenant-colonel, a clear, strong voice, and frank expression, make up the engaging personality of Colonel Tandy Pryor.

Through the instrumentality of General Wm. Nelson, early in August, 1861, the Federal Government introduced munitions of war into Kentucky, and distributed them to a class of men calling themselves "Home Guards," and, at the same time, secretly enlisted men into the Federal army, establishing a camp between Nicholasville and Danville known as "Camp Dick Robinson."

Regarding such procedure as a violation of Kentucky's assumed neutrality, the Confederates occupied Columbus, Ky., on the Mississippi River, September 3, 1861. Both Confederate and Federal partisans then actively began taking decisive positions.

A regiment of State Guards, under Colonel Roger Hanson, repaired to Camp Boone, in Northern Tennessee, and became a nucleus, around which gathered battalions and

companies of the Kentucky State Guard, and individuals seeking service in Dixie.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner, an accomplished man of affairs, a graduate of West Point, had been inspector-general of the State Guard, with the rank of major-general. He also went to Camp Boone and took command of the troops assembled there. At this camp the Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Kentucky regiments were organized.

It was to Camp Boone that M. T. Pryor and his two brothers-in-law, Henry L. Giltner and Gideon B. Giltner, James G. Owen, Nathan Parker, Love Garriott, Wm. D. Ray, Sam P. Duncan, and others from Carroll, Trimble and Henry counties, repaired in September, 1861. Gid Giltner soon took typhoid fever and died at the residence of a relative in Southern Kentucky. Pryor and his associates attached themselves to the famous Buckner Guards, an organization that attained an enviable reputation at Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862.

Shortly after the battle of Shiloh, Colonel Pryor visited his home at Carrollton, secretly remaining with his family four days. He again visited his home August 9, 1862, when he, Giltner and Parker proceeded to recruit the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry. With a part of the regiment they started for the Confederate lines September 9, 1862, just one month after Colonel Pryor's return to his home.

Colonel Giltner having been promoted to the command of the brigade, Colonel Pryor commanded the Fourth Kentucky during much of its fighting career.

On the battlefield Colonel Pryor was a favorite with the men, especially when there was a demand for quick, decisive, intelligent action. Intuitively he seemed to know what to do, and his promptitude inspired his men with a confidence that made his rapid movements irresistible.

When a boy I had read much of the enticing literature of the age of chivalry, and had also been a fascinated reader of the history of Napoleon and his marshals. Colonel Pryor's personality and bearing as a cavalry officer reminded me of Murat and Dessaix, and of the cavaliers of whom the epic poets were wont to sing and whose chivalric deeds inspired the lyrics of wandering minstrels.

Colonel Pryor was captured at Cynthiana, during Morgan's last raid in Kentucky, June 12, 1864, and held a prisoner on Johnsons Island until the close of the war. He loved the South, its soldiers, its banners, its battle-flags. No man knew better how to lead charging squadrons or to rally a wavering line. He was a strict disciplinarian and a most excellent drill officer.

Colonel Pryor was released from prison June 18, 1865, and arrived home two days later. He died in Arkansas, of swamp fever, January 8, 1873, after an illness of only forty-eight hours, aged forty years eleven months and four days.

"Blow, ye breezes, softly o'er him!
Fan his brow with gentlest breath;
Disturb ye not the peaceful slumbers—
Our chieftain sleeps the sleep of death."

MRS. BARBARA A. PRYOR.

A history of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry would be incomplete without the name of Mrs. Barbara Pryor. This noble lady, indomitably energetic, fearless and self-sacrificing in her support of the lost cause, was regarded by the "boys" as almost one of the regiment. Being the wife of Colonel Pryor and sister of Colonel Giltner, she was indeed a near relative and an honorary member of the "Old Fourth." She was in the field for four years (or during the war) soliciting clothing, provisions and other supplies for the poor fellows who were confined in horrible prison pens. While other ladies did much, Mrs. Pryor did more. The history of struggles and hardships endured by her during those eventful four years can never be written. Imbued with the same spirit that characterized her husband and brother, she was persistent in her great work, and, though often faint and weary, she bravely kept the field, undaunted by winter's cold or summer's heat and the innumerable obstructions thrown in her pathway She was the general-in-chief of every relief corps. The "boys" long since erected monuments in their hearts in commemoration of her efforts in their behalf.

When she passes away to join her husband on the eternal camping ground the few survivors of the old regiment will reverently see that her grave is kept green; beautify it with flowers, wreath it with laurel and crown it with immortelles.

I am indebted to Mrs. Pryor for much valuable data for these reminiscences. She has in her possession her husband's uniform, numerous relics and papers of the war period. She furnished me the following list of officers of Giltner's brigade, who were prisoners with Colonel Pryor on Johnsons Island:

FOURTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

M. T. Pryor, Lieutenant-Colonel.
Ben F. Duncan, Captain, Company A.
Sam P. Duncan, Captain, Company E.
Nat M. Sanders, First Lieutenant, Company K.
J. Pen Garvey, Second Lieutenant, Company C.
R. Frank Harrison, Sergeant-Major.
Wm. D. Ray, Major.
J. T. Alexander, Captain, Company C.
E. D. Whitaker, Captain, Company K.
Lewis O'Neal, Second Lieutenant, Company F.
Sylvester Hall, Second Lieutenant, Company I.

FIRST BATTALION MOUNTED RIFLES.

E. F. Clay, Lieutenant-Colonel.
James Hardin, Captain, Company A.
James G. Bedford, Captain, Company D.
J. S. Pittman, First Lieutenant, Company B.
M. Holbrook, First Lieutenant, Company E.
John N. Gibson, Second Lieutenant, Company B.
H. H. Duncan, Second Lieutenant, Company A.
James W. Jordan, Second Lieutenant, Company E.
John B. Holliday, Major.
B. B. Mullins, Captain, Company C.
James White, Captain, Company F.
R. Cummings, First Lieutenant, Company C.
W. F. Smith, First Lieutenant, Company F.
H. C. Clay, Second Lieutenant, Company D.
Frank Parks, Second Lieutenant, Company H.
Geo. A. Ronte, Second Lieutenant, Company A.

SECOND BATTALION MOUNTED RIFLES.

G. W. Jackson, Captain, Company B.
Wm. L. Flood, First Lieutenant, Company F.
Richard Morton, First Lieutenant, Company E.
J. M. Riffe, Second Lieutenant, Company D.
M. W. Proctor, First Lieutenant, Company E.
John Harris, First Lieutenant, Company D.
M. B. Hardin, Second Lieutenant, Company E.
Richard ———, Second Lieutenant, Company C.

TENTH KENTUCKY MOUNTED INFANTRY.

H. H. Stamper, Captain, Company A.
Wm. Landram, Captain, Company G.
Newton Moore, Captain and Assistant Quartermaster.
Geo. Hogg, Captain, Company B.
S. R. Brasher, Captain, Company H.
——— ———, Adjutant.

Five officers of the Sixth Confederate Battalion, whose names are so indistinct that they can not be read.

CHAPTER VII.

MAJOR NATHAN PARKER.

"Charge them, my brave boys!"

"Nor shall his glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps;
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

ONE of the noblest duties of the living is to perpetuate the virtues and memories of the dead. In obedience to the impulse of this sacred sentiment, I now attempt to sketch a soldier whose attractive personality and superb martial bearing challenged the love and admiration of all men; a chieftain whose escutcheon was stainless as the robe of an angel in heaven; a cavalier whose every word and deed was absolutely beyond criticism — Major Nathan Parker. I can employ no language eulogistic of this lovable officer that will not awaken a responsive echo in the heart of every man who served in the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry. While the soldiers admired the cool, brave, imperturbable Giltner, and enthusiastically sang pæans in praise of the dashing, indomitable Pryor, they *loved* Parker, who, calm, kind, modest and courteous, readily won the unswerving fealty of all his companions in arms.

Tall and erect, well proportioned, but not very strong, rather dark complexion, jet-black hair and beard, fascinating dark eyes, soft and kind in expression, Major Parker was not only an attractive personage, but he was lovable. He was invariably neatly attired, wearing the uniform of a Confederate major. A truer patriot or knightlier soldier never fought nor ever died. He fought for the Confederacy, and for the Confederacy he died. He was the "Stonewall" of his regiment; yea, of the brigade. A soldier of great fortitude, he never murmured at any hardship, nor hesitated to obey an order that would carry him into the jaws of death.

MAJOR NATHAN PARKER.

When, amid the tempest of battle, men were falling about him and the lines wavering, Major Parker, cool and dauntless, was the last to retire, seemingly, like Stonewall Jackson, to love nothing so much as the whizzing of bullets, the shrieking of shells, the flash and roar, the clamor and din of battle. He was not only a commander, but a comrade, fighting with his men. If he had a crust of bread, he shared it with the humblest soldier. Though dignified in bearing, no soldier hesitated to approach him for advice or information. He was just as courteous to one of the boys in the trenches as to any officer with stars on his collar. In foregoing chapters I have had occasion to mention this model hero, and his name will hereafter frequently appear. He was by nature a military man, and no vocation in life would have suited him so well as that of a professional soldier. His deeds we honor, his death we mourn; and yet, it seemed eminently fitting that this officer should die on a battlefield. His was an ideal soldier's death, falliug, as he did, in the uniform of the Southern Confederacy, amid her soldiers and advancing flags. He died unconquered, his last words being, "Charge them, my brave boys." This occurred near Wytheville, Va., in a battle between the Confederates under General John H. Morgan and the Federals under General Averill, May 10, 1864. The ball that killed Major Parker struck him immediately over the heart. It being a spent bullet, it merely discolored the skin, the concussion causing death, which was instantaneous. It may be that the major had heart trouble; I do not know. As he sank to the ground, he uttered the words, "Charge them, my brave boys," and the same words are inscribed on his tomb at Bedford, Ky., his home, where, after the war, the remains were brought from Virginia, and interred with imposing ceremonies. 'Tis well. 'Neath his parent turf his body rests, far from the gory field, where strange footfalls and tongues resound along the heedless air.

> "The sunshine of his native sky
> Smiles sadly on him here;
> And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
> The hero's sepulcher."

While I thus memorialize Major Parker, it must not be

forgotten that thousands of humbler soldiers died just as valorously for the "lost cause."

The South, God love her, has not forgotten her slain sons.

[*General Orders No. 52.*]

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE MORGAN'S CAVALRY.

WYTHEVILLE, VA., May 11, 1864.

I. The remains of Major Nathan Parker, Fourth Regiment Kentucky Cavalry, will be buried by his own regiment, with military honors, to-day at 3 P. M.

II. Lieutenant-Colonel M. T. Pryor, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, will superintend the military ceremonies, Rev. S. F. Cameron the religious ceremonies, commencing at 2:30 o'clock, at the Presbyterian Church.

These marks of respect are but outward testimonials of the reverence we owe the distinguished dead.

No token of grief can sufficiently express our deep sorrow at the loss of such a man, so open in his character, so noble in his action, so calm and heroic in his bearing. Few men have ever equaled and none have ever surpassed the singular and sublime integrity of his life.

To his bereaved family, in a distant State, his fall is an irreparable loss. His country had no purer patriot, no braver defender. The regiment of his constant care and affection will long feel his loss and mourn his fall.

It is only in our higher faith, that "All is for the best," we can find consolation in our grief at this unexpected stroke from the hand that "doeth all things well."

Though the grave shall hide forever from our view the noble form of that godlike man, his memory shall not perish from our hearts, nor his name be forgotten.

Soldiers, we can best testify our high appreciation of his character and our lasting affection for his kindness by imitating his example and following his pathway, which will ever shine with the unfading luster of his noble deeds.

Let his memory be our cynosure through life, and his last words, "Charge them, my brave boys," our rallying cry and song of victory.

By order,

COLONEL GILTNER,
Commanding Brigade.

EDWARD O. GUERRANT, *A. A. G.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BUTTERMILK RANGER.

"Comrades, leave me here a little,
While as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me,
Sound upon the bugle horn."

TO the Confederate cavalryman, his brother, the infantryman, gave the *soubriquet* "The Buttermilk Ranger;" not that the cavalryman had any special predilection for buttermilk, but because the "web-foot," when out on a private foraging expedition, almost invariably found the cavalryman had been in advance of him. The fact is, the cavalryman was more of a ranger for cane-reed whisky and applejack than for buttermilk.

The typical Confederate cavalryman was a daring, reckless, happy-go-lucky, sufficient-unto-the-day-is-the-evil-thereof sort of a fellow. If he had four days' rations in his haversack he contrived to "get away with them" in one day. He lived for the present, concerning himself very little about the future. He was, however, more provident for his horse than for himself, because, unlike the Federal cavalryman, he had to furnish his own horse, and should he become dismounted he must go into the infantry, the very thought of which was peculiarly disgusting, especially to the Kentucky and Texan fellows. Without any conscientious scruples whatever he would steal forage from his dearest comrade.

As he had to be "the eyes and ears of the army," the cavalryman was, perforce, a "hustler," having little rest. Virtually, his home was in the saddle; he slept in it and ate in it, seldom having any cooking utensils or anything in the line of queensware. At night, when not on the march, the earth was his couch, his saddle his pillow, and the sky his canopy. If he had any flour he mixed it with salt and cold water, plastered it on a board and set it before the fire to

bake, or he would wind the dough around an iron ramrod and hold it over the fire. With the ramrod it was an easy matter to broil a piece of meat. Coffee he had none, except occasionally, when he captured a Federal wagon train. In truth, this was one of the very reasons why he was improvident and lavish with his rations, when he had any. There was ever the expectancy of a dash into a Federal camp or train, where provisions were usually found in profusion. When on a raid, into Kentucky, for instance, he took no thought of the morrow. Kentucky was to him a land flowing with milk and honey, where he feasted royally.

The Confederate cavalier was much of a free-lance—gallant to the ladies, fond of basking in

> "The light that lies
> In woman's eyes."

When the "cruel war was over" there were few Kentucky boys who did not "leave a girl behind him" in Virginia or Tennessee.

The cavalryman was usually ambitious to possess a good horse, a Mexican saddle, a pair of big spurs, with bells on them, a light, long-range gun, a brace of Colt's revolvers, a good blanket, some form of oil cloth and a canteen of brandy sweetened with honey. When he had these things, or some of them, he was a merry fellow, ready to dash into battle, singing "I'm so glad I'm in this army." As a rule, he was fond of gay attire, his style being regulation cavalry boots, a red sash, a large, black felt hat, of the slouch variety, with the brim of one side turned up and pinned to the side of the crown with a silver crescent or star, the whole surmounted by a huge, black ostrich plume. About his other clothes he was not very particular. The life he led enabled him to dress much more stylishly, if not more comfortably, than the infantryman. The government seldom furnished him with clothes or arms, and never with horses. He was expected to get all such things from the enemy—and, I may add, he generally did so. He was often dressed elegantly, not to say gorgeously. Morgan's men undoubtedly dressed more elegantly and comfortably than any other troops, their peculiar

service enabling them to do so. Terry's Texas Rangers wore good clothes, were unrivaled equestrians, and dashed hither and thither with a jaunty, devil-may-care, reckless abandon, suggestive of the "wild and woolly west." The cavalry in the Valley of Virginia operated extensively within the Federal lines, and I remember that the commands of Mosby, General Lomax, General Rosser, General Bradley T. Johnson and others were often gaily attired, the black plume being conspicuously numerous. It was not unusual to see a private soldier better dressed than even his general. Many officers were notably plain in dress, some wearing no insignia of rank whatever.

The cavalryman enjoyed nothing more than a long raid into the enemy's country, especially in late spring, summer or early fall. The raid, of course, involved much hard marching, loss of sleep, and often a great deal of fighting, in a lively dashing way; but for all this the trooper was compensated by "square meals" and the rich supplies of clothing and provisions captured from the surprised enemy. The Kentuckian always had a longing eye for the bluegrass region, and was never so happy as when marching in that direction. On those wild rides he had a "high old time," and enjoyed the constantly varying scenery. Summed up, however, although there was much that was pleasant and alluring in his life, the cavalier generally had "a hard, hard road to travel."

CHAPTER IX.

EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN—EVENTS OF 1863—TELFORD'S—LIMESTONE—CAPTURE OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH OHIO INFANTRY REGIMENT.

"Hark! hark! comrades, a Federal drum!
And see! invading squadrons come!"

THE most important events of the war, during the autumn of 1863, occurred in East Tennessee and Georgia—the battle of Chickamauga, the siege of Chattanooga, the decisive battle of Missionary Ridge, and Longstreet's desperate assault upon Fort Sanders, at Knoxville. From Chattanooga to the Virginia line was one vast battlefield, the fighting being fierce and continuous.

East Tennessee, noted for its adherence to the Union, is said to have had thirty-one thousand men in the Federal army, besides innumerable relentlessly cruel bushwhackers who infested the mountains.

Here was the home of Andrew Johnson, afterward President of the United States; of Horace Maynard, Parson Brownlow and Thomas A. R. Nelson, prominent Union leaders. Nelson was a noted lawyer, judge, orator and statesman, not of the venomous temperament that characterized the others, and was of counsel for Johnson in the celebrated impeachment trial. Nelson had a commodious residence, some distance east of Knoxville, which I frequently visited, and where I became acquainted with Mrs. Nelson and family, excepting, of course, her husband, who was never at home when we were in that vicinity. Mrs. Nelson was a plain, sensible, refined lady, whom I hold in grateful remembrance for liberal hospitality and gentle, considerate kindness shown me.

It was in this country that the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry made much of its fighting record.

When Burnside occupied Knoxville he sent the One Hundredth Ohio Infantry Regiment on a reconnoissance, by rail, up the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad.

Colonel Giltner, with the Fourth Kentucky and Schoolfield's little battery, was temporarily attached to the command of General Jackson, whom the boys facetiously called "Mudwall" Jackson in contradistinction to the immortal "Stonewall."

The Fourth Kentucky and the little battery met the Ohio regiment at Telfords (a small station just below Jonesboro and probably seventy miles east of Knoxville), September 9, 1863. A brief but spirited engagement immediately ensued, the enemy falling back to Limestone Depot, the next station below, there being a block-house fortification at that place.

In the fight at Telfords, Joe Johnson, of Trimble County, Ky., was killed; Amos Frost was severely wounded in the head, and James North, bugler, was struck in the abdomen by a spent ball, which did not penetrate the skin, but the shock doubled him up as though he had a bad case of colic. There were others placed *hors de combat* whose names I can not recall. Captain Schoolfield's little battery here, as on many other fields, did gallant and valuable service.

After some delay, General "Mudwall" being rather slow and wavering, we followed the enemy to Limestone, being now reinforced by one or two small detachments of troops and Lowry's battery The Federals were driven into the woods in front of the block-house and around it, and when we reached a plateau overlooking their position, General "Mudwall," hesitatingly, began to make preparations to attack them in front. Captain Bart W Jenkins, formerly aid-de-camp to General Marshall, now a free lance voluntarily doing staff duty, at this supreme moment dashed up to the general and, in his rapid, impulsive manner, gesticulating vigorously the while, suggested that the artillery, with a small support, should engage the attention of the enemy in front, while the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, under cover of a woodland to the right, should march to their rear. I was much impressed by Captain Jenkins' manner as he unfolded his

plan, which was born of the inspiration of the moment, and I was somewhat amused at the readiness with which the general nodded assent to the captain's propositions. It was an instance of a slow, inferior, vacillating mind being overshadowed and controlled by one inspired by the genius of war.

Captain Jenkins accompanied the regiment to the enemy's rear, where a hot, close fight occurred, the enemy fighting desperately to break through our line to escape. This they were unable to do; instead, they were driven and closely pressed until many of them sought refuge in the block-house. After a well-directed shot or two from Lowry's battery, the enemy hoisted the white flag and surrendered unconditionally.

The One Hundredth Ohio Infantry was a fine regiment of brave men, whom the fortune of war permitted to be entrapped and overcome; the result of being caught too far from their base.

The Fourth Kentucky boys appropriated to their own use and benefit the new Enfield rifles with which the Federals were armed, and abandoned forever the short muskets, shotguns and other nondescript arms they had heretofore carried. The Enfield rifle, being a light, long-range gun, was a favorite weapon.

There were a number of killed and wounded, but I can recall only the names of Albert Smith, a model Christian young man, of Trimble County, Ky., killed; Oscar Coleman, of the same county, severely wounded, and Wm. Bohon, an accomplished young man from Harrodsburg, Ky., wounded.

This was the initial fight to what was to be a long campaign of almost daily battle, until the lifting of the siege of Knoxville, and even then the Fourth Kentucky Regiment protected the rear of Longstreet's corps as it retired into Virginia.

CHAPTER X.

EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN (Continued)—BATTLE OF BLUE SPRINGS.

"Their warning blast the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan;
In haste, the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran."

GENERAL BURNSIDE, fresh from the Army of the Potomac, which he had commanded at the great battle of Fredericksburg, took possession of Knoxville early in the autumn of 1863.

By command of Major-General Ransom, General Cerro Gordo Williams had made a forced march toward Knoxville, until he arrived at Blue Springs, in Greene County, Tenn., about seven and one-half miles from Greenville, and seven or eight miles from Bulls Gap. Here we halted and sat down, apparently waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up. This was bad strategy, as the sequel proved. In the course of a week the Federals "turned up," not only in our front, but also behind us. The interim had been quiet and peaceful, the monotony only being broken by a predatory band of the enemy, who captured a part of our wagon train. This episode, in connection with the unnatural calm, was ominous. We could only surmise; we did not know the fact that we were in an exceedingly dangerous predicament—liable to be crushed between the upper and nether millstones, as it were. Occupying a ridge stretching across the valley from either side of the road, in the center, our position, however, was naturally a strong one. The lower lands in our immediate front consisted of open fields and dense woodland.

Burnside was in command of the Ninth Army Corps, and had probably twenty thousand men in and about Knoxville. Opposed to these, General John S. Williams, whom we generally called "Old Cerro Gordo," had, at Blue Springs, only

two small brigades of cavalry, commanded, respectively, by Colonels Giltner and Carter, and sections of three batteries of artillery. Giltner's brigade consisted of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry Battalion and Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifle Battalion—about nine hundred men. Carter's brigade was composed of the First Tennessee, Sixteenth Georgia and Peter's Regiment, numbering probably eight hundred men.

It will be readily seen that General Williams had an absurdly small force with which to attempt to fight or bluff the hero (?) of Fredericksburg and the Ninth Corps d'Armee. We were fully seventy-five miles from our base, with no supporting force near.

On Saturday, October 10, 1863, probably between 9 and 10 A. M., the enemy attacked us. Old Cerro Gordo was now in his element. His reputation for pugnacity and as a "stayer" extended from Maine to the City of Mexico, and at the first picket shot it became apparent that he meant to fight, and that he would not abandon his position without a desperate conflict. Such were his tactics ever. He never ran away so long as he could get a man to stand. He went into a fight storming and swearing; stormed and swore during the battle, and after the fight he swore all the same, in victory or defeat. The general's disposition of the troops for battle was soon effected. Colonel Carter occupied the ridge on the right and Colonel Giltner the one on the left. A section of Burrow's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Lloyd, a notably gallant boy, occupied a commanding position on the right of the road; two Parrot guns were on the left, and Captain Schoolfield's unique little battery of flying artillery was also advantageously posted, but could change position at a moment's warning. General Williams and staff took position near Lloyd's guns.

Within a very short time after the first picket firing the battle opened fiercely all along the lines. The artillery began a duel, which was kept up nearly all day. Occasionally, however, the guns of both sides would shell the woods. Shells from the enemy's guns would strike in front of our batteries and ricochet over them and above our heads, gener-

ally exploding in our rear. One of Lloyd's guns was struck and the lieutenant was painfully wounded in the arm. He bandaged it with a handkerchief and continued to fight his guns.

About 11 o'clock I was sent with a message to General Williams, and on my way thither I saw a strange flag and a motley troop of reckless riders—the most dare-devil looking ragamuffins I had ever seen. Many of them were barefooted, but, nevertheless, they wore spurs. As far as I could see up the road they were coming at a gallop, one by one, and as each trooper came to the ordnance wagons he would come to a sudden halt and demand some ammunition. Although it was an irregular thing to do, in the absence of a regulation requisition, James G. Owen, the ordnance sergeant, handed out the cartridges, which most of the men put into their pockets, as they had no cartridge boxes. One by one, as soon as the ammunition was received, they would give a yell, and, not waiting to close up, would gallop headlong down the road, leading to the center of our lines, until they struck the enemy, and by the firing I could almost tell when each of them "got there." I soon learned that they were about one hundred and twenty-five in number, and commanded by the noted Colonel Witcher. Their battle-flag was in a dilapidated condition, bearing many honorable scars. They were fresh from the battlefields of Maryland and Pennsylvania, where it was said they had been conspicuous as fighters and "cherry pickers," climbing the trees and nonchalantly eating the fruit while the storm of battle raged around them.

When Colonel Witcher arrived he dashed up to General Williams and demanded to know if he could have a place "in the dance" then going on. The bluff old general said, "Certainly, sir, go right in;" and he did "go in" with a vim. When his men, one by one, struck the enemy they fought like Spartans until they all got in line, and then with a mighty yell they charged and actually drove the mass of Federals in their immediate front some distance before overwhelming numbers checked them.

Witcher's men composed the Thirty-fourth Virginia Battalion of Cavalry. Having often heard of their "original

methods" and invincible fighting qualities, our boys heartily welcomed their coming, and throughout the East Tennessee campaign "Witcher's men" were favorites of the entire division. They were good fellows to have around when we were in a "predicament."

Opportunely there came another Richmond to the field. Captain Bart Jenkins, with a small detachment, was at Rheatown, eighteen miles distant, and, hearing the cannonading, hastened to Blue Springs, arriving in the afternoon.

General Burnside was on the field in person, commanding fully six thousand troops, cavalry and infantry, with a full complement of artillery, with large reserves at hand. Just think! The great Burnside, the man of sidewhiskers, ex-Commander of the Grand Army of the Potomac, with the force above enumerated, fighting Cerro Gordo and his seventeen hundred men all day and failing to drive them! Had the conditions been reversed, the chieftain of Fredericksburg would have been making quadruple-quick-time toward Knoxville within an hour.

As the battle progressed Burnside's forces appeared to augment, and we began to suspect that the greater part of the Ninth Corps d'Armee was in our front. In fact, one of his adjutant-generals, whom we afterward captured, said he had fifteen thousand men on the field before night. To confront this host General Williams was compelled to string out his men until his little army was a mere skirmish line, nearly two miles long. The dense masses of Federal blue, failing to drive the thin line of Confederate gray, made several attempts to turn our flanks, but each effort was an inglorious failure. Thus the battle raged, the enemy utterly failing to drive grim Old Cerro Gordo and his Spartan band.

About 5 o'clock P. M. Burnside, in desperation, resolved upon a grand *coup de main*. Massing his infantry and artillery he made a furious attack on our center. And what constituted that center? Not more than one hundred and fifty men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ed Trimble, of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry. Our line being somewhat convex, Trimble occupied the woods in the center, probably two hundred yards in advance and to the right of Giltner's and other

battalions. Upon this little band the enemy concentrated a deadly fire of musketry, supplemented by a hail-storm of canister from short range. Trimble was forced to fall back slowly by the right flank upon the remainder of Giltner's brigade. These movements broke our line—separating Giltner from Carter—but both flanks held their positions intact. The enemy, elated by his success in driving Trimble's handful of heroes, now treated us to a spectacular exhibition magnificent to behold. The great host debouching from the woods into the open fields, lines dressed in close array, drums rattling and bugles braying, a sea of bayonets, shining guns and gleaming sabers, challenged our admiration. With bated breath every man involuntarily exclaimed: "Splendid! Magnificent!" It now seemed that we would certainly be overwhelmed. Not so. When the imposing array moved forward our artillery thundered and small arms rattled. The firing was phenomenally rapid, the booming of artillery one continuous sound. The enemy went down in heaps; the beautiful dress parade was broken. The shells from our artillery, so rapidly falling and exploding in the midst of the mass of blue, created consternation and panic. Lifeless bodies strewn upon the plain and the groans of the wounded changed our exclamation of admiration to one of pity. The Grand Corps d'Armee, doubtless thinking that "h—ll had broken loose in Tennessee," incontinently turned and ingloriously fled toward a refuge in the woodland. A few brief moments had wrought a wondrous change—from a pompous, splendid advance to an inglorious, even comical, stampede. I felt deeply sorrowful for the poor fellows left mangled and groaning, deserted by their comrades in the open field, and at this distance (thirty years) am moved to exclaim: "*Bella! bella! horrida bella!*"

It was now nearly night, and the enemy made no more imposing demonstrations. The fight continued, however, until dark, without any material change in the relative positions of the combatants other than that the enemy, by reason of their superiority of numbers, were slowly, but surely, outflanking us and gaining our rear.

When night dropped her sable curtain down the firing

ceased, our troops retaining their position, not daring, however, to build fires. We had lost probably one hundred men, while the enemy's loss must have been very great. Many of their killed and wounded fell into our hands. Neither men nor horses had had anything to eat since the early morning, and, as the sequel proved, we were destined to make a long march and fight three battles on the morrow (Sunday) before we should have an opportunity to break our fast or rest our weary bodies.

General Cerro Gordo Williams and his little division of cavalry and artillery, had they never engaged in any other conflict, could rest their fame upon the issue of that day (Saturday, October 10, 1863), and be content with the laurels won at Blue Springs.

At nightfall General Williams went to Greenville to communicate by telegraph with General Wm. E. Jones or General Ransom.

Lying in line of battle it soon became evident that the enemy was not idle. They were gradually investing our position—digging rifle-pits within speaking distance of our front and swinging around our flanks. We marveled that General Williams should leave us in that precarious position. But Old Cerro Gordo never did learn when or how to retreat. Conscious of the vast numbers of the enemy, and of our own disparity of force, every man felt that captivity would be his fate should the troops remain there all night. The lines were so close that the combatants could distinctly hear one another when talking in an ordinary tone.

Colonel Giltner, the senior officer in command during the absence of General Williams, resolved that, orders or no orders, he would not needlessly sacrifice his men. He sent for Colonel Carter, and, being present, I heard them, in low tones, discuss the situation. Colonel Giltner did most of the talking, pointing out the undeniable fact that by morning our position would be environed by the enemy, and that a stampede or capture would be inevitable. He finally arose to his feet and said: "Colonel Carter, you may do as you please, but there is no commandant in this army who can compel me to sacrifice my men by uselessly holding them

here all night. They may court-martial me, but I care not. I am going to take my men out of this trap." Carter was passive, and quietly assented to all that Gilter said, agreeing, also, to take the responsibility of withdrawing his brigade. Frank Darling and I, and probably some one else, were sent to inform the several subordinate commanders of the contemplated movement. The men were cautioned to make no noise, and, like the Arab, we had soon folded our tents and silently stolen away.

CHAPTER XI.

EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN (Continued)—BATTLE OF HENDERSON'S MILL.

"And still three cheers for the boys in gray!
For, whether they lived or whether they died,
The South by their valor is glorified."

FROM Blue Springs we moved slowly and quietly on to Greenville, where we found General Williams, who appeared somewhat displeased at the movement; but he knew Giltner, and when that imperturbably cool officer boldly told him why he had withdrawn the troops from Blue Springs, the general seemingly became reconciled to the situation. He ordered us to continue the retrograde movement until we should reach Henderson's Mill, several miles east of Greenville, and there to go into camp. Alas! we were to march all night and fight another battle at daylight, before reaching that camp. Without knowing it, we were still in a trap. Before General Williams had finished telegraphing from Greenville the wires had been cut—a suspicious circumstance. It apparently had not occurred to any one that while we were fighting at Blue Springs a large force of the enemy had taken another road and gone to our rear. The Yankee is an inventive genius and knows how to invent and manufacture traps and many other things; but some of his traps are defective and do not always hold the animal that unwittingly walks into them, and this trap did not prove strong enough to hold Old Cerro Gordo and his weary, but dauntless, cavaliers.

We moved toward Henderson's in the following order: General Jackson, with about five hundred infantry. having come up and joined the division, now marched in advance; Carter followed Jackson, and Giltner's brigade protected the rear. Thus we marched all night, momentarily expecting Burnside's cavalry to dash into Giltner's column.

At dawn, Sunday, October 11th, an unseen foe fired upon Jackson. As the enemy was concealed behind trees in the dense woodland that bordered the road, it was at first thought that no more formidable foe than a band of bushwhackers was in our front. We were then about two miles from Henderson's. Jackson advanced to drive the supposed bushwhackers from the wood, and immediately received a furious volley from the unseen enemy.. Temporarily there was some confusion, the darkness of the early morning and the shelter of the woodland interposing a somber veil between our troops and the foe. There was no longer doubt that a Federal force was intercepting our retreat, and the dullest mind realized that we were in a "critical predicament." The overwhelming host we had fought at Blue Springs was in our rear, and here were blue-coats, we knew not how many, in our front. Horrible visions of a captive's life in a gloomy Northern prison loomed before us, making the prospective dark and depressing. However, our boys opened fire in gallant style, and the artillery galloped up, rapidly unlimbered, and began shelling the woods.

Old Cerro Gordo came promptly to the fore, storming and swearing, and ordered Jackson and Carter to charge. This they did impetuously, driving the enemy persistently. Cerro Gordo, like a veritable god of war, waved his sword on high as he led the van, cheering the boys, storming and raging. He swore at the Federals and at the Confederates "in one time and two motions." Adjutant-Generals E. O. Guerrant and H. T Stanton and Capt. Bart. Jenkins were conspicuously valiant, cheering the troops and assisting the general in many ways. The enemy tried to use their artillery, but after firing a few rounds they were pressed so hotly and driven so rapidly that their guns "were kept on the jump," not having time to turn and unlimber. The somber clouds of despair now showed a silver lining, and visions of prison life rapidly vanished.

The enemy had fought quite stubbornly for a brief time, but being unable to withstand the impetuous onset of the boys in gray, they broke and wildly fled. They had no time to carry off their dead and wounded, but with the cry of

"*sauve qui peut*" they stampeded and skedaddled, apparently making no effort to rally. They ran about three miles, our boys "whooping 'em up," until, turning to the left, they forsook the main road and went toward Kingsport, still executing the quintuple quickstep. The fight was over by 8 o'clock, the losses being inconsiderable on both sides, especially when we consider the closeness of the range and the amount of ammunition expended. For the most part, however, it was a running fight, the conditions not being favorable for accurate aim. We captured ten or fifteen prisoners, some of them belonging to the Fifth Indiana Cavalry.

The engagement at Hendersons Mill was a brilliant affair on the part of the Confederates, but must have been extremely humiliating to the Federals. Their force, commanded by Colonel Foster, consisted of four regiments, aggregating at least twenty-five hundred men—nearly double our number. Besides, they knew that Burnside, with the greater part of the Ninth Army Corps, was in our rear, and that fact should have inspired them to make a better fight. However, General Williams' promptness in ordering a charge, and the dash, desperation and impetuosity of his men, demoralized the Federals at the start, causing the close proximity of Burnside to count for nothing.

The road being cleared, we emerged from the trap and moved on toward Rheatown, where we expected to go into camp, obtain food for ourselves and horses and enjoy a much needed rest.

A prominent and noticeable officer among the Federals that morning was Colonel McKee Dunn. He commanded, I think, the Fifth Indiana Cavalry. Throughout the campaign, and during Longstreet's investment of Knoxville, McKee Dunn and his gray horse were familiar figures. He was as brave as Marshal Ney, and challenged the admiration of our boys when, for nearly a month, he would almost daily coolly and intrepidly ride up and down his line, in easy range of our Enfields. By common consent the boys agreed that so gallant an officer ought not to be killed.

A ludicrous incident occurred during the fight. Captain

Jake Yeager, commissary of the Fourth Kentucky, encountered a Dutchman and ordered him to surrender. The Teuton could not see it in that light and exclaimed: "Py dam, you surrender your ownself!" They argued, threatened and "demonstrated" until Yeager, out-bluffing him, finally "took the Dutchman in."

CHAPTER XII.

EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN (Continued)—BATTLE OF RHEATOWN—PUGHS HILL—BLOUNTVILLE—ZOLLICOFFER—ABINGDON—REVIEW—REORGANIZATION.

"Sons of the South! There's a victory sweet,
That comes to the brave in the ranks of defeat."

HAVING had neither food nor rest since the commencement of the engagement at Blue Springs, men and horses were hungry and weary when they arrived at Rheatown about 10 o'clock A. M.

Instead of a calm and restful observance of Sunday, the tranquillity of which had been broken by the clash of arms at Hendersons Mill, we were destined to pass the entire day amid the smoke of a conflict—the most desperate, the most horrible day we had yet spent in the war. There is a limit to human endurance, and our little band had, apparently, reached that limit, when the booming of cannon, the hurtling of bombs and solid balls, suggested an olio or overture before the rising curtain, revealing another scene in the theater of war; another act in a realistic play to be performed on that fateful Sunday.

A strange scene in war! Troops going into camp, wagons parked and horses being unbridled and fed, while the enemy's cannon were roaring and sending shrieking shells over our heads, and solid balls ricocheting through the encampment. When we arrived at Rheatown, the enemy, moving on our left flank, had taken possession of a gap in the ridge opposite the town, and a dense woodland, extending from the base of the ridge to our position, effectually hid them from view. Under cover of their artillery in the gap, and sheltered by the woods, they were moving upon us all the time we were going into camp. Carter's whole brigade, not yet having gone into camp, were on their horses in the road, when the enemy suddenly fired upon them from the margin of the woods.

General Williams was storming about the erection of his tent, while the cannon balls were flying over his head, and when the Federals came swarming through the woods. The going into camp under such circumstances was inexplicable—beyond our comprehension. Being at the general's headquarters while the tent was going up, and wondering what it all meant, I heard a cavalryman inquire of a comrade: "What in h—ll does all this mean—going into camp in the presence of the enemy?" The other fellow nonchalantly replied, "Strategy, my boy, strategy!" To which number one rejoined, "Strategy, h—ll!"

Viewing the surroundings with an untrained military eye, I unreservedly indorsed the cavalryman's emphatic expression, it being evident that instead of resorting to a *ruse de guerre*, the general was playing a game of bluff and bravado. To even a mediocre mind it was a situation in which discretion would seem to be the better part of valor. We ought to have moved on as rapidly as possible, consistent with order and dignity. We were forced to move at a double-quick-step, later in the day.

It is difficult to write a description of this battle of Rheatown. It had no shape. It was a tempest—a hurly-burly. In the language of Victor Hugo, it was the "*quid obscurum* of battles. Where infantry was, artillery arrives; where artillery was, cavalry dash in; the battalions are smoke. There was something there, but when you look for it, it has disappeared. To paint a battle, those painters who have chaos in their pencils are needed. Rembrandt is worth more than Van der Meulen; for Van der Meulen, exact at midday, is incorrect at 3 o'clock. Geometry is deceived, and the hurricane alone is true, and it is this that gives Folard the right to contradict Polybius. It is not given to any narrator, however conscientious he may be, to absolutely fix the form of that horrible cloud which is called a battle." While this is true of all battles, it is particularly applicable to Rheatown. There was no plan, but much of folly, confusion and desperation; courage of the highest type and panic indescribable; a continuous roar; fire and smoke everywhere; groans, death, physical exhaustion, despair. It seemed that we were in

the tartarean region, and that there was no escape. All wished for night, but the day seemed interminable.

There was much confusion before the battle began, while we were going into camp. Some of the men even refused to dismount, while others ventured into the adjacent fields to procure corn for their horses. Before many of them returned, bullets began to whiz through the camp; the men dropped their corn and quickly mounted their horses. The Federal artillery, having gotten the exact range, threw shot and shell into the disordered ranks, while masses of blue-coats debouched from the woods, and the whole visible earth seemed suddenly to assume a cerulean hue. Rifle balls came thick and fast. A part of Carter's brigade became panic stricken and dashed wildly to the rear. Adjutant-General Guerrant, not having time to saddle his horse, mounted him, bareback, and dashed after the stampeded Georgians and Tennesseans, overtook them, and eloquently appealed to them to return. In connection with Colonel Carter and other officers, he succeeded in stopping and dismounting two or three hundred of them, whom he led back in an endeavor to check the enemy until the remainder of the troops could be placed in position, and the wagons be gotten out of the way

W H. Bradley and John James McCann, of the Fourth Kentucky, in charge of the wagon train, used excellent judgment and did heroic service in extricating the wagons from imminent capture.

Notwithstanding the reign of pandemonium and the seriousness of the situation, there were laughable scenes, even here. Captain Yeager's commissary wagon, driven by Tom Hopkins, came to grief just as Tom was flourishing his whip and giving the admonitory "Git up!" to his mules. A cannon ball, striking the coupling pole of the wagon, cut it in twain, but Tom hurriedly drove on with the front wheels and a part of the wagon bed, losing however Captain Yeager's seventy-five dollar boots and other valuable paraphernalia.

At the beginning of the fight, a young woman, with the curiosity of her sex, visited the wagon rendezvous, and being unused to war's alarms, sat down beside Will Bradley, who

chivalrously exerted himself to entertain her. The *tete-a-tete* was rudely dissolved by a bomb-shell that struck in close proximity to the trysting place, and caused a wild and undignified stampede on the part of the fair one, leaving Bradley, like the last rose of summer, to bloom alone.

Giltner's brigade was quickly in position on the left, as was Schoolfield's battery of four little guns. Graham's and Lloyd's sections of artillery had gone down to the railroad, nearly a mile away, with General Jackson, and had not yet arrived on the field. The fighting became hot and furious. Carter being forced back on the right, and a flanking column of the enemy appearing on Giltner's left, made it necessary to fall back to a more advantageous position. A number of men, dispirited, straggled to the rear.

We now had not more than eight hundred to one thousand men with which to fight General Shackelford's division of cavalry, a brigade of infantry and twenty pieces of artillery.

After severe fighting our somewhat disordered lines again fell back to a better position, a commanding eminence known as Pughs Hill, about two and a half miles from Rheatown. This position commanded all approaches on the center, but it could be easily flanked by an enemy with superior numbers. Our men, being dismounted, had withdrawn from their former position to this, sullenly and in good order. At Pughs Hill was fought the main fight of the day. It was the third engagement—long, desperate and wearisome.

When the enemy again approached, our artillery, being admirably handled, gave them a warm reception. The enemy also served theirs well, one of their shells killing and wounding several artillerists and horses. The Federal infantry and cavalry recoiled, temporarily, before the well-directed fire of Graham's, Lloyd's and Schoolfield's guns.

Unfortunately, at this critical moment, it became necessary to change commanders. With Colonel Giltner and staff I rode to where General Williams had taken position near a section of artillery. The general was reclining on the ground, apparently quite sick, but swearing awfully. He held his unsheathed sword in his hand, was mad as a hornet, and, although *hors de combat*, was as bellicose as ever.

Colonel Giltner assumed command, temporarily, and when he saw the whole division was in imminent danger of being overwhelmed and captured, he made heroic efforts to withdraw the men from the field. He ordered the horseholders to remain where they were until the men could get to them. This was a necessary precaution, because many of the men were stampeding and there was danger of the horseholders becoming infected with the panic and being swept to the rear by retreating horsemen.

The First Tennessee and the Sixteenth Georgia, of Carter's brigade men naturally brave but lacking in discipline, had been somewhat demoralized since the first guns were fired at Rheatown. They finally broke and stampeded. Would that I could drop the curtain and shut out the whole horrible, indescribable scene! They went like a hurricane, through fields and over fences, carrying everything before them. Their horse-holders ran away, and horses riderless and riders horseless ran headlong through Giltner's column of horses, stampeding many of them. Giltner's men hurriedly threw down the rail fences on either side of the road, in order to get into the adjacent fields and thus escape the awful maelstrom of destruction. General Williams now appeared among the panic-stricken men, and, with his sword striking right and left at them, stormed and swore in vain. Other officers with waving hats and swords valiantly supplemented the general's efforts, but all were powerless to check that awful torrent of human fear. Brave men they were; but when once stampeded men lose all reason—the lions become kids.

The Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, being on the extreme right and farthest from the horses, seemed doomed to capture. They were fighting overwhelming numbers in their front and on their flanks, while battalions were rushing to the rear and running off their horses. That heroic regiment, Major Tom Chenoweth's Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles, Colonel Trimble's Tenth Kentucky Cavalry and Witcher's battalion steadfastly remained firm, and even when sullenly and obstinately retiring, they would occasionally charge the enemy. Captain Schoolfield and his twenty-five gallant young men, with the little battery, galloped from position to

position, wheeling their guns and often checking the enemy. Witcher, brave, immortal Witcher, calling to his men, "Fall in here, nighthawks!" formed them in the open field to the right of the road, and charged the enemy, pell-mell, checking them until the Kentucky boys could reach their horses. All hats off! All honor and never-fading laurels to gallant Colonel Witcher and his invincible "nighthawks."

Our loss was severe. The Fourth Kentucky alone lost forty or fifty men, killed, wounded and missing. Of the missing, Captains Ray and Gathright afterward joined the command, having walked sixteen miles. A number of missing men also turned up all right—somewhat disfigured, but still in the ring. Captain Sam Duncan and Dick Strother were among the captured, and Pete Malloy was left on the field, supposed to be dead. These three belonged to Company E, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry. A splendid soldier, an athlete, had his head torn off by a cannon ball. He belonged, I think, to Captain Alexander's company. He was noted for amiability and for his singing. Possessing a deep bass voice, he was wont to arouse the Fourth Kentucky boys by singing, "Awake, awake, ye drowsy sleeper," in the early morn before Tom Hayden sounded reveille with his bugle.

In the closing scenes of the fight I noticed Buck Lacefield, of Captain Barrett's company, Fourth Kentucky, fall in line with Witcher's men, his mouth wide open, yelling and charging the enemy. Buck was one of the bravest of the brave, and among the last to leave the ill-fated field.

The enemy's loss must have been great. A prisoner stated that they lost sixty men at Hendersons Mill. As our men fired deliberately and at close range, their losses must have been proportionately much greater at Rheatown and Pughs Hill.

We had fought four engagements without food, rest or sleep, and still we were compelled to march. The retreat continued to Jonesboro, thence across the rapid Watauga River and on to Blountville, the enemy following slowly and cautiously.

There was an inconsequential engagement at Blountville, General Wm. E. Jones being in command of the cavalry

In this fight Adjutant T. M. Freeman was shot in the neck, but not seriously. He tied his handkerchief about the wound and continued to gallop up and down the line of the Fourth Kentucky, cheering and leading the men into the most dangerous places. As usual, the enemy flanked the position, compelling General Williams to concentrate his entire force at Zollicoffer, whence he continued the retreat to Abingdon, Va.

The Federals destroyed the long railroad bridge, two or three locomotives, a number of cars and the old pine log fort at Zollicoffer. The locomotives were worthless, and the fort was such only in name. The bridge, however, was a valuable structure.

We arrived at Abingdon about October 16th, and General Williams, having received reinforcements, determined to fight another battle. The position was an admirable one. The batteries of Burrows, Lowry, Otey and Lewis were posted on four high hills, commanding all approaches in front.

It was known that the Federal cavalry, under Shackelford, consisting of Wolford's, Carter's, Foster's and Wells' brigades and twenty-five pieces of artillery, was approaching, and that a strong force of infantry was in supporting distance. Witcher and his "nighthawks," bringing up our rear, fought them almost continuously. We had five or six thousand men at Abingdon, and were prepared to give the enemy a warm reception, but when within six miles of our position they suddenly retreated, going in the direction of Cumberland Gap.

A day or two after the enemy had gone we had an imposing array of generals to view us, review us and command us—Major-General Ransom, Major-General Sam Jones, Brigadier-Generals Wharton, Wm. E. Jones, Jackson and Williams.

General Ransom, commanding the department, reorganized the cavalry. To General Williams were assigned the Fourth Kentucky, First Tennessee, Sixteenth Georgia, Chenoweth's and Trimble's battalions, Slemp's Refugee regiment and Schoolfield's battery. General Wm. E. Jones was given a brigade, consisting of the Eighth Virginia Cavalry, a fine regiment, Witcher's battalion, Peters' regiment and other detachments, whose names I do not remember.

CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL RANSOM—GENERAL WM. E. JONES—GENERAL JOHN S. WILLIAMS—GENERAL GEO. B. CRITTENDEN.

GENERAL RANSOM

WAS a North Carolinian and a "West Pointer;" a martinet and a strict disciplinarian, crabbed and imperious. He had a fine martial appearance, and—a fondness for persimmon beer. His curt, domineering manner, and the issuance of an order prohibiting officers and soldiers from entering the homes of citizens, uninvited, made him exceedingly unpopular. His idea was to treat volunteer troops the same as regulars.

GENERAL WM. E. JONES

Was an eccentric officer, who seemed to take pleasure in self-torture, as if doing penance.

At a point near Bristol, Tenn., I was sent to him with a message and found him lying on the ground, face downward, in a tent filled with smoke from a smoldering fire in the center. I involuntarily drew back. In muffled tones the general called to me: "Lie flat down and the smoke won't hurt you." I dropped upon my hands and knees, crawled to him and delivered the message—about as ludicrous and undignified a scene as one could well imagine.

General Jones had served with Stonewall Jackson, and rode a little, trotting clay-bank mare, to which he was much attached. He said the famous Stonewall had ridden the unpretentious-looking animal in the battles of Harpers Ferry, Sharpsburg and Second Manassas. He was a small man, beyond middle life, exceedingly plain in dress, brave to a fault, cool and imperturbable. He was killed, shot through the head while charging the enemy, hat in hand, at Piedmont, Va.

GENERAL JOHN S. WILLIAMS

Was a rough-and-ready fighter, but no strategist. He had made himself famous for bravery at the battle of Cerro Gordo, Mexico, and has ever since been known as Cerro Gordo Williams. He was a man of splendid physique, bluff but genial and pleasing in manner, generally popular with officers and men who served under him, but had a faculty of incurring the disfavor of his superior officers. He was severely criticised for his management of the East Tennessee campaign, and especially for his conduct at Rheatown. His proud spirit could not, and would not, endure the innuendoes and criticisms emanating from department headquarters and from a few of his own officers. Consequently, he issued the following address:

HEADQUARTERS WILLIAMS' CAVALRY BRIGADE,
November 4, 1863.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS: I have asked to be temporarily relieved from the command of this brigade, because my honor would not allow me to retain it longer.

It is unnecessary for me to recite the reasons which have impelled me to take this step.

My association with you has been short, but full of stirring events. The patient endurance and devoted courage you have shown in one of the most trying and difficult campaigns of this or any other war command my highest admiration and endear you to me by one of the strongest of human ties—that of sharing common hardships and a common danger.

I hope it may not be long until I am with you again; but whether the separation be temporary or final, I shall ever cherish in kindest remembrance the many evidences of generous confidence you have given me.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, *Brigadier-General.*

We all knew that the address was a valedictory, and that it meant final separation. The men regretted it very much—all having a warm place in their hearts for genial, hard-fighting General Williams.

The general took service with Wheeler, I think, and we saw him no more until, unexpectedly, we met him in the early morn of the battle of Saltville, a year hence.

GENERAL GEORGE B. CRITTENDEN.

For a brief time the brigade and division were commanded by General George B. Crittenden, during the East Tennessee campaign. I remember that he had us drawn up in line of battle, near Zollicoffer Bridge, expecting an enemy who failed to appear in any consequential force. I do not think we fought any engagement of consequence under General Crittenden.

General Crittenden was a small man, genial and courteous, a trained soldier, plain in dress and unostentatious in manner, often thoughtful and abstracted as if pondering deeply some military problem. I remember that I felt profoundly respectful when in the presence of General George B. Crittenden.

CHAPTER XIV.

EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN (Continued)—BATTLE OF BIG CREEK, NOVEMBER 6, 1863.

"Each soldier's name
Shall shine untarnished on the roll of fame,
And stand the example of each distant age,
And add new luster to the historic page."

COLONEL HENRY L. GILTNER, now commanding the brigade, soon became restive and inclined to rebel against the iron rule of General Ransom. Always somewhat refractory, those of us who were nearest to him and knew him best were not surprised when he threatened to follow General Williams' example and resign, rather than obey the mandates of the grim martinet, Ransom. In fact a number of high-spirited Kentucky officers soon incurred the general's displeasure, and his edicts became more and more offensive. Finally, Colonel Tandy Pryor, commanding the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, roundly and vehemently abused Major Branch, chief of Ransom's staff, and, of course, was ordered under arrest.

The brigade was again in Tennessee, General Ransom's headquarters being at Blountville. On the morning of November 4th the general, desiring a conference with Giltner, had to send for him two or three times before the dauntless colonel condescended to honor the summons. He was much mollified, however, when he found that the general was contemplating a forward movement, his plan involving the capture of a Federal force at Rogersville. It was known that Colonel Israel Garrard was at that place with the Seventh Ohio Cavalry. the Second Tennessee Mounted Infantry and a battery of artillery. The plan was for General Wm. E. Jones to march south of Holston River and gain the enemy's rear, while Giltner should attack in front.

On November 5th the brigade moved to a point below

Kingsport, going into camp for a short time, late in the afternoon. It was raining—cold, dreary, disgusting November weather. Just before dark we began crossing the Holston River in the following order: First Tennessee, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, Lowry's battery, Sixteenth Georgia, Sixty-fourth Virginia—about one thousand fighting men.

It rained nearly all night, and was dark as Erebus. The crossing of the river was difficult and dangerous. Men got lost in the darkness, and notwithstanding the order for absolute silence, they would shout the names of lost comrades, and bedlam reigned generally Horses fell down, men were rolling in the rapid stream, some were badly injured, and nearly all, for the time being, were sorry they had ever left the old Kentucky home to join the cavalry. We were delayed by General Jones' brigade, sixteen hundred strong, crossing our road, he having found his original route impracticable. He now intended to go to Rogersville, on the flank and in rear of the enemy, and it became necessary for Giltner to delay in order to give Jones time.

Before daylight our advance met a company of scouts near Surgoinsville and chased them several miles toward Rogersville. They, of course, warned the enemy, who doubtless were not expecting a visit from us on such an inclement night.

The dawn of day revealed the enemy posted on a high and strong position. Not many were in sight, but we suspected that the whole force was masked in the timber, or concealed behind the ridge. Our artillery, which had gotten far behind on account of the darkness and bad road, was ordered up, but before it arrived the enemy disappeared. The brigade moved rapidly forward, and, to our astonishment, we found the enemy crossing the river at Russells Ford. Their wagons and artillery lined the road. Giltner ordered Colonel Carter with the First Tennessee to double quick across the fields to cut off the retreat. The movement was successful and the enemy returned to their original position on the hills beyond Big Creek. They, however, left two pieces of artillery, with a strong support, on our side of the creek, which promptly opened upon our advance.

Major Parker, with the Fourth Kentucky, and Colonel Trimble, with the Tenth Kentucky, came to the front at a gallop, dismounted within three hundred yards of the belching cannon, and charged. Carter, who had cut off the retreat at the ford, was on the flank of the guns, and he also charged them, and, I think, he reached them first. However, all were there in briefer time than it takes to tell it. Of course the guns were captured, as was also a large number of wagons parked in Russell's lot. The teamsters had run away, and the mules, uncontrolled, were charging and running into each other and colliding the wagons, many of them being wrecked. The wagons were loaded with commissary, quartermaster and ordnance stores. The brigade, scarcely halting, charged the main body of the enemy and their artillery, posted on a commanding elevation beyond Big Creek, a broad, deep and rapid stream. Notwithstanding the fire of the enemy our troops never halted until they were within the Federal lines. After a sharp fight of probably a half hour, the Fourth Kentucky captured the battery and about five hundred prisoners, with arms, horses, wagons, etc. Most of the prisoners belonged to the Second Tennessee Mounted Infantry, the Seventh Ohio Cavalry having, for the most part, escaped at the ford. Major Clark, with the Sixteenth Georgia, while pursuing those who had escaped captured many prisoners. We captured in all about six hundred — one major, seven captains, one adjutant-general and many minor officers. Their commander, Colonel Garrard, thinking discretion the better part of valor, escaped by leaving the field with the Seventh Ohio Cavalry at the first alarm.

Immediately after the surrender the boys scattered over the field, looking for spoils, and found, in profusion, blankets, guns, pistols, sabers, clothing, camp equipage, etc. Probably fifty loaded wagons were captured and brought out. Two or three disabled caissons and a number of damaged wagons were cut down and burned. We lost only three men killed and four or five wounded. The enemy lost about fifteen killed and thirty wounded, and some were drowned in their frantic attempt to cross the river. Adjutant-General Guer-

rant and Sergeant-Major Frank Harrison paroled the wounded. There were sad scenes on the field. Dead and wounded neglected, horses shot dead at hitching posts or rolling in agonies of death; others whinnying wistfully for food and drink. When we started back nearly every soldier was leading a horse, some leading two.

General Jones never got into the fight at all. However, he did good service; the Eighth Virginia Cavalry of his brigade gained the enemy's rear and intercepted about two hundred fugitives. The general also captured small detachments in Carters Valley, making a total of about eight hundred prisoners.

General Ransom issued the following complimentary address:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA AND EAST TENNESSEE.

BLOUNTVILLE, November 10, 1863.

[*General Orders, No. 10.*]

It is with pleasure that the major-general commanding announces to the troops the successful attack of our cavalry upon the enemy at Rogersville, Tenn., on the 6th inst., resulting in the capture of eight hundred prisoners, four pieces of artillery, four stands of colors, sixty wagons, one thousand horses and mules, small arms, ammunition and other valuable stores, with a loss of only three killed and four or five wounded.

The major-general commanding offers his heartfelt thanks to the officers and men engaged, and hopes that this brilliant exploit will be the earnest of continued and substantial success in the future.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL RANSOM.

F. ROWLAND, *A. A. G.*

CHAPTER XV

A Literary Symposium.

AT brigade headquarters was a *coterie* of *literati*, composed of Major Henry T Stanton, Captain Edward O. Guerrant, Lieutenant Henry T. Anderson, Captain Barney Giltner and Captain J. J McAfee—classical scholars, poets, critics, etc. All of them were staff officers, refined, fastidious in dress, and when assembled about the bivouac fire they usually engaged in the discussion of some literary topic, often edifying and amusing. Of course there was a diversity of genius and talent, which made the symposium the more interesting.

Major Henry T. Stanton was the poet pre-eminent, and like all poets he had his moods. At times he was so abstracted that he neither knew nor recognized his intimate friends; in fact he became oblivious to all surroundings. Seating himself at the mess-table he would toy with his knife and fork, forgetting to eat a mouthful. These were sure symptoms of a forthcoming poem, the advent of which we all awaited with pleasurable expectancy, carefully refraining from breaking "the spell that bound him." He wrote a great deal; many of his productions abounding in pathos, while others were light, airy and witty. Of the latter, one "string of verses" in particular amused not only his own *coterie*, but was recited and sung and laughed over by the boys of the entire brigade. The command had captured a rich Federal wagon train, and, as usual, the boys appropriated to their own use everything they could lay their hands upon. General Wm. E. Jones, in command at the time, issued an order that mules, coffee, sugar and other "spoils of war" should be turned over to his quartermaster as Confederate States property, to be distributed, probably, among troops who were strangers. This order caused a vigorous

"kick" and an indignant howl all along the lines, and inspired Major Stanton to write the "funny" verses referred to. I can now recall only the concluding line of each stanza:

"General Jones, here's your mule."

Like nearly all "literary fellows," Major Stanton was extremely careless about financial matters. If he had money he would spend it, not seeming to realize its value. When the poetic afflatus was not dominating his being he was one of the jolliest, most companionable of men, and notably fond of fine clothes, flowers and pretty girls.

CAPTAIN EDWARD O. GUERRANT was the most religiously-inclined member of the quintet, although he was sparkling in conversation and fond of society. He was a voluminous prose writer, and also wrote and quoted a great deal of poetry. His vocabulary seemed to be co-extensive with an unabridged dictionary, and with ease and facility he constructed sentences containing the purest gold of the English language. His conversational powers were unrivaled—fluent, didactic, oratorical, witty and pathetic. I herewith append a stanza of one of his effusions, which comprised five verses:

"Who is this lying in a spot so lone,
Without a monument or even a stone
To tell to the stranger and passer-by
Who it is that slumbers here so quietly?
No sweet-scented roses, no sister's sad tear;
No green arbor-vitæ to bloom all the year;
Not even a coffin, a shroud, or a sigh.
All unwept and unhonored the stranger doth lie.
Only a soldier!"

LIEUTENANT HENRY T. ANDERSON was a cold, cynical critic, but withal a pleasant young gentleman who had been reared among educators and all his life had breathed the atmosphere of the classics. His father was principal of an academy at Paris, Ky., his home, and his uncle, Henry T Anderson, was principal of a noted institution of learning at Harrodsburg, Ky., a famed preacher and author of a translation of the New Testament, in which he invariably uses the word

immerse, instead of the word baptize. Lieutenant Anderson was often a combatant when discussing some linguistic nicety, and was always tenacious of any position he assumed. As a dialectician he was probably the superior of the other members of the staff, whom he would frequently startle by asserting some unorthodox proposition, and then he would proceed coolly to lay down his premises, and, nonchalantly, though logically, to draw a conclusion which left them in breathless amaze and incapable of refuting his audacious assumption. He was a medium-sized young man, of conservative habits and scrupulously particular in matters of dress and personal cleanliness. He was the inspector-general of the brigade—a daring and efficient officer.

CAPTAIN BARNEY GILTNER, tall, well formed, blonde complexion, exquisitely attired in a captain's full dress uniform, his linen always immaculately clean, was the wit of the quintet and also a philosopher. He was aid-de-camp to his cousin, Colonel Giltner. His home was at or near Versailles, Ky., where he had been reared in aristocratic affluence, and true to his training and surroundings he was essentially a patrician to whom the provincialisms and uncouth manners of the plebeian were peculiarly disgusting. Being well educated, refined and of luxurious habits, he was much of a sybarite, ill-adapted to the rough-and-tumble life of a Confederate cavalryman. His quaint sayings, apropos quotations, witticisms and songs enlivened many a dreary bivouac hour. He lost no opportunity to bask in the smiles of some Virginia or Tennessee belle

> "And frame love ditties passing rare,
> And sing them to a lady fair."

At times, when the *menu* was poor in quality and limited in quantity, the weather unpropitious and his clothes spotted with unavoidable plebeian mud, his splenetic observations and comical facial expressions were so irresistibly ludicrous that the laugh went around, and everybody for the time being forgot his discomforts and tribulations. There was a marked contrast between his own appearance and that of his horse. Previous to coming into his possession his chestnut sorrel

CAPT. JOHN J. M'AFEE.

charger was fat, sleek and handsome, but by reason of continued neglect he became emaciated and wretchedly forlorn, and to make matters even worse some vandal had clipped his foretop locks and cut his tail "short and square." Thereafter the horse was known as "Bushwhack." Captain Guerrant, whose own horse was always carefully groomed, asked Giltner why he did not curry "Bushwhack," and received for reply: "Good God! Ed, it would ruin my clothes."

CAPTAIN JOHN J. MCAFEE. An intellectual young gentleman of attractive personality, a smooth, fluent talker, full of humor and a ready writer was Captain John J. McAfee, adjutant-general of General George B. Cosby's brigade. He was also war correspondent for a Richmond newspaper, his contributions being literary gems, valuable in information and often intensely interesting by reason of their effervescing humor. Captain McAfee was fastidious in all things and of aristocratic tendency. Withal he was a *bon vivant*. When rations were short he had a ludicrous habit of placing his hands upon his stomach, and with a far-away expression in his eyes, saying, "My stomach feels heated and unsatisfied-like." Because of his genial temperament and warm, rosy complexion he was nicknamed "Ginger." There was much in common between him and Barney Giltner, they being boon companions.

Soon after the war Captain McAfee married Miss Nellie Marshall, the brilliant daughter of General Humphrey Marshall.

CHAPTER XVI.

STAMPEDING WOLFORD'S CAVALRY.

"To horse! to horse! the sabers gleam;
High sounds our bugle call."

IF there existed a body of Federal troops that the Kentucky boys dreaded to meet, it was gallant General Frank Wolford's famous Kentucky command. They had the reputation of being invincible fighters, almost uniformly successful in their numerous conflicts. Our boys frequently discussed the probability of meeting that heroic band of Kentucky warriors, and speculated much as to the result of a conflict with them. All knew it would be Greek against Greek, Kentuckian against Kentuckian. I have forgotten the date and place, but it was during the East Tennessee campaign, in the autumn of 1863, that the long expected, if not hoped for, contest took place. Candor compels me to admit, however, that Wolford's boys scarcely had a fair show.

Early one morning, learning that there was a troop of Federal cavalry encamped a few miles in our front, Colonel Giltner determined to attack them forthwith, not knowing, however, that it was Wolford's cavalry. Detaching two squadrons of the Fourth Kentucky, the one commanded by Lieutenant Robert Alexander, of Company B, and the other, I think, by Captain Dick Gathright, of Company H, the colonel ordered one of them to the left of the road and the other to the right; both squadrons were to march in parallel columns, some distance from the road, and considerably in advance of the main column, the object being to turn the enemy's picket post, and surprise and capture the picket guard, and thus prevent, if possible, the enemy from being apprised of our approach. The plan succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations. Alexander and Gathright went headlong into Wolford's camp, along with the pickets, and

the main column, yelling like Comanches, soon caught up with the advanced squadrons and charged pell-mell through the camp, literally running over the surprised Federals. An indescribable *melee* followed, the enemy being so astonished and demoralized that they seemed to have one thought—that of getting away. Never was there a more complete rout, and we have always wondered what became of the enemy. Although we were right among them, in their camp, we took few prisoners. Probably our own men were too much excited and forgot their business. The Federals scattered helter-skelter in every direction, and seemed to hide and disappear with the instinct and facility of young quails. The boys were very proud of this victory They had attacked Wolford's cavalry and vanquished it, signally, completely What the result might have been, had the two opposing Kentucky forces met in a fair, open field, of course no one knows. All is fair in war, and we were extremely fortunate in "getting the drop" on Wolford that morning. The Fourth Kentucky Cavalry never more dreaded to meet Wolford's Kentuckians, and, in fact, never did meet them again. General Frank Wolford resigned his commission when Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation, and, after the war, became a member of Congress.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL LONGSTREET IN TENNESSEE—THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE—ASSAULT UPON FORT SANDERS—MINOR INFANTRY AND CAVALRY ENGAGEMENTS.

"Through the sounding woods there come
Banner and bugle, trump and drum."

GENERAL LONGSTREET and his veteran army corps, covered with scars and carrying tattered red battle-flags, had come from sanguinary Eastern battlefields to reinforce Bragg at Chattanooga. Having fought with the Western troops at Chickamauga, defeating Rosecrans, the veterans of the East turned their faces toward Knoxville, and after a sharp engagement at Campbells Station, where the gallant Federal general, W. P. Sanders, only twenty-eight years old, was killed, General Longstreet began to besiege General Burnside at Knoxville, November 15, 1863.

Longstreet's environment of the city was so complete that it seemed to be merely a question of time when Burnside, cut off from his supplies, would necessarily be forced to capitulate. Hood's division of infantry was stationed at a point whence it could readily move upon Burnside, should he attempt to retreat. Our cavalry was kept busy guarding and watching the numerous roads, intercepting supply trains, etc. Cavalry fights were of almost daily occurrence, and the infantry lines had so closely invested the Federal works that skirmish firing was almost incessant. Finally General Longstreet determined upon making an assault, and several consultations were held as to the most vulnerable point in the enemy's works of defense.

General Longstreet, who always rode over his battlefields,

"His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square and fronts to change,"

says that on the night of November 25th, in company with

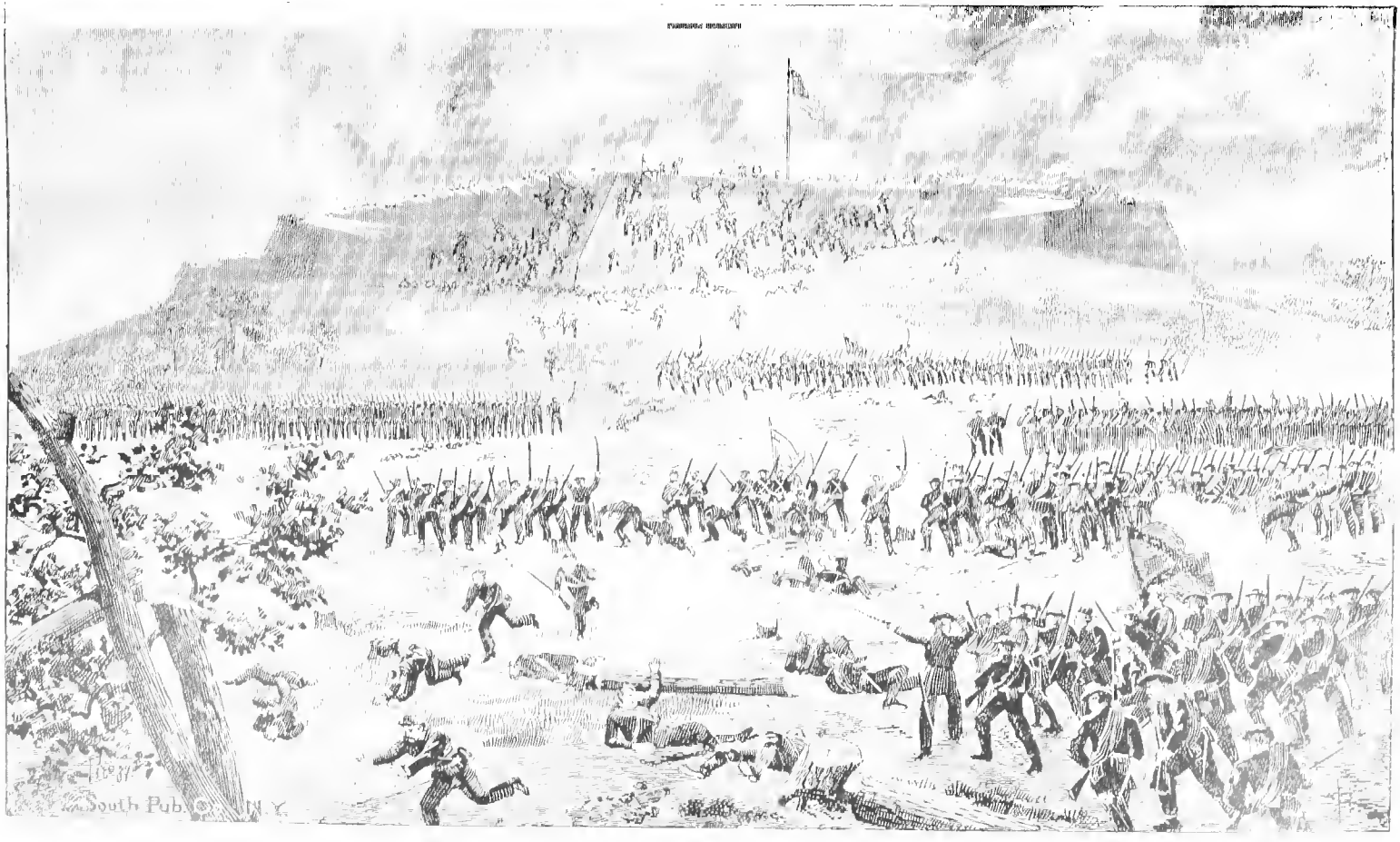
his engineer, he made a reconnoissance of the entire Federal position, and concluded to assault Fort Sanders. There was a ditch at the base of the fort, about which the Confederates had some misgivings, but the leading officers finally agreed that the ditch would not offer any serious obstacle to a rush upon the fort. Strange mistake! The ditch proved to be "a horrible pit." General Longstreet himself says he saw a man "march out of the fort, down the ditch and up the other side;" that the ditch seemed to him to have been made more for the purpose of getting dirt than for making of it an obstruction. It was reported to General Longstreet by officers on the outposts that they had seen dogs pass over the same ditch.

General McLaws, who made the assault, says in his official report: "Before 4 o'clock on the morning of November 29th I went around with my staff to superintend the execution of my orders for the assault. It was evident to me that the enemy was aware that one was intended, and I think it probable they knew where it was to be made, for while I was talking to Colonel Ruff, on the railroad, the enemy threw a shell, which burst over the woods just in rear of us, through which Colonel Ruff's command (Wofford's brigade) was passing, assembling by regiments for the assault. I have since heard that the enemy were informed, and that during the night of the 28th they had been employed in pouring buckets of water over the parapet to render it difficult to ascend, the night being very cold. The commands being in position and in readiness, and the sharpshooters having been directed to open fire all along their lines as soon as it was light enough to aim, I distributed my staff officers along the line and rode over to Major Leyden's battery and to General Kershaw's line, and found Major Leyden waiting until it was light enough to see his elevators and Kershaw's line ready. I gave Major Leyden orders to open fire while I was there, and then rode toward the assaulting columns. As I went they could be seen advancing in fine style. I rode straight to Wofford's brigade, on the left, and as I approached the work found the men falling back, the officers reporting that it was impossible to mount the parapet and that the brigade commander, Colonel Ruff, and his next in command, Colonel Thomas, had been killed.

and the next in command wounded. I rallied the brigade about four hundred yards from the work, reformed the regiments in the order they went to the assault, notified them who was their brigade commander and the regiments who commanded them, and then consulted with Generals Humphreys and Bryan, and finding that it was useless to attempt to take the work I reported to General Longstreet, and asked authority to withdraw my command. Permission was given, and the main body was withdrawn, but the advanced line of pits was held by the sharpshooters. When it was seen that Wofford's brigade could not mount the parapet General G. T Anderson's brigade, of Hood's division, came rushing up to the assault, in the same place where my command had attempted it, but was repulsed at once and retired."

General McLaws further says : "The assault failed because of the state of the weather on the night previous to the assault and the night of the assault, it having rained on the night of the 27th, and then, turning cold, the parapet was hard frozen and a heavy ice crop was formed by the moisture from the bank, which prevented the men from obtaining a foothold, and the absence of a berme from which they could mount and start. The main cause of failure was, however, the slipperiness of the parapet, upon which it was impossible for any large body of men to gain a foothold, and the severe fire from the north side of the fort, which drove the men from the most accessible points of assault. And, I may add, that it is the opinion of distinguished officers, who were engaged in the assault, that if the skirmishers on the railroad side of the work had silenced the enemy's fire coming from that side, as it was silenced by my line of sharpshooters, the work would have been carried in spite of all the other obstacles. I do not think that ladders would have been of material assistance, unless they could have been furnished in great numbers and had been twenty feet long. The reconnoissances were also defective, giving false notions of the character of the work and of the ditch."

Captain Benjamin, who had charge of the Federal artillery in the fort, said that if the attack had been made at any other point than upon Fort Sanders it must have been successful. Colonel Poe, Burnside's engineer, who directed the building



LONGSTREET'S ASSAULT UPON FORT SANDERS

of the fort, says that no bastion in the works was completed except the one assaulted by McLaws. He further says that the ditch that had to be crossed by an assaulting column was twelve feet wide, and in many places eight feet deep.

General Burnside says in his official report: "At about 6:30 A. M. the enemy opened a furious fire upon the fort; our batteries remained silent and the men quietly awaited the attack. In about twenty minutes the cannonading ceased and a fire of musketry was opened by the enemy. At the same time a heavy column that had been concentrated under the ridge, near the fort during the night, charged on the bastions at a run. Great numbers of them fell in passing over the entanglements, but the weight of the column was such as to force the advance forward, and in two or three minutes they had reached the ditch and attempted to scale the parapet. Our guns opened upon the men in the ditch with canister, and our infantry shot or knocked back all those whose heads appeared above the parapet. The forces placed on the flanks of the fort had a cross fire on the ground over which the enemy approached. Most of those who reached the ditch were either killed or mortally wounded. Such as could not retreat surrendered, in all about five hundred. The ground between the crest and the fort was strewed with dead and wounded, who were crying for help, and after the repulse was fully established, I tendered the enemy a flag of truce for the purpose of burying the dead and caring for the wounded."

It will be seen that the wire entanglements on the open ground did not retard the advance of the assaulting troops, General Burnside testifying that the run from the crest to the fort was made within two minutes. The Confederates lost about one thousand men, while Burnside claims that only twelve of his men were killed. The Federals, themselves, say that it would have been almost impossible for men to ascend the parapet even if it had been undefended. Burnside's engineer, under whose direction the fort was constructed, in his official report says of the fort: "It is a bastioned earth-work, built upon an irregular quadrilateral; the sides are respectively one hundred and twenty-five yards southern front, ninety-five yards western front, one hundred

and twenty-five yards northern front and eighty-five yards eastern front. The eastern front was entirely open; the southern front was about half done; the western front was finished except cutting the embrasures, and the northern front was nearly finished. Each bastion was intended to have *pan coupe*. The bastion attacked was the only one that was completely finished. A light twelve-pounder was mounted at the *pan coupe* and did good service. The ditch of the fort was twelve feet in width, and in many places as much as eight feet in depth. The irregularity of the site was such that the bastion angles were very heavy, the relief of the lightest one being twelve feet. The relief of the one attacked was about thirteen feet, and, together with the depth of the ditch, say eleven feet, made a height of twenty feet from the bottom of the ditch to the interior crest." A great many men were killed in the ditch by bombs which the enemy threw over the parapet, by hand.

Mr. Pollard, the Southern historian, says of this daring assault: "Never, excepting at Gettysburg, was there in the history of the war a disaster adorned with the glory of such devout courage as Longstreet's repulse at Knoxville."

The defeat of Bragg at Missionary Ridge, and the march of Sherman to the relief of Burnside, made it necessary for General Longstreet, December 2d, to raise the siege of Knoxville, which he did by withdrawing his forces in the direction of Blain's Crossroads and Rutledge, east of the city.

During the remainder of the winter there were numerous sharp contests east of Knoxville, in which Longstreet's forces were almost uniformly victorious. In nearly all of these conflicts Giltner's cavalry were actively engaged, either in advance or covering the rear. Cavalry skirmishes were of daily occurrence, and so familiar did the opposing cavalry become with each other that they could almost invariably tell whom they were fighting. The Federals always recognized the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, and when the fight had opened they would exclaim: "There's that d—d Fourth Kentucky again."

General Longstreet and his grande corps d'armee returned to the Army of Northern Virginia early in the spring of 1864.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SCHOOLFIELD'S BATTERY.

THE unique little battery commanded by Captain J. J. Schoolfield was invented by a man named Williams, of Covington, Ky., who went to Richmond early in the war and induced the Confederate Government to cast a battery of six guns. This was the only battery of the kind, I think, in the Confederate army During much of the war it was attached to our brigade, and the twenty-five young men who manned it intimately affiliated with the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry The names of a majority of the battery membership are to be found on the muster-roll of Captain Bart Jenkins' company.

It was a small breech-loading gun, the breech being thrown out by a spring, when the gun was discharged, thereby permitting a current of air to pass through the long barrel, which had a tendency to keep it cool while being actively worked. It carried a one pound solid ball, but upon occasion it did effective service at short range when loaded with buckshot and half-ounce ball cartridges. The gun could be fired about forty times a minute, and being mounted upon a light carriage it could be run from point to point by hand. The little battery often did great execution, and the Federals were frequently puzzled to know the character of artillery they were fighting.

On one of the inconsequential raids into the mountains of Kentucky Colonel Tom Johnson took one of the little guns with his battalion, but I do not think any of the regular batterymen accompanied it. While encamped somewhere near the Big Sandy River, in a narrow valley, flanked by high mountains, a noted Union partisan, named Patrick, entered Johnson's camp at night and stole the gun away. Patrick told me of the circumstance since the war, and said he was like the man who drew the elephant—that he did not know what to do with the gun after he had captured (?) it. The

incident was the occasion of much amusement to Federals and Confederates. Some months afterward, while the little battery was encamped in Virginia, Colonel Tom Johnson, riding by, could not resist the temptation to say something "funny" and sarcastic about the guns. Accosting John Fish, one of the cannoneers, he said: "You had better keep your eyes on those guns or some woman may slip into camp and carry them off." Fish, who did not know the colonel, replied: "Oh, we are not uneasy. The only man in the army who would permit such a thing is Old Tom Johnson, and he is not in command here."

In one of the battles in Tennessee, I can not remember the name of the place, the battery signally distinguished itself. I think General George B. Crittenden was in command, and that the fight occurred just before General John S. Williams took command of us. We had been falling back for several days, skirmishing nearly all the while, until we reached the point referred to, when Captain Schoolfield was ordered to take position on a little hill on the right, in a valley, and await the coming of the enemy. The remainder of the command moved back nearly a mile in rear of Schoolfield's position, leaving his battery dangerously exposed and unsupported. Why the battery was left isolated on the outpost I never knew nor understood. The gallant youths with the guns made a frail fortification of fence-rails and grimly waited for the Federals, who soon appeared in strong force. A hot fire was immediately opened on both sides, and a close and deadly combat ensued, which lasted probably an hour. Schoolfield, unsupported, held his position until he was flanked, and the enemy in front charged almost to the muzzles of his guns. In fact the enemy in front had to cease firing for fear of killing their own men, who were on the flanks and trying to surround the battery. The men had to run their guns off the field by hand, as no horses could have lived to get to them. Even then the battery would have been captured had not a part of the Fourth Kentucky gone to the rescue. The Fourth Kentucky boys met the guns just as Schoolfield had succeeded in getting them beyond the brow of the hill, probably one hundred and fifty yards from the

enemy. The batterymen were so exhausted that they could do nothing more, and the boys of Company E, Fourth Kentucky, took hold of the guns and rushed them down the hill. Lieutenant Archie Smith was in command of the detachment of Company E, and he and his men not only had to handle the guns, but they had to assist Schoolfield and his exhausted men off the field. The enemy continued to press them until one of our larger batteries on a hill in the rear opened on them and checked their advance.

As soon as he had gotten his battery out Schoolfield went to headquarters, where he received a compliment he will never forget. When he entered the house Major Parker was sitting on the only chair in the room. He immediately arose, saluted and requested Captain Schoolfield to be seated. The captain declined, but the major insisted that he should take the chair, saying that the gallant commander of the battery was the only officer in the command who had now a right to a seat in the chair that day.

Bud Peters, an adopted son of Judge Peters, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, an exceedingly promising youth of Schoolfield's little command, was drowned in Nola Chucky River, which the battery was crossing on its way to Greenville, Tenn. With uncovered head I salute Captain Schoolfield and his gallant young artillerists.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN BART W. JENKINS AND HIS TROOPERS.

"He was a stalworth knight and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
His eyebrow dark and eye of fire,
Showed spirit proud and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
Did deep design and counsel speak."

CAPTAIN BART JENKINS, "manly, bold and tall," generous and impulsive, was a military genius. As intimated in another chapter the victory at Limestone must be ascribed to Captain Jenkins, who suggested the strategical maneuvers, and to the dash and hard fighting of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry.

Captain Jenkins was naturally a leader, never a follower of men. He usually managed to keep his gallant troop independent and free from entanglements with other battalions. His little command, however, was frequently attached to the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, and his troopers were gladly received in any camp and their banner greeted with joyous acclaim on the battlefield,

For they were clansmen, bold and true,
Their chief as brave as Roderick Dhu.

Captain Jenkins, always alert and a free rover, headed his horse in the direction of the enemy's guns, often dropping into a fight unexpectedly, but at an opportune time.

Early in the war Captain Jenkins, with twenty-eight men, Nathan Parker one of them, started from Lusbys Mills, Owen County, Ky., for the Confederate lines, and overtook Giltner and Pryor at Munfordsville, where he joined forces with an officer who was recruiting the "Buckner Guards." Captain Jenkins was influential in having Pryor elected first lieutenant and Nathan Parker second lieutenant, Jenkins himself and Giltner enlisting in the "guards" as private

soldiers. Jenkins, however, was soon detached to drill new organizations, constantly forming. Soon thereafter General Simon B. Buckner appointed him chief of secret service, at the same time ordering him to select suitable men to send on secret service missions. Giltner was one of the men whom he selected, Jenkins personally undertaking the most delicate and dangerous mission—that of visiting Lebanon, Ky., where rested the left wing of the Federal army. When he returned from a successful performance of that service and reported to General Buckner, at Bowling Green, he found awaiting him a first lieutenant's commission, which had been forwarded by the secretary of war. He was then ordered to report to General Humphrey Marshall, General Buckner permitting Giltner to accompany him.

When in June, 1862, General Marshall was ordered to Richmond, to meet in council General Lee and other officers, Captain Jenkins, then aid-de-camp, accompanied him, and served on the staffs of Generals Hood and Magruder during the seven days' fighting around Richmond. He was with General John B. Magruder during the desperate and sanguinary battle of Malvern Hill. For his gallant services in those great battles Jenkins was given a commission as captain of cavalry, with authority to recruit a company, a battalion, a regiment or a brigade, and was to be permitted to report for service in any department of the army that he should prefer. It was under that authority that Giltner, Pryor and Parker were enabled to visit Kentucky to recruit the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry Regiment. Captain Jenkins, however, at the earnest solicitation of General Marshall remained on that officer's staff until he resigned his commission in the army and was elected to the Confederate Congress.

The generals around Richmond, recognizing Captain Jenkins' genius in war, admitted him to their councils, notably just before the battle of Mechanicsville, the first of the seven days' battle.

In the closing days of the war Captain Jenkins and his "little army" fought a desperate engagement in Richmond, Va., which the captain thinks was the last battle fought on Virginia soil by organized troops.

The following incident illustrates this superb cavalier's dauntless courage: Before leaving Kentucky for Dixieland a detachment of Federals, probably a company of "Home Guards," led by a United States provost marshal, undertook to arrest him near his home in Henry County. They were well armed and boasted of their prowess and determination to capture the haughty and fiery Southron. Captain Jenkins made no effort to elude them. On the contrary, while the Federals were drawn up in line for some purpose, the gallant Jenkins, unattended, suddenly appeared on the scene, and with his bridle in his teeth and a revolver in each hand he deliberately rode the full length of the enemy's line. He uttered no word, but his cool audacity and flashing eyes effectually quelled the Home Guardian war spirit—not a man of them daring to molest him.

Jenkins' troops represented various Kentucky localities, many of them having been connected with the "little battery." For the most part they were young men of culture—gentlemanly, accomplished representatives of the best families in Kentucky. The "roll-call" was in part as follows:

B. W Jenkins, Captain.
J. J. Schoolfield, First Lieutenant.
—— Cloud, Second Lieutenant.
Augustus Wood, Third Lieutenant.
Charles Hawkins, First Sergeant.
Wm. Alanson, Second Sergeant.
Granville Buzzard, First Corporal.
Campbell O'Nan, Second Corporal.
George S. Adamson, Quartermaster Sergeant.
George R. Woods, Farrier.
Robert Anderson.
Mark Asbury.
John Ashcraft.
Lewis Ashcraft.
Wm. Alexander.
D. Brainard Bayless.
James Berry.
Good Bohannon.
Robert Breeze.
Harrison Browning.
J. O. Bush.
—— Bussell.
James Caldwell.
James Carnes.
Wm. Carnes.
Charles Case.
Wm. Case.
Robert Coleman.
Charles H. Colvin.
Levi Colvin.
Lloyd Corlis.
—— Clark.
Wm. Everett.
Lewis Frazee.
Thomas Frazier.
Charles Gill.
Samuel Gosney.
Henry Hamilton.
Vincent Hamilton.
Wardner Hamilton.
Joseph F. Hamilton.
Charles L. Holton.

Evan T. Howard.
Theodore Hill.
Wm. Jones.
John Kilgour.
Thomas Kilgour.
Charles H. Lee.
John Lenox.
James Litteral.
Wm. Longmore.
Wm. A. McDonald.
Wm. W. Macdonald.
Wm. T. Marshall.
Wm. Matthews.
Amos Meadows.
King Woods.
Frank Miller.
George Morford.
James W. Morford.
Alfred Murphy.
Oliver Ogden.
Jack Pavey.
George V. Payne.
Lewis C. Pope.
Charles Rice.
John Rice.
Wm. Rice.
H. Clay Skurvin.
C. Columbus Stevens.
Wm. Stevens.
Boone Speers.
—— Spilman.
John Walton.
Richard Warren.
Mason Webster.
Moses Webster.
John Whallen.
John Whitehead.
Baker Wiggins.
H. P. Willis.
Phares Weis.

There are others whose names should be appended to this "Roll of Honor," but I am unable to obtain them, and the lapse of time has obliterated from my memory many gallant fellows whom I knew.

A number of names on the foregoing list are especially memorable and deserving of the decoration of the "Legion of Honor." Frank Miller, clerk at brigade headquarters; Phares Weis, assistant orderly officer, captured at Mt. Sterling and died in prison, were conspicuous for their accomplishments—brave, dashing boys.

John Whallen of Louisville, Wm. Longmore, H. P. Willis and Brainard Bayless were superbly brilliant youths, model soldiers, graceful courtiers in any society

CHAPTER XX.

DOCTOR SAM S. SCOTT — ADJUTANT FREEMAN — SERGEANT-MAJOR HARRISON — CAPTAIN GEORGE T. ATKINS — CAPTAIN GEORGE T. CAMPBELL — CAPTAIN WARREN MONTFORT — LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CLARENCE J. PRENTICE—DR. GEORGE S. WHIPPLE.

DR. S. S. SCOTT.

PROBABLY no other officer of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry or of Giltner's brigade so fully realizes that thirty years have faded away since the flag was furled at Appomattox, and that the actors in the panoramic scenes of 1861–5, who survived the unequal contest, are swiftly crossing the last river as does the regimental and brigade surgeon, Major Sam S. Scott, who is now an octogenarian—the waters of the silent river laving his feet. Major Scott was a surgeon of considerable skill, and when a battle was raging he was abreast of the front rank, attending to the wounded and alleviating the agonies of the dying.

His was a tall, rather slender and somewhat stoop-shouldered figure, clothed in a black frock coat, with a major's gilt star decorating the collar. His intellectual face wore a cynical smile. He had said that he did not intend to have his long gray hair cut until the Confederacy should have gained its independence. He coiled his hair in a knot and tied it at the base of the skull, *a la* the fashion adopted by the women of that time.

Doctor Scott was an educated, accomplished gentleman, and knew much of men and affairs. He was an intense Southern partisan, and being fond of adventure had been a member of the ill-starred Lopez expedition to Cuba. His thrilling description of the fate of young Crittenden and comrades made a more lasting impression upon my boyish mind than all the history I had ever read of that fateful enterprise. It was a delight to hear him talk of Theodore O'Hara, soldier and poet, author of the immortal poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead." The doctor's wife was a near kinswoman of O'Hara.

Doctor Scott, riding his fine gray mare with long, flowing white mane, and his little son, Charlie, probably not more than fourteen years old, who rode a beautiful black pony, were familiar figures on all marches and battlefields. In addition to the doctor and his son was another well-known person, Bob Hudson, fiddler and factotum. Now, of course, the doctor was entitled to a "headquarters wagon," in which to store his tent, cooking utensils, surgical apparatus, medicine chest, etc. The medicines generally consisted mostly of quinine and brandy, and the boys annoyed the doctor no little by pretending to be sick and demanding a modicum of brandy. When refused they would sometimes make a silent raid on the wagon at night, and imbibe copiously of the liquor while its guardian, Bob Hudson, was sleeping the sleep of the innocent. Poor Bob had a hard time, as the irascible doctor would "cuss" him roundly for permitting the boys to steal the "medicine."

Upon one occasion when General John C. Breckinridge, his adjutant-general, Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, and other members of a brilliant and aristocratic staff were visiting the brigade, Doctor Scott invited them to his quarters and made their "mouths water" when he announced that he had several gallons of "mountain dew," which he could recommend as good medicine, and he forthwith prescribed that they must all "take something for their stomachs' sake." But, alas! the boys had again outwitted Bob Hudson, and the genial host was obliged to make the humiliating confession to General Breckinridge that he could not deliver the goods, and I think the general regretted the situation even more than the doctor.

At another time Captain Shuck Whitaker, at the midnight hour, deployed a line of skirmishers and moved upon the doctor's wagon, and putting Allen Quinly, the driver, and one or two guards to ignominious flight captured a whole barrel of *spiritus frumenti*, and effected one of the most masterly retreats known in the annals of war.

The doctor was a scientific checker-player, and fond of hearing the bands play, "Hell's broke loose in Georgia."

ADJUTANT TERAH M. FREEMAN.

The adjutant of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry was at first the most unpopular officer in the regiment, but improved wonderfully on acquaintance, and became as popular as he had been unpopular. He came to the regiment a stranger, and having much to do with the drill and discipline of the men he made himself so obnoxious that, almost without exception, they absolutely hated him; threats and mutterings against him becoming so common that it was thought he would not survive the first battle, it being predicted that some one of our own men would shoot him. But presto, change! it only required that first battle to win for him the fealty and admiration of the entire command. His gallantry and military knowledge made officers and men realize that his severe "training school" was for their own benefit, and opened their eyes to the importance of military discipline. Adjutant Freeman had taken them in hand when they were "raw and green," and it required heroic measures to bring their proud spirits under that submission so necessary to the efficiency of soldiers. I doubt that there was a better adjutant in the army.

Lieutenant Freeman was reared at or near Frankfort, Ky., and was an educated and rather aristocratic young officer, a martinet in army regulations, giving ready obedience himself and exacting it of others.

His personal appearance was somewhat remarkable—a slender, symmetrical body, of medium height, a wealth of long, black, curly hair, smooth, beardless face, fine, clear-cut features and always scrupulously well attired—his appearance was strikingly feminine and withal handsome. His manner and martial bearing, however, were the opposite of effeminacy. The most wonderful thing about him was his voice. Whenever he formed the regiment on "dress parade" and gave the command, "Right dress!" every soldier heard him. It was a marvel how such a strong, resonant voice could emanate from that slight, girl-like figure. It was a delight to see him on dress parade, with precise military step, gracefully marching up and down the line he was forming, his saber

clanking with musical rhythm to his movements and to hear that ringing stentorian voice of command and to witness the grace with which he saluted the commanding officer when announcing that the parade was formed.

Lieutenant Freeman was undoubtedly a better tactician and more thoroughly conversant with the book of Army Regulations than any other officer in the regiment or in the brigade. His services were invaluable to the commanding officer, and to him the regiment owed much for its fame as an exceptionally well-drilled and disciplined body of volunteer troops.

Marshal Ney is said to have been "the bravest of the brave," but it is difficult to conceive how any soldier could be braver than Adjutant Freeman. An illustrative incident has been referred to in a previous chapter. He was fond of taking a man or two and penetrating within the enemy's lines for the purpose of acquiring information and of capturing some unwary Federal who might have strayed away from base. Upon one of these daring expeditions, near Tazewell, Tenn., he captured a courier, and with him a portfolio belonging to a Federal adjutant, in which were love letters and the picture of the Federal officer's sweetheart. Freeman wrote him a courteous note and sent it with the letters and picture and his compliments by special flag of truce.

SERGEANT-MAJOR R. FRANK HARRISON—HEADQUARTERS MESS NO. 2.

The adjutant is an indispensable officer to any command. His duties are exacting and must be promptly and correctly performed. Adjutant Freeman and Sergeant-Major Harrison were each peculiarly well equipped to perform the duties of the adjutant's office.

Major Harrison, when he enlisted as a private soldier, was a young man of lively, rollicking disposition, somewhat reckless. He would sing gay songs, make merry over the flowing bowl, manipulate the "pasteboards" and — in fact was a merry, jolly, all-around, happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow. But the instant he was appointed sergeant-major of

the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry there was a marvelous change. Appreciating the dignity and responsibilities of his new position he forsook all frivolities and dissipations, and became at once a model, dignified officer. Often for days, weeks and months, in the absence of the adjutant, he performed all the duties of the office as efficiently as when Freeman was present.

In face, contour of head and bearing Major Harrison bore a striking resemblance to General John C. Breckinridge.

Before I was transferred from regimental to brigade headquarters I belonged to what the boys called " Headquarters Mess No. 2," composed of Major Harrison, Frank Darling, Tom Hayden and myself. Frank Darling, nephew of the colonel, and I were acting in the capacity of orderlies to the commanding officer, and Tom Hayden was the bugler, hence it was necessary that our mess should always be near that of the colonel. Our mess had rather an unsavory reputation. None of the members would assist in the preparation of a meal if he could in any way avoid it. Each possessed an inherent antipathy to the vocation of " hewers of wood and drawers of water."

When in camp and lucky enough to have any rations to cook Harrison almost invariably suddenly remembered that he had important business with the adjutant, always completing the business, however, in time to put in an appearance at the frugal board when the meal was ready, and his appetite was also generally in approved normal condition. After awhile the rest of us " kicked," and broke up the mess, each fellow going to the quarters of some friend, and remaining until his welcome was worn out, which was usually a very brief time. We would then come together again, each agreeing to do his part in the culinary line. Upon such occasions when the boys of the regiment perceived smoke again ascending from our tent the cry would run through the encampment, " Reorganized! reorganized!" Alas! it was only a temporary reorganization. The greatest trouble seemed to be that each fellow was afraid he would do more work than the other fellows did. We were amiable, genial comrades, save when it came to cooking, and then there was no congeni-

ality whatever. Each had a special department assigned him. Tom Hayden was to prepare the meat, I was to knead the dough, Frank Darling was to cook it, and the sergeant-major, with a canteen or two, was expected to skirmish for water. There was almost always a hitch somewhere—the bread was a failure, the meat was burned or the "skirmisher for water" most ignominiously failed to "show up" at the critical moment, when water was urgently necessary in the culinary business. As a result the mess was continually disorganizing and reorganizing.

At opportune times Major Harrison had an amusing, dramatic way of quoting an expression from Shakespeare which readily "pointed a moral or adorned a tale." There existed a current feeling among officers and men that had Major Harrison been invested with the power and authority of exalted rank he would have been as much of a martinet and as strict a disciplinarian as the most rigid "West Pointer."

This impression obtained because of the thorough manner in which he performed the duties of the office he then held. He was captured during Morgan's last raid into Kentucky, at Cynthiana, Sunday morning, June 12, 1864, and was held a prisoner at Johnson's Island until the close of the war.

Captain George T. Atkins.

One evening during Bragg's occupancy of Kentucky, I was the bearer of a message from General Marshall to his wife and daughter, Miss Nellie, whom I found at the Phœnix Hotel, Lexington. When I left the parlor and went into the rotunda of the hotel, I found a brilliant array of well dressed, handsome Confederate officers engaged in animated conversation. One officer, wearing an elegant uniform, the more conspicuous because of a voluminous red sash about his waist, immediately attracted my attention. He talked in a louder tone than the others, and a peculiarly nonchalant, devil-may-care manner emphasized his presence.

Of this man I was destined to see much during my service in the Confederacy. He was a New Yorker, a trained business man, who had drifted South and joined the Confederate

army. Probably thirty years old, of medium size, compactly built; his eyes and hair were black, and, withal, he was a handsome man. He became quartermaster of the Fourth Kentucky, and there was no better quartermaster in the Confederacy. The duties of that office were arduous, and the manner of keeping the books was so complicated, that none but an educated business man could fill the office efficiently. He possessed many other accomplishments, among them being that of drawing maps of the country where the troops were operating.

Although the quartermaster was not expected to go into battle, the gallant captain was frequently found in the " thickest of the fray," notably, in the desperate battle at Saltville, where he recklessly and conspicuously rode up and down the lines, seemingly determined to get himself killed.

CAPTAIN GEO. T. CAMPBELL,

The commissary of the Fourth Kentucky, was one of the most popular officers in the regiment. He was a quiet, sensible man, of wide information, kind of heart, and ever on the alert to see that his department had sufficient supplies to satisfy the always hungry boys. He was more advanced in years than the majority of the officers and men, and was noted for his familiarity with the scriptures, from which he quoted copiously and continuously, always apropos to the conversation or subject of discussion. He was fortunate in his selection of a staff of assistants in his department: A. D. Caplinger, James F. Caplinger and Jacob Yeager; the latter was commissary sergeant, and upon the retirement of Campbell he was promoted to commissary.

ASSISTANT SURGEON GEO. S. WHIPPLE.

From Worthville, Ky., kind, gentle, charitable and self-sacrificing, was the good Samaritan of the Fourth Kentucky Regiment, the well-beloved and most excellent physician. Physically, he was a rather small man, with, however, a sturdy, well-knit frame, capable of much endurance. His

CAPT. WARREN MONTFORT.

pleasing, sympathetic manner made the men instinctively turn to him, not only when they were sick, but also when depressed in mind, by reason of home-sickness, the loss of a comrade or the receiving of sad news from the far-away Kentucky home. He was approachable at all times, and ever ready to minister to either the body or a mind diseased. Medicines were scarce in the Confederacy, and the good doctor's chest was generally nearly empty, but, somehow, he always had a "balm in Gilead." There were other physicians —Doctor Scott, Doctor L. L. Gregory, Doctor Bob Smith and Doctor Ireland, all of them capable and faithful, commanding the respect and confidence of the men, but they were not endowed with that sympathetic magnetism which characterized Doctor Whipple.

CAPTAIN WARREN MONTFORT.

"Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle bold."

A young and handsome officer was Captain Warren Montfort; generous, and possessing many accomplishments, his banner was festooned with the emblems of every knightly virtue. He commanded Company D, Sixth Confederate Battalion, and went with Jessee, under Morgan's orders, to make a demonstration against Maysville, in June, 1864, and returned to the main command in time, personally, to awaken General Morgan on the fateful Sunday morning at Cynthiana. Captain Montfort was in command of Morgan's rear guard, retreating from Cynthiana, and at Clayvillage commended himself to all honest soldiers by making the "bummers" unload their ill-gotten spoils—bolts of calico, muslin, millinery, jewelry, etc. By reason of the captain's many accomplishments he held various positions in the army. At the battle of Bulls Gap, he was on the staff of General John C. Breckinridge, when that famous general went into the fight at the head of his troops. At Wytheville, Captain Montfort was in the advance of Morgan's charge on Averill. At Bulls Gap, he captured papers belonging to the Federal general, Gillem, which substantiated beyond a doubt the fact that

General Morgan had been murdered at Greenville. Being a prisoner on Johnson's Island, he became very sick and much emaciated. The surgeon asked him, "Do you want to die?" Montfort replied, "Not unless I have to." He was exchanged, and vicissitudes of war brought a certain chaplain into the gallant captain's hands, a prisoner. The chaplain was an acquaintance the captain had made when he was himself a prisoner. Captain Montfort took him to General Morgan, and said: "General Morgan, I have a man here who would make a most excellent chaplain." Morgan courteously acknowledged the introduction and smilingly said: "Sir, my men don't pray very much, but I heartily welcome you, and you are at liberty to make them pray, if you can."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CLARENCE J. PRENTICE.

"I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright."

A young, dashing officer, of medium height, rotund in form, long, curling brown hair, always jovial, extremely handsome, there was much about Colonel Clarence Prentice that made him an attractive and entertaining personage. Always bold, he was often rash, seldom prudent. A younger son of Geo. D. Prentice, the famous editor of the Louisville *Journal*, he possessed much of the versatility of his illustrious sire. Although his father espoused the Union cause, and wielded his mighty pen ridiculing and anathematizing the "seceders," Clarence and his brother, Courtland, were ardent Southrons, and promptly enlisted under "the strange new flag," the starry cross of Dixie. Courtland, a promising young captain of cavalry, under Colonel Basil Duke, was killed at Augusta, Ky., September 18, 1862. Clarence, commanding a battalion of cavalry, was for a time attached to Giltner's brigade. He had been a free lance, a jolly youth about the city of Louisville, and he was the same when "a soldier in gray." His battalion was difficult to discipline, being made up of men from no particular section of the country—many of them being wild, "tough" characters, and not a few were deserters from the Federal army. Many

amusing stories were told of the rollicking times the young colonel had with his soldiers, whom he called by their names. Tom, Dick, Harry, etc., and of the summary manner in which he often subdued their mutinous spirits. Notwithstanding his wild revels and familiarity with his men, they were afraid of him and of the gleam of his ever-ready pistol, which promptly flashed in the air when there were signs of insubordination or overt acts of mutiny Prentice, as I have intimated, was fond of fun. He had his men trained to do the "circus act," in many ways. Upon one occasion it became my duty to direct Colonel Prentice to a camping ground. Taking position to intercept him, I awaited his coming. He soon appeared, jauntily riding at the head of his column. In reply to the order I communicated to him, he said, "All right, my boy!" and invited me to ride with him to the encampment. After a few off-hand pleasantries, he asked if I would like to hear his "yahoos" give a yell. Giving an affirmative answer I was surprised to see him simply lift his gold braided cap from his head; he neither turned around, nor gave a word of command, but instantly there arose such a terrific and prolonged yell, running from front to rear, that would have made a Comanche Indian green with envy and hang his head in shame. Every "yahoo" seemed to keep his eyes on that little cap, and when Prentice gracefully lifted it, every fellow knew just what to do. Prentice was the handiest man with a pistol I ever saw. I have seen him throw a chip into the air and hit it before it fell to the earth. Again, he would designate two small objects, on either side of the road, almost opposite each other, and then, at a gallop, he would almost invariably put a ball into both objects as his horse swept by them. He frequently visited brigade headquarters, where he was always welcome, and read original poetry, usually humorous, written in regard to some army incident, sang gay ditties and played the violin, of which instrument he was a master. Upon one occasion he read a number of verses, suggested to him by finding a soldier, during an inconsequential skirmish, safely ensconced behind a small log hut, some distance behind the line, rapidly loading and firing his gun "straight up in the

air." Prentice demanded an explanation, to which the soldier excitedly replied: "Oh, colonel, I want to let 'em know I'm here!" Each stanza read by the colonel closed with the quotation: "I'm letting 'em know I'm here."

It was Colonel Clarence Prentice who first introduced the famous giant, Baby Bates, to civilization. He had found Bates in the Kentucky mountains, "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown." The giant accompanied us on Morgan's last raid in Kentucky, and at the close of the war Prentice took him to Louisville and made a "show" of him, exhibiting him in the saloons and to "the boys about town." Returning to Louisville, during the summer after the war, I frequently saw Prentice and Bates perambulating the streets, sometimes going from "groceree to groceri," a Lilliputian and a Brobdingnaggian.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIEUTENANT ARCHIE W. SMITH—RECRUITING IN KENTUCKY—GENERAL ORDER NO. 38—EXECUTION OF CORBIN AND MCGRAW—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE M. JESSEE—GENERAL S. B. BUCKNER.

LIEUTENANT ARCHIE W. SMITH.

EARLY in 1863 there came an order from Richmond that each Kentucky regiment should send one commissioned officer, one non-commissioned officer and two enlisted men into Kentucky on a recruiting expedition. In obedience to that order Lieutenant Archie W Smith, of Company E, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry; Sergeant Will Helm, of Company H, and privates Wm. J. Corbin and T. J. McGraw, of Company D, were selected for that perilous duty. Upon reaching Central Kentucky the party separated, intending to go to the vicinity of their respective homes, as they thought they could operate more successfully where they were known. The entire party was captured. When it is remembered that Burnside's infamous order No. 38 had been promulgated, and was being cruelly and relentlessly enforced, the reader will realize that a great danger threatened the brave and adventuresome Kentuckians, when captured within Federal lines. General Burbridge, commanding in Kentucky, ordered that poor Corbin and McGraw should be shot to death. The order was executed in cold blood. Sergeant Helm escaped a like fate by being permitted to take "the oath." Lieutenant Smith was ordered to prison, but made his escape by daringly jumping from a car window. He was a man of splendid physique, exceedingly tall, his hair and beard of raven blackness—a man easily described and noticeable in any assemblage; hence it would seem almost impossible that he should succeed in eluding the Federals.

He never for a moment forgot his mission, and instead of taking "the oath" or endeavoring to slip back to the Con-

federate lines he bravely, but prudently and intelligently, did some of the most successful recruiting work ever done in Kentucky. It is not generally known that in the Fourth Kentucky were eighteen young men from near Franklin, Ind. Such, however, was the fact. Lieutenant Smith, hearing that they desired to enlist under the Confederate banner, adroitly managed to conduct them to his rendezvous, at Ray's School House, Trimble County, Ky., whence he started southward with sixty-four men. His route was through Southern Kentucky, thence to Sparta and McMinnville, Tenn., and then to Abingdon, Va., where he reported to General Wm. Preston. When he arrived at the camp of his regiment, in Castlewoods, his reception was an ovation. Colonel Pryor, always impulsive, hastily tore a new gold cord band from his hat and presented it to Lieutenant Smith as a token of appreciation of his gallantry and success.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE M. JESSEE.

In the spring of 1862 George M. Jessee, of Henry County, recruited a company of one hundred gallant young men from the counties of Henry, Carroll and Trimble. After a short time spent in drilling and arming his youthful volunteers Captain Jessee started with them in an attempt to run the gauntlet of Federal troops to reach the Southland. He had proceeded to Scott County, when he was joined by another company, which had been recruited in Boone County This company was officered as follows: Captain Boyd, First Lieutenant L. C. Norman and Second Lieutenant Marion Corbin. The two companies remained in Scott County several days, and then started on the march for Virginia. At Mt. Sterling they were attacked by about three hundred Federals, commanded by an officer named Brooks. In the endeavor to evade the Federals they attempted to pass through the town, where they were fired upon by Home Guards, who had made a fortress of the court-house—many private residences being also occupied by them. While the Home Guards were pouring a galling fire into them from the buildings the Federal cavalry were pressing them in the rear,

LIEUT.-COL. GEO. M. JESSEE.

the result being a running fight, which lasted until late in the afternoon, the engagement having begun at sunrise. In or near the town four young men, Holmes, Abbott, Beasley and Holbrook, were killed and several were wounded. The entire command was captured and taken to Winchester.

Captain Jessee at once made his escape from Federal clutches and returned to Henry County, where he recruited another company of one hundred and three men, and once more started South, going through Shelby and Nelson Counties. At Bloomfield, in the latter county, he was joined by Lieutenant Allston with fifty men recruited in Shelby and Oldham Counties. On the next night, while taking supper and feeding their horses on the farm of a man named Shelby, the little band was attacked by the Federals, and fought them all night, losing five men killed and several wounded.

The enemy having retreated to Danville, Jessee resumed his march, reaching Knoxville, Tenn., without further serious adventure. At Knoxville Jessee and his men were mustered into the Confederate army.

General E. Kirby Smith having just entered Kentucky Captain Jessee was immediately ordered back into the State as an escort for a number of prominent Confederate officers whom General Smith had left behind. At Big Creek Gap Jessee and his followers encountered two Federal regiments, commanded by Shelly and Cooper, belonging to the army of General George W Morgan, who then held Cumberland Gap. In the engagement that ensued Jessee's men were surrounded, and again he lost his soldiers—more than one hundred men, the captain himself escaping with two men.

Captain Jessee proceeded to Lexington, Ky., where he reported to General Kirby Smith, giving him the first authentic information of General George W Morgan's evacuation of Cumberland Gap. The captain requested General Smith to give him a detachment to go to Henry County to regulate Provost Marshal George Dickens and a band of soldiers under Colonel Robert Morris, who were arresting and intimidating citizens of Southern proclivities. General Smith complied by giving Captain Jessee an order to Colonel Maxwell, commanding a Floridian regiment, stationed at

Frankfort. Colonel Maxwell being anxious to make a raid gladly complied with the order, and detailing one hundred men obtained permission from General Smith to accompany Jessee himself. They extended their raid to Bedford, near the Ohio River, and upon their return they encountered Morris and Dickens at Newcastle, captured Dickens and thirty men, one cannon and one hundred and forty stands of arms—completely routing the Federals.

Returning to Frankfort, Captain Jessee accompanied the army to the Perryville battlefield, recruited a few more men, thirty-five or forty, joined General Humphrey Marshall's column and retreated from the State, going to Abingdon, Va., where he was soon joined by the men of his other two companies, who had been exchanged. When his men were reorganized Captain Jessee found himself in command of four Kentucky companies, including Captain Rowan's company which then joined him. The organization was as follows: Company A, Captain W O. Stewart; Company B, Captain L. C. Norman; Company C, Captain W Rowan; Company D, Captain Warren Montfort; known as the Third Kentucky Battalion.

Having received from the secretary of war authority to raise a regiment, and not being able to get into Kentucky to recruit troops, two companies of Virginians, one under Captain Boyd, the other under Captain McFarlane, joined Jessee's little battalion, which then became known as the Sixth Confederate Battalion. This was in 1863.

It will be seen in another chapter that, after the battle of Cynthiana, Jessee was detached by order of Colonel Giltner and directed to remain in Kentucky and rally as many of the men, who had been scattered over the State by that disaster, as possible and lead them to Virginia. This was a difficult task to perform and was never thoroughly accomplished. The Confederacy was tottering, in imminent danger of collapse, and Jessee was far away from base, in a country overrun by the enemy. His position was extremely dangerous, requiring the most consummate *finesse* to avoid capture. The hair-breadth escapes of Jessee and his men, and the thrilling episodes that went to make up their career in Ken-

tucky, would, of themselves, furnish material for a most interesting and romantic chapter of partisan warfare.

Adjutant-General Edward O. Guerrant pays the following tribute to Jessee and his men:

"Of Colonel Jessee's conduct on the ill-fated field at Cynthiana nothing but praise can justly be spoken. His command of Spartans was placed on the left wing, by the side of the Fourth Kentucky, and with that gallant regiment left the field when valor could no longer contend with overwhelming numbers. He was among the last who crossed the river, and everything appearing to be lost, and every one inspired with but one idea, that of *saving himself*, Colonel Jessee rallied the remnant of his command and offered an effectual resistance to the repeated assaults of the enemy made on the rear of our broken and flying forces. So soon as the enemy stopped the pursuit, Colonel Giltner ordered Colonel Jessee to repair to the counties of Henry, Owen, etc., for the purpose of collecting together and leading back to the Confederate lines all Confederate soldiers scattered throughout said counties, the best time and manner of accomplishing said object being of course left to the discretion of Colonel Jessee. This order I wrote myself."

Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, adjutant-general to General John C. Breckinridge, says that while Colonel Jessee was in Kentucky he was in communication with headquarters and in receipt of orders therefrom; that he not only sent out a number of recruits, but all officers sent into Kentucky on recruiting or other service were instructed to communicate and co-operate with him. Toward the close of the year 1864 the Confederate Government determined to concentrate all its forces for the struggle evidently before them, and to that end it was deemed proper to call in all troops on detached service.

The following order was sent to Colonel Jessee:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT VIRGINIA AND
EAST TENNESSEE,
WYTHEVILLE, VA., December 4, 1864.

TO COLONEL GEORGE M. JESSEE, *Commanding, etc., in Kentucky:*

I am directed by Major-General Breckinridge to convey to you his orders. He directs that upon receipt of this you will make your preparations to return to this department with your command. Whatever may be the obstacles to bringing out the men composing

your command he directs that you report in person with or without them at these headquarters on or before February 1, 1865. And if opportunity offers report by letter prior to that time.

I am, colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, *A. A. G.*

Colonel Johnston says that in obedience to this order Colonel Jessee reported in person to General Breckinridge before the time specified—the difficulty of bringing troops from Kentucky through the mountains to Virginia being sufficient to account for his failure to bring his command; that Colonel Jessee's report of affairs and of his own operations were perfectly satisfactory to General Breckinridge and to General Echols, who succeeded him a few days after Colonel Jessee's arrival. In fact that the colonel's report was so satisfactory that he was ordered back to Kentucky with increased authority, and directed to bring back with him, not only his own command, but all Confederate soldiers in Kentucky.

General Echols issued the following order:

Leave of absence for ten days is granted to Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Jessee, Sixth Confederate Battalion, at the expiration of which time he will be permitted to pass into Kentucky with ten men on business defined in special order No. 35.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ECHOLS.

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, *A. A. G.*

At the expiration of his leave of absence Colonel Jessee, in obedience to the foregoing order, returned to Kentucky, but the war closed almost immediately thereafter, and of course he could operate no longer under the terms of the order.

Early in the war, and probably at intervals later, a part of the organization known as the Sixth Confederate Battalion was commanded by Major Allen L. McAfee, a gallant and soldierly-looking officer, large and of commanding appearance. He was a member of the McAfee family famous in Kentucky annals, and was captured during one of General Morgan's raids—in 1864, I believe.

GENERAL SIMON B. BUCKNER.

This most accomplished officer, the hero of the battle of Fort Donelson, was the immediate predecessor of General John H. Morgan in command of the troops in Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee.

General Buckner's review of the troops, an imposing array of infantry, cavalry and artillery, massed at Bull's Gap, I shall never forget.

Sitting upon a noble charger, showily caparisoned, General Buckner appeared the model soldier. I never saw a more graceful figure on horseback. Erect and handsome, the general sat his horse and held the reins exactly as prescribed by cavalry tactics and army regulations. The stately, elegantly attired general and the regiments and battalions, with burnished guns and gleaming sabers, passing in review before him made up a most attractive pageant. The bands played inspiring airs, among them the "Southern Marseillaise," and the general gracefully returned the salutes of the marching divisions.

Upon leaving the department for other fields General Buckner addressed the following letter to his successor, General Morgan:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT EAST TENNESSEE,
ABINGDON, VA., May 2, 1864.

GENERAL: I have been ordered to distant service, and have relinquished the command of this department.

I can not part from my gallant compatriots from Kentucky without expressing through you my regrets at the separation. Assure them that wherever I may be I will watch their career with the deepest interest.

Though exiled for a time from a land which is so dear to us we should not lose sight of the fact that in whatever part of the Confederacy we may be called upon to serve, every blow which is struck tends to strike off the fetters which bind our fair land to Northern tyranny.

The day will surely come when those of the gallant band who may survive the coming campaign will look upon our beloved State enfranchised and happy.

Say to your troops that I have taken steps which will, I hope, very soon supply them with the equipments necessary to their effi-

ciency and comfort. I look to them to furnish an example of discipline, as well as of gallantry, under whatever officers they may be called upon to obey; for obedience to our officers is a duty we all owe to our country, to our cause, to our State and to those cherished ones for whose freedom and happiness we are contending.

For yourself, general, and for the gallant men under your command receive the assurances of the regard of

Your friend truly,

S. B. BUCKNER, *Major-General.*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding Kentucky Cavalry.

CHAPTER XXII.

GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN — HIS ESCAPE FROM THE OHIO PENITENTIARY.

"O, war! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!
Such gleams as from thy polished shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battlefield."

GENERAL JOHN MORGAN was a magnetic man, of pleasing personality, very handsome; his manner genial and gracious, his face was an open book. A dark mustache drooped over a laughing mouth—his face being lighted by an indescribably pleasant, perennial smile. Easily approached, all men were his friends. I never saw him otherwise than neatly dressed, and he was often elegantly attired, always a gentleman. He was the kind of man to be at home in a parlor, to grace a lady's *boudoir*, and a welcome addition to any *coterie* of gentlemen, assembled in any place. He always had about him a glittering staff; accomplished young men, resplendent in gold lace and fine clothes, generally representatives of the best Kentucky families.

I have a pleasant recollection of the first time I ever met General Morgan. Being at his headquarters in quest of his adjutant-general, Captain Charles A. Withers, I found the general first, reclining in the shade of a tree. He greeted me most kindly, made a few pleasant observations and courteously directed me to the adjutant-general's quarters. His Chesterfieldian manner captivated me at once, being very different from that which characterized many bluff, haughty officers with whom I was acquainted. His extreme sociability won the undying affections of his men. Riding along the column, he would talk in a jovial, free and easy way, putting his cavaliers in the best of spirits.

General Morgan was the Marion of the civil war, operating, however, on a more extensive scale than did the "Swamp Fox" of the Carolinas, and introducing novel tactics of war-

fare never dreamed of by the Carolina ranger. Morgan and his men especially delighted in an opportunity to visit Kentucky and strike the enemy there. They loved her people and her bluegrass fields,

> "Her forests and her valleys fair,
> Her flowers that scent the morning air."

General John Hunt Morgan was a native of Alabama, born at Huntsville, June 1, 1825; consequently he was about thirty-six years old when he entered the Confederate service. When he was about four years old his father, Calvin C. Morgan, removed to Lexington, Ky., the general's maternal grandfather, John W Hunt, being a leading merchant there. His father had also been a merchant at Huntsville. There were six brothers, of whom the general was the eldest. Captain Cal Morgan, Colonel Dick Morgan, Major Charlton Morgan, Lieutenant Thomas Morgan and probably another younger brother served in the Southern army.

In the Mexican war General Morgan had been a lieutenant in Colonel Humphrey Marshall's regiment of cavalry.

In 1857 he was captain of the Lexington Rifles, noted for its drill and efficiency. His company was afterward incorporated into the State guard, and, in September, 1861, Captain Morgan eluded the vigilance of the Federals and escaped to the Confederate lines with most of his company.

He became a colonel of cavalry April 4, 1862. In December, 1862, he was commissioned a brigadier-general. His noted raids into Kentucky were made in July, 1862, August, September and December of the same year, and in June, 1864. His great raid through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio was made in July, 1863, resulting in his capture and imprisonment in the Ohio State prison—as infamous an outrage as was ever inflicted upon a generous, chivalric soldier.

General Morgan's Escape from Prison.

The following graphic account of General Morgan's escape from the Ohio penitentiary, after an imprisonment of four months, was written by Samuel C. Reid, a Kentuckian, and

published in a pamphlet at Atlanta, Ga.: "The general owed his escape to his fellow-prisoner and officer, Captain Thomas H. Hines, then a young man about twenty-three years of age, of great nerve, tact, energy and endurance.

"Merion, the warden, magnifying the importance of his station, on the morning of November 3, 1863, so grossly insulted Captain Hines that he determined to plan means of escape. He was reading Victor Hugo's description in 'Les Miserables' of the subterranean passages of Paris and of the wonderful escapes of Jean Valjean. He argued in his mind that the dryness of the cells must be owing to air passages or ventilators beneath to prevent the moisture from rising, and that by removing the cement and brick in the cells they might reach the air chamber, and thence escape by undermining the foundation walls.

"This plan was first communicated to Captain Sam B. Taylor (a grandnephew of President Zachary Taylor), who was as agile, ingenious and daring as Captain Hines. There were difficulties to overcome from the arrangement of the cells—five tiers or stories high of solid stonemasonry, six feet long, six feet high and three feet wide. General Morgan's cell was in the second story, and Hines' immediately beneath. With two case knives, which had been sent from the hospital with food for some of the sick men, the work was begun November 4th in Hines' cell—he assuming the responsibility and alone taking the risk of discovery and its consequent punishment. With these two men could work at a time—relieving each other every hour, and spending four to five hours per day in labor. The work progressed steadily—Hines keeping strict guard, and by a system of knocks or raps upon the cell door, indicating when to begin and when to cease work and when to stop work and come out. The cement and bricks removed were hidden by the men in their beds. The prison guards were always suspicious and watchful, and some privileged convicts were sometimes set as spies to watch the Confederate officers.

"After digging in each of seven cells a hole eighteen inches square through six inches of cement and six layers of brick the air chamber was reached, sixty feet long, three wide and

three high. Thereafter the rubbish was removed to the air chamber, while the holes were carefully concealed by their beds. But their patient work was scarcely begun. They worked thence through twelve feet of solid masonry, fourteen feet of fine stone and cement and five feet of graveled earth, and on November 26th reached the yard of the penitentiary. For the first time General Morgan was now made acquainted with the mysterious underground avenues, and was greatly surprised and delighted with the work.

"A consultation in Morgan's cell on the evening of the 27th determined them to attempt escape that night. The weather for some two weeks before had been perfectly clear, and for several nights succeeding their escape the ground and penitentiary walls were covered by a heavy sleet, which would have made it impossible to scale the latter. Late in the evening of the 27th light fleecy clouds gathered in the west, which with the feeling of the atmosphere betokened a cloudy sky and rain. At 9 P. M. a steady rain set in, lasting through the night. Thus far well; but how to scale the outside wall, thirty-five feet high? Besides, several sentinels were on post in the yard and two or three vicious dogs were unchained at night. Again, General Morgan was to be gotten out of his cell in the second story before the turnkey locked all the cell doors at 5 o'clock P. M. 'Love laughs at locksmiths,' and so did Morgan's men. Calvin Morgan made out of his bed-ticking a rope seventy feet long, and out of a small iron poker a hook for the end of the rope. At 5 P. M. Colonel Dick Morgan went to his brother's cell, while the general was locked up in Dick's, one of the seven on the ground floor. Colonel Dick Morgan's personal appearance was much like that of the general. General Morgan was allowed the exceptional privilege of a candle to read by after 9 P. M., and the turnkey on going his rounds finding Colonel Dick Morgan with a book before his face reading mistrusted nothing and locked in the wrong prisoner.

"In the stillness of midnight, when even a whisper could be heard, Captain Sam Taylor dropped noiselessly into the air chamber, passed under the other six cells and touched the occupants as a signal to come forth—each first so shaping his

bed-clothes as to resemble the sleeping form of a man and prevent the guards' suspicions on their two-hourly rounds until after daylight. When they emerged from the hole under the foundation three sentinels stood within ten feet of them; but the steady rainfall drowned any noise from their footsteps. They had gone a few paces toward the wall when one of the huge, fierce dogs with a low growl came running to within ten feet of them, barked once and then went off. Did the dog mistake them for sentinels? or was it not a special providence which made him sympathize with escaping rebels? They reached in safety the east gate of the wall, a double gate thirty feet high, of iron outside, and inside of heavy wooden cross-timbers with open spaces. Wrapping a stone in a cloth, to prevent noise, and tying to it one end of the rope, Taylor threw it over the top of the inside gate, the weight of the stone drawing down the rope. Securing the hook to one of the timbers, one by one the party climbed to the top of the gate, and thence to the top of the wall. The rope was hauled up, the hook fastened to the iron railing on the main wall, and in a few minutes they had descended to the open street, within thirty steps of a guard, near a bright gaslight.

"The party immediately separated, Morgan and Hines going together. By a letter in cipher to a lady friend who sometimes loaned books to the prisoners, Hines' need of money had been supplied—the money being hidden within the folds or binding of a book. Morgan wore goggles, loaned by a sore-eyed fellow-prisoner, and kept at a distance from the gaslight, while Hines went boldly to the ticket office and purchased two tickets just as the Cincinnati train, at 1:25 A. M., came thundering along. Once in the car without suspicion they felt equal to any emergency, and by care and ingenuity made good their escape to the South. The coolness and composure of Captain Hines were wonderful; he spent the evening, from 5 to 9, in reading one of Charles Lever's novels, and then slept soundly until aroused by Captain Taylor at midnight. The escaping party was composed of General Morgan, Sam Taylor, Thomas Hines, Gustavus S. McGee, Ralph Sheldon, Jacob C. Bennett and James D. Hockersmith."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GENERAL MORGAN DEFEATS AVERILL — MAJOR PARKER KILLED, MAY 10, 1864.

IN the spring of 1864, General Morgan was near Abingdon, Va., reorganizing his command, which had been in confusion and scattered since the raid through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio. As usual, his mind was on Kentucky, and he was longing to once more lead his cavaliers to their old Kentucky homes. While in the midst of preparations for the long ride into Kentucky, his plans were temporarily frustrated by Hunter's raid upon Lynchburg. General Averill, having been detached from Hunter's column, marched into Southwestern Virginia, his objective point being presumably the Saltworks.

General Morgan, not being disposed to await Averill's coming, determined to march against him to check his advance, and, if possible, drive him back. Giltner's brigade had been assigned to Morgan's division, composing the larger part of it. The bugles sounded and the command was soon making a rapid march to find the invading Federals. Striking the main valley turnpike at a point between Glade Spring and Marion, and not knowing just when or where we should meet Averill's cavalry, the command formed fours and marched toward Wytheville. Passing through that town, cheered by the ladies, who waved handkerchiefs and flags and smiled encouragingly, we met the enemy May 10th, some distance beyond, at Crockett's farm, I think, and immediately charged them, the Federals soon breaking, and Morgan keeping up with them and charging every time they made an attempt to give battle. It was a running fight, lasting until sunset. On account of the peculiar character of the fight, the enemy being "on the run" nearly all the time, the casualties were neither very numerous or sanguinary on either side.

This was General Morgan's first fight after his escape

from prison, and the signal victory had a wonderfully inspiring effect on the men and increased their longing desire for the contemplated trip to Kentucky. Our elation, however, was much subdued by the death of Major Parker, of the Fourth Kentucky, who fell, between 3 and 5 o'clock, struck by a spent ball immediately over the heart, and died almost instantly, his last words being, "Charge them, my brave boys!" There were numerous acts of heroism performed, which I shall not stop here to record. The dashing impetuosity of Morgan's command and the promptness of the attack were an unexpected shock to the surprised Federals, and they were pressed so closely that they had no chance to recover from their "nervousness." Averill's march had been characterized by much of the "pomp and circumstance of war," but he returned whence he came, crestfallen, with "drooping banners all tattered and torn."

CHAPTER XXIV

MORGAN'S LAST RIDE INTO KENTUCKY, JUNE, 1864—PREPARATIONS FOR THE TRIP—ORGANIZATION—THE MARCH TO MT. STERLING—THE FIRST BATTLE THERE.

"Riding to battle on battle day—
Why, a soldier is something more than a king!
But after the battle? The riding away?
Ah, the riding away is another thing!"

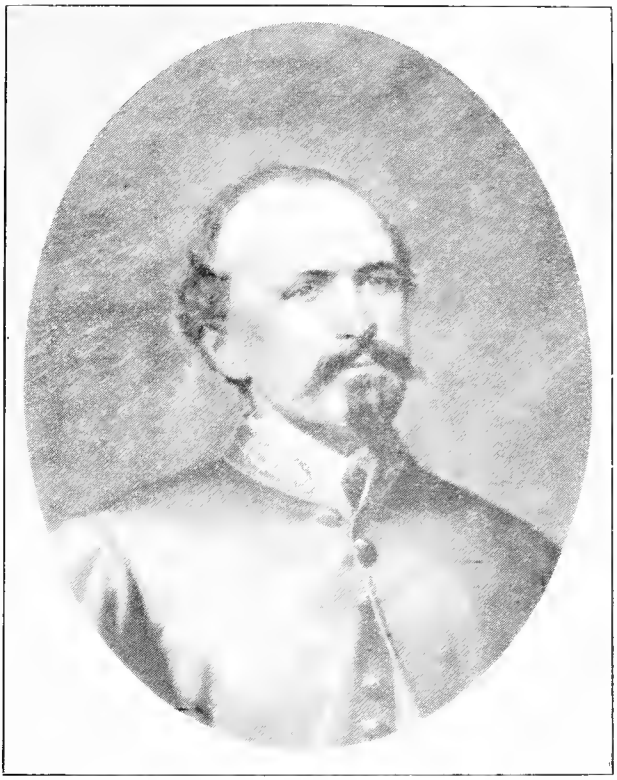
WHILE encamped near Abingdon, Va., during the sunny days of May, 1864, General Morgan and his men were in good humor. Like Napoleon on the morn of Waterloo the general joked with his cavaliers, who hailed with delight and loud acclaim the dawn of the first day of the march to Kentucky—the Promised Land, a Canaan flowing with milk and honey.

We were living on an occasional half ration of rice and "blue beef," and a change of any kind would be welcome. But a trip to Kentucky! Nothing could be more to our liking. There was, of course, much speculation as to what parts of the State we should visit, and as to whether we should have an opportunity of seeing loved ones at home, to whom we were then almost strangers. The dangers and privations that would necessarily attend the march were not considered.

"Though the future was veiled,
And its fortunes unknown,
We impatiently waited
Till the bugle was blown."

Our force was organized into three brigades, as follows: First Brigade—Colonel H. L. Giltner; Second Brigade—Colonel D. Howard Smith; Third Brigade—Colonel Robert Martin.

Giltner's brigade was composed of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, Colonel Tandy Pryor; Tenth Kentucky Cavalry Battalion, Colonel Trimble; First Kentucky Mounted Rifles



GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

Battalion (Colonel Zeke Clay's), now commanded by Major Holliday; Second Kentucky Mounted Rifles Battalion, Colonel Tom Johnson; Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles Battalion, Major Tom Chenoweth; Sixth Confederate Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel George Jessee; aggregating about nine hundred and seventy-five men.

Colonel D. Howard Smith's brigade consisted of the First, Second and Third Battalions of cavalry, commanded by Colonels Bowles, Kirkpatrick and Cassell, respectively, numbering about five hundred men.

Colonel Robert Martin's brigade, dismounted men, was divided into First and Second Battalions, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Alston and Major Diamond, numbering between eight hundred and one thousand men.

All being ready we bade good-bye to Old Virginia, and singing,

> "Cheer, boys, cheer, we'll march away to battle;
> Cheer, boys, cheer, for our sweethearts and our wives,"

we merrily and jauntily set our faces toward the "old Kentucky home far away."

In passing through the gap in the mountains, separating Virginia from Kentucky, we brushed away a small force of Federals, on duty there, and proceeded on a necessarily slow and wearisome march toward Mt. Sterling, our first objective point.

To better understand subsequent events I must state that the Federal general, Burbridge, with a strong force was at that very time en route to Virginia, his objective point being probably the Saltworks. He was marching on another road, however, nearly parallel with our route. I am unaware that either commander was advised of the contemplated movements of the other. Be that as it may we marched uninterruptedly to Mt. Sterling, reaching that place June 8, 1864.

When within about twelve miles of Mt. Sterling, about midnight, we left the State Road, turning to the right, and followed a by-path through a woodland dark as Erebus. We knew that there was a Federal force in or near the town, and General Morgan, who nearly always, sometimes to his sor-

row, went right at any obstruction in his front, was anxious to attack the enemy without any unnecessary delay. It would not do, however, to "run in on them" in the dark, especially as we were not certain of their location. Halted in column on that balmy summer morning, in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, the men talking *sotto voce*, quietly awaiting daylight, the suspense was oppressive. There was not a particle of noise, except the occasional stamping or whimpering of a restless charger, the twittering of birds that had just awakened, but had not left their "leafy bowers," and the crowing of happy chanticleers heralding the coming day.

Not waiting for the "foot cavalry," which was far in the rear, General Morgan, at daylight, quietly led the column forward, across the farm of Mack Everett, a brother of the noted Confederate free-lance, Captain Pete Everett. Just as we reached the gate, immediately to the right of Everett's residence, he came out into the yard, bare-headed and clothed in nothing more than an immaculately white shirt, black broadcloth trousers and slippers, and looking the picture of surprise, he asked: "Where in the world did you all come from?" In answer to the query, "Where are the Yanks?" he jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said, "Oh, they are right over there;" which meant that the enemy were only shut out from our view by a low ridge in the rolling bluegrass surface, and that we were in close proximity to them. General Morgan ordered Colonel Tom Johnson to hasten into Mt. Sterling and to take possession of all roads leading out of it, in order to prevent the escape of any of the Federals. There were two Federal camps, and when we charged, Major Holliday, with Clay's battalion, made short work with the smaller one, on our right, which had opened a spirited fire on us. He captured the most of them, probably seventy-five or one hundred. The camp between us and town was more stubbornly defended by two hundred or more men. They were first attacked by Colonel Trimble, who fought them gallantly until reinforced by a battalion of the Second Brigade, there being but three battalions of Giltner's brigade present. Jessee and Chenoweth had been sent away on detached duty, and fifty picked men from the Fourth

Kentucky, under Captains Bart Jenkins and James T. Willis, had gone to Frankfort. The enemy were driven quickly into the town, where the Fourth Kentucky, dismounted, charged them. They poured a galling fire into our ranks from the houses in which they had taken refuge. Captain Swango, of the Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles, was killed by a shot from Doctor Drake's house, and Captain Moore, of the same battalion, was killed by a shot from a house near the bank. Colonel Johnson ordered Drake's house to be burned, but the order was countermanded by Colonel Pryor, to whom the enemy surrendered. This was the third time the town of Mt. Sterling had been converted into a fortress and Confederates shot down from the houses. It was probably the meanest town to the Confederate soldier in the State. It was here that Henry Abbott and young Holmes, of Trimble County, and other brave youths, under Captain Jessee, had been shot down from houses earlier in the war. Retributive justice came later, when Captain Pete Everett entered it at night and burned the court-house and other buildings.

Captain Jack Harris and Jefferson Harris of Trimble's battalion, I think, were shot; the first through both arms and the latter mortally wounded, shot through the head. Colonel Johnson's and Lieutenant Jordan's horses were shot from under them. The capture was complete by 6 A. M., and Giltner's brigade, or a part of it, took possession of the enemy's tents. The Federals lost about ten killed, the usual proportion wounded, and about two hundred and seventy-one prisoners. We captured also the camp equipage of Burbridge's absent troopers, consisting of tents, quartermaster and commissary stores and a lot of broken down cavalry horses.

A number of wagons were sent back to haul up the weary, footsore men of Martin's dismounted brigade, all of whom arrived in the vicinity of Mt. Sterling in the evening.

The captured Federals belonged to various Ohio and Kentucky regiments, gone with Burbridge. The capture was a veritable bonanza for our boys, who, being ravenously hungry, immediately and without ceremony sat themselves

down to the banquet prepared by the Federals. However, we had called rather early, and our hosts not having had time to serve a breakfast commensurate with our voracious appetites, we supplemented the "spread" by appropriating to our own use and benefit their liberal stores of coffee—thirty sacks—sugar, flour, crackers, meat, etc., and proceeded to do some cooking ourselves. In the tents we found a number of officer's trunks filled with "biled shirts," fine clothing, etc. In common with others, I found a trunk, and without any conscientious scruples jumped upon it with both feet and smashed the top into smithereens. That was the only way to get into it, and of course I was bound to "get there." The owner had the key in his pocket and was probably miles away with General Burbridge. The officer who owned that trunk must have been a dandy, a gentleman of exquisite fancy. I forthwith discarded my "old clothes" and "dressed up" in the elegant habiliments found in the trunk, and, as luck would have it, they fitted me to a t-y ty.

A part of Giltner's brigade remained at Mt. Sterling all day and until the next morning. This was the first mistake made in a campaign singularly fraught with a series of signal victories and defeats. True, we were handicapped by the necessarily slow movements of the dismounted men, who were an incubus not to be shaken off. General Burbridge was behind and likely to fall upon us at any time. We ought to have been moving all the while we were lying supinely on our backs that day and night at Mt. Sterling.

The situation was as follows: General Morgan had taken the Second Brigade and gone toward Lexington; Chenoweth, with the Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles, had gone to Paris and Cynthiana; Jessee, with the Sixth Confederate, had gone with Captain Pete Everett to Maysville; Captains Jenkins and Willis had gone to Frankfort; Captain Jackson, with fifty men, had gone on the road between Mt. Sterling and Paris, and Captain Lawrence Jones, with the advance guard, was scouting north and east of Lexington, destroying railway bridges, telegraph lines, etc. Of Giltner's brigade left at Mt. Sterling, there were only the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, Fourth Kentucky, First Kentucky Mounted Rifles and Sec-

ond Kentucky Mounted Rifles, about seven hundred and eighty-nine men; and these were further decreased by heavy guards for the prisoners, pickets, scouts, etc.

When night came we lay quietly down to sleep in the tents captured in the morning, the dismounted men being in bivouac some distance in our rear. It was the calm before the storm. We slept soundly through the night, indifferent to danger and oblivious of the fact that Burbridge, making a forced march, was even then thundering along in our rear, eager to surprise and attack our sleeping troopers, the same as we had surprised the unsuspecting Federals on the previous morning.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SECOND BATTLE AT MT. STERLING.

"At the sound of the bugle,
Each comrade shall spring
Like an arrow released
From the strain of the string."

AT the dawning of daylight, June 9th, the enemy, unannounced, charged into our camp. The morning was rainy and somewhat stormy. My own experience was similar to that of others. I was sleeping soundly and did not hear "war's alarm" until Campbell Ross, of the Fourth Kentucky, hurriedly passing my tent called to me, saying, the camp was full of Yankees. Poor fellow! he was killed shortly afterward. The bullets were whizzing through my tent, and sooner than I can tell it, I was on my horse, riding like the wind toward a line being formed by Colonel Pryor, who was galloping hither and thither, his clarion voice giving sharp, decisive commands. The charging enemy, only a few rods distant, kept up such a lively fusillade that I was admonished to lie flat down on my horse, in that way hoping to escape to Colonel Pryor's line. A number of the boys had already been captured, some of them before being able to mount their horses. Brainerd Bayless was among the captured; also Thos. J. McElrath and Frank Darling. Nearly all of us lost our "baggage," which, however, did not amount to much.

General Burbridge, hearing that we were in Kentucky, had countermarched at Prestonburg and, making a forced march with about three thousand men, was closely following Lieutenant-Colonel Brent, who commanded our division rear guard. Strange to say, Colonel Brent was unaware of the fact. He encamped his men within three hundred yards of the dismounted men and posted pickets on foot, not more than two hundred yards in the rear.

Burbridge, taking advantage of our fancied security and the rain, charged into Colonel Martin's camp, killing and

capturing many soldiers before they awoke. Colonel Martin, a most daring and gallant young officer, succeeded in rallying about three hundred men, and in turn, charging the enemy, captured and cut down their one piece of artillery and drove the Federals from the field. They dismounted and returned in overwhelming numbers, and Martin was forced to fall back through the town. Lieutenant Guy Flusser, of the Fourth Kentucky, a proud and gallant Louisville boy, and Lieutenant Waller Bullock were among the many killed. Colonel Martin had two horses shot from under him, and was himself shot in the foot.

As before stated, the enemy having run over Brent and forced Martin through the town charged into our camp. The Fourth Kentucky held them in check, while the other battalions were being formed and the prisoners gotten out of the way. The brigade then moved around the town to form a junction with Colonel Martin who was on the Lexington Pike. We found Martin in a towering rage at the turn affairs had taken. He had with him about three hundred and fifty men, the remnant of the gallant dismounted brigade, which had been almost annihilated through the inexcusable negligence of somebody.

The two colonels, Giltner and Martin, determined to fight Burbridge on the Lexington Pike, although we had not more than one thousand effective men present, General Morgan having gone to Lexington with the Second Brigade the day before.

Colonel Martin was to take his dismounted men, move around to the right on the Ticktown Pike, and if possible push the enemy into town by that road. Johnson's battalion was sent with Martin to scout and flank for him. This left with Giltner the Fourth Kentucky, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry and First Battalion Mounted Rifles, under Pryor, Trimble and Holliday respectively.

About 9 A. M. these three battalions were formed in line of battle, and then advanced upon the enemy, who were formed between them and the town. At the first report of musketry on the right, indicating that Martin had struck the enemy, our line, with the customary yell, charged, and after a hot

fight drove the enemy into the town, where they made forts of the houses, Mt. Sterling once more becoming a city of refuge for Federals. They poured a galling fire into our ranks, and having no artillery we were unable to dislodge them. Had it been possible we would have burned them out. Our men, behind a fence and small saplings, their only cover, stood and dared them to come out of the houses. But they declined the invitation; comparatively safe, they kept up an unremitting fire, our men dropping rapidly. Company A, of the Fourth Kentucky. being especially exposed, seemed in danger of being annihilated, nearly half the company falling within a few minutes. Captain Adcock's Company E suffered nearly as much; in fact, it was terribly hot all along the lines. Our command held that position for at least a half hour, while waiting for Martin to turn the enemy's flank. Finally being convinced that Martin had been unable to drive the enemy, our line fell back to the horses. In this short engagement the Fourth Kentucky had fifty-two men killed and wounded, most of them shot from houses. Captain Dick Gathright was severely wounded at the head of his company. Hugh Lamaster, John Hall and "Squire" Campbell were among the killed, Billy Bohon was captured.

The enemy did not even come out of the houses to follow us. We moved along on the Lexington Pike and about four miles out we found Colonel Martin who had lost another one hundred men in an unsuccessful attempt to drive a largely superior force on the Ticktown Pike.

Thus finding we were needlessly and uselessly losing our gallant men, we left the Federals in their forts in the town, conscious, however, that they would be a menace to our rear while we should continue our march to Lexington. There is no denying the fact, we were badly "used up" on the second day at Mt. Sterling. The surprise was complete and our losses great. In the early morning the situation was depressing, tending to demoralization; but the phenomenally short time it took the troops to recover, get into line and coolly go into battle, challenged the respect and admiration of even the foe. Ordinary troops would probably have surrendered without firing a gun.

Moving on toward Winchester and Lexington, we had marched probably seven or eight miles when we met General Morgan and the Second Brigade hurrying back from Lexington to our relief. The general proposed to return to Mt. Sterling and fight Burbridge again. Colonels Giltner and Martin, after relating their experience and describing the situation, convinced him, however, that he would be risking too much in attempting to fight largely superior numbers, barricaded in a town, especially as he had no artillery with which to dislodge them from the houses.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WINCHESTER—LEXINGTON—FORT CLAY—BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES FOR AMBULANCES—OBTAINING HORSES—A GENEROUS AND HOSPITABLE BLUEGRASS FAMILY.

MOVING on to Winchester the brigade halted about a mile beyond the town, the horses were fed and the troops rested probably an hour. General Morgan with the Second Brigade went on to Lexington, starting just before dark. The dismounted men had all been brought along, some riding "behind" their more fortunate comrades, while many had obtained horses en route. Thoroughly understanding their business and being in the bluegrass country—a land abounding in horses of royal pedigree, the "foot cavalry" mounted themselves in a surprisingly short time. We were encumbered, however, with the prisoners, taken on the first day at Mt. Sterling, and a large number of wounded men who were unable to ride their horses. It became necessary to "borrow" a number of buggies and carriages to serve in lieu of ambulances. It was a novel sight to see numerous handsome vehicles in column with veteran cavalrymen. We "borrowed" horses and buggies, day and night, all along the route, a number of the wounded boys enduring with heroic fortitude the agony of horseback riding until "ambulances" could be secured for them. The cavalier nearly always looks upon the brighter side of a picture, and there was many a jolly laugh and witty remark at the ludicrous picture of the dusty, battle-scarred and bleeding veterans lolling upon the rich cushions of some bluegrass belle's fine carriage. It must not be supposed, however, that all those buggies and carriages were taken *vi et armis* or at the point of the pistol. Nothing of the kind. With rare exceptions they were voluntarily tendered or willingly and generously presented to us upon receiving a mere intimation of the extremity to which our wounded boys were reduced.

Proceeding from Winchester toward Lexington, when within

six or seven miles of the latter city, the sky became illumined by the light of burning Federal stables and depots, which General Morgan had caused to be set on fire that he might see how to fight and also probably to frighten the enemy. We arrived in the suburbs of Lexington about daylight, where we found the horses of the Second Brigade, the men being engaged in skirmishing through the city and driving the enemy into Fort Clay on the other side, the Federals making little resistance. Cannon balls from Fort Clay occasionally ricochetted through the streets. We were informed that there were three hundred white soldiers and about five hundred negro troops in and near the fort.

General Morgan concluded it was not worth the necessary sacrifice of his men to storm Fort Clay. Consequently Giltner's brigade was ordered to flank the city, which was done by passing through back streets and along the outskirts. While making this movement the Federals cannonaded us from the fort; the balls, however, shrieked harmlessly over our heads. It was amusing to see the column of Federal prisoners, on foot, dodging and zigzagging to escape the hurtling cannon balls. It was unkind in the garrison at Fort Clay to bombard and frighten their brothers in blue.

We soon struck the Georgetown Turnpike, behind Fort Clay, and found a part of the Second Brigade already there.

With Giltner's brigade in advance the division moved on to Georgetown, where it went into camp. On this march, needing a horse, I took two or three comrades, who also wanted to "trade" horses, and leaving the turnpike we wandered through the pastures until we were nearly a mile from the road. We came upon an elegant mansion, inhabited by a wealthy and staunch Southern family, who welcomed us most kindly. The gentlemanly lord of the manor told us that in a distant pasture of his demesne, in an old stable, we would find several fine horses which he had hidden from the Federals. He said we were welcome to the horses, but that it would be dangerous for him to accompany us to the isolated stable, as, if discovered, he would be sent to a Federal prison for aiding and abetting Morgan's men.

We found the horses, and I secured a beautifully gaited

animal, which I rode until the close of the war. Returning to the house we were invited to dinner, and although it was a risk, our column having gone beyond, toward Georgetown, we accepted the invitation. When we had entered that elegant home and found ourselves in the presence of several young ladies my first thought was one of pride in my fine clothes, taken from the Federal officer's trunk at Mt. Sterling. One of the ladies, Miss Maria Bauman, kindly promised to write a letter to my home people, living on the banks of la belle river, within the enemy's lines. After the war had closed I found that she had written the letter as promised, describing my condition, appearance, etc. I have ever since cherished the memory of that gracious lady, but I have never seen her since that day—when on the march from Lexington to Georgetown.

Two of the Fourth Kentucky boys were captured on that march while scouting for horses and other things—Wm. H. Bradley and Fletcher Murphy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GEORGETOWN—DEMONSTRATION TOWARD FRANKFORT—THE MARCH TO CYNTHIANA.

AT Georgetown the good Southern people generously supplied our wants, and our soldiers were bountifully fed. General Morgan established his headquarters at the principal hotel. Unfortunately many of the officers and men were "treated" too liberally to bluegrass whisky, which affected them disgracefully.

The streets were full of ladies, negroes and Confederate cavalrymen, and I regret to record the fact that while we were partaking of the generous hospitality of the town some of the soldiers were pillaging it.

A number of young ladies from a neighboring seminary came to take a look at the rebels, but I did not think we presented a very creditable appearance—at that time.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we moved out on the Frankfort Road, Giltner's brigade in advance. After marching a few miles in the direction of the capital we were halted, and General Morgan called a council of war. Famous "Uncle" Ben Robertson, chief guide, had much to say in the council. The consultation resulted in a countermarch to Georgetown.

I omitted to mention in the proper place that Major Chenoweth had rejoined the column at Winchester. Captain Bart Jenkins was recalled from Frankfort, and the command then moved out upon the Cynthiana and Paris turnpike.

General Morgan had changed his plans. The route now determined upon was via Cynthiana, Augusta and Maysville, thence to Big Sandy River, thence to Virginia. The change of route was made because of superior forces, understood to be at Frankfort, Danville, Camp Nelson, etc.

We marched all the afternoon and all night, the Second Brigade in front, thrown there by the reversal of our line of march. The prisoners were still in charge of the First

Brigade, Giltner's, and impeded our march very much, as we had to march slowly behind them—they being on foot.

At Newtown we took the straight road for Cynthiana. Adopting his usual tactics General Morgan sent a detachment to make a demonstration toward Lexington to mystify the Federals. Occasionally there came a false alarm, that the enemy was pressing our rear. A battalion would form to check the supposed attack. Then would come an order to "close up." Thus we passed the night—weary, sleepy and going, going, going, always going.

At Leesburg we were told that there were about five hundred Federals at Cynthiana, and that the trains were bringing reinforcements.

During the temporary halt, before daylight, nearly every man was asleep. With the exception of the vedettes and advanced guard the silent horsemen dismounted and sank upon the ground, with their small arms buckled around them and their guns in hand, and fell asleep sooner than if they had been in downy beds at home. Blessed sleep! To illustrate how delirious a man may become when for days and nights, in succession, he has been deprived of "Nature's sweet restorer," I here give my experience—that of others being similar. On long raids, such as the one of which I am now writing, a cavalryman sleeps much in his saddle, but it is a fitful, broken, unsatisfactory sleep. During the march on that June night I became so desperate as to seriously think of withdrawing from the column to lie down by the road-side—being willing to risk capture, perhaps death, for the sake of obtaining a brief, uninterrupted hour of blessed sleep. At lucid intervals, however, I resorted to all manner of expedients to keep awake.

When we had halted that morning I hitched my horse beside that of Colonel Pryor, and immediately sank into oblivion; but within fifteen minutes I was on my feet, thinking that the column was moving. In a state of semi-unconsciousness I wandered about in search of my horse, finally finding myself in the midst of the train of buggies and carriages containing the wounded. I then "pulled myself together," and for the first time realized that the command was

not moving at all. I reasoned that by retracing my steps I might find Colonel Pryor's horse, and then easily my own. In my yet dazed condition it did not occur to me that the two horses being together I could find my own as easily as that of Colonel Pryor. I finally found them where in my demented condition I had gotten up and wandered away from them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FIRST BATTLE AT CYNTHIANA—THE FEDERAL COMMANDER KILLED—DEFEAT AND CAPTURE OF THE ENEMY—THE BURNING OF THE TOWN.

"And if to-day in blinding mist
The Southland's tears are shed,
It is not that her cause was lost,
But that her sons are dead."

AT the dawn of the long summer day, Saturday, June 11th, we arrived at the forks of the road, probably within three or four miles of Cynthiana.

General Morgan promptly made dispositions for battle, planning especially for the capture of the Federals in the town. He sent the Second Brigade by the right-hand road to cross the river above Cynthiana, in order to gain the enemy's rear. Giltner's brigade was ordered to move directly upon the town.

When we had reached the hill overlooking the town on the west side, we saw that the enemy had received an intimation of our coming and were prepared to receive us. They were formed behind a stone fence, a most excellent fortification. Hearing the guns of the Second Brigade, the signal for attack, we flanked the fence and, after a brief skirmish, fought principally by Lieutenant H. H. Adcock, commanding Company E, Fourth Kentucky, the enemy fled precipitately across the bridge, seeking shelter in the town. We captured about seventy-five of them before they reached the bridge, and then charged into the town. When a town is attacked under such circumstances there is no time for dilatory tactics. Whatever is to be done, if well done, must be done quickly. The Federals made a spirited resistance, but they were soon driven into the depot buildings, where a hot fight was waged until their commander, Colonel Berry, was killed. They also sought refuge in the court-house and other buildings, but the Confederates charged into the strongholds, firing rapidly and all the while "yelling the infernal rebel yell." The Federals

soon threw down their arms and surrendered unconditionally, about five hundred of them. It was yet early in the morning, not later than 8 o'clock. We now had on our hands two regiments of prisoners, and before the going down of the sun we were destined to be handicapped by many more.

While the fight was going on a fire broke out in a stable I think, but whether it was the result of accident or design I never knew. The Confederates were very sorry, as the citizens were friendly to them. The flames were not subdued until nearly all the business houses and a number of other valuable buildings had been consumed. The citizens were too badly demoralized to do much, and the Confederates did not have time, as they almost immediately had to fight another battle.

During the fight we observed a number of Federals running from the town, down the river, apparently endeavoring to escape by way of Kellar's Bridge, a mile below town. Colonel Ed Trimble was ordered to the bridge to cut off retreat by that route.

Although Chenoweth, Jenkins and Willis, with their detachments, had rejoined Giltner's brigade, Morgan's cavalry did not consist of more than one thousand fighting men when we reached Cynthiana.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SECOND BATTLE AT CYNTHIANA — A DESPERATE COMBAT— THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL HOBSON—THE FATAL ENCAMPMENT ON THE WRONG SIDE OF LICKING RIVER.

"Hurrah! to the battle!
They form into line:
The swords, how they rattle!
The guns, how they shine!"

WHILE our men were scattered about the town, partaking of the hospitality of the citizens—generous, although their town was burning down—Colonel Trimble sent in a courier from Kellar's Bridge, announcing that he had met a strong force of Federals whom he was powerless to hold in check.

Giltner quickly withdrew his brigade from the town and double-quicked it to Trimble's support. The Fourth Kentucky, led by Colonel Pryor, went by way of the Fair Grounds, and the line of battle was soon formed—Chenoweth and Trimble on the right, Clay's battalion, commanded by Holliday, and Johnson's battalion, commanded by Jackson, in the center, and the Fourth Kentucky on the left—not more than five hundred and fifty men in all. It was then about 9 o'clock. The Federals, in gallant array, moved upon us, through open fields, their line about as long as ours, but with heavy reserves behind. It was a pretty cerulean picture, but we did not remain in our position to admire the imposing array of blue. With a yell our line charged and drove them back and down the slope to the bluffs of Licking River, where they reinforced their line and made a stubborn stand. The fighting was close and deadly, the enemy plainly outnumbering us two to one, possibly more. Their evolutions and steadiness under the galling fire of our unerring riflemen indicated that they were brave, disciplined troops, commanded by a gallant and trained officer.

The combat became most desperate. On the slope I saw Jesse Fallis, of the Fourth Kentucky, stretched on his back,

his feet to the foe, his face ghastly pale in death. Lieutenant Parker Dean, of Scott's company, was also killed. Six of Clay's battalion fell side by side. Major Diamond lost a brother. There were many others, killed and wounded, whose names I can not now recall.

Our men marched desperately up to the blue line, and at "point blank range" poured a deadly fire into the compact ranks of the brave Federals. That being more than they could endure the enemy fell back just beyond a deep railroad cut, in a bend of the river—an extraordinarily strong position, the river encircling them like a crescent, the railroad cut in their front. While advancing upon this new stronghold we passed over at least fifty of their dead and wounded. The situation now looked decidedly "blue." The Fourth Kentucky, the largest regiment, was out of ammunition and the greater part of it had to be withdrawn. Then we undertook to play a "bluff" game. The Fourth Kentucky mounted their horses, and with empty guns in plain view of the enemy they went through evolutions and made demonstrations to impress the Federals with the belief that we were preparing to execute a grand *coup de main.*

Where was General Morgan? Where was the Second Brigade? Since moving out of town we had neither seen nor heard of them. Like Napoleon at Waterloo we were longing for Grouchy—for Morgan. We suspected, however, that he was maneuvering to fall upon the enemy at another point, probably in the rear. We fervently hoped that his coming would not be long delayed—and, as the sequel proved, he did come in "the nick of time," and to the enemy unexpectedly.

Chenoweth, Johnson, Holliday and Trimble gallantly and persistently continued the fight, and being unable to cross the railroad cut they fought across it at close range. The enemy, with fixed bayonets, attempted to charge them, but were repulsed again and again.

Courier after courier was sent to General Morgan, advising him of our desperate situation; that we were fighting a largely superior force of gallant troops, who were evidently commanded by a sensible and trained officer; that the Fourth

Kentucky, being out of ammunition, had been withdrawn, and that the remaining battalions, reduced to about two hundred and fifty fighting men, were also rapidly exhausting the contents of their cartridge boxes while desperately holding the grim, determined enemy at bay. We knew Morgan would come; but when? Would he come too late?

Our little band could neither flank the enemy nor get to his rear, on account of the interposition of the river, the banks of which formed a precipice from seventy-five to one hundred feet high.

To add to our anxiety and suspense a train of cars arrived from toward Cincinnati—whistling, puffing and blowing—ominous sounds. A small detachment was sent to ascertain whether it brought reinforcements. The officer in command was instructed to use his best discretion—to intercept the train, fire into, delay it or capture it. The train was captured, but it brought no additional troops. It was freighted, however, with three hundred cavalry horses, bridles, saddles, etc., sent, we surmised, for the purpose of mounting the force we were fighting, who expected to need them in a contemplated pursuit of defeated Confederates.

Our line was withdrawn a short distance while the horse-holders sent in their ammunition. The men were cautioned to reserve their fire and to cease calling to their comrades for cartridges. Just at this time, had the enemy known our real condition and made a determined charge, it is more than probable they could have run over us—probably have captured us—but, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! A small column of cavalry is seen approaching the enemy's rear. They wear the gray. We recognize the oriflamme of Morgan. There arose a tremendous yell, and it was,

> "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
> Or close the wall up with our Southern dead."

The entire line made a cyclonic rush toward the blue phalanx of infantry, but halted upon seeing a white flag borne by a Federal officer, accompanied by Major Holliday. The major had been missed, but it was not known that he had been captured.

The object of the truce flag was to ask for a cessation of

hostilities, while a consultation should be held in regard to the surrender of the Federal troops. The conference was very brief, lasting probably not more than ten minutes. As usual, General Morgan was magnanimous, and granted to General E. H. Hobson, the Federal commander, liberal terms of capitulation. The officers were allowed to retain their swords, and the officers and men were not to be despoiled of their private property. General Hobson surrendered his entire command, about one thousand men.

General Hobson was a large, fine looking man, pleasant and courteous, and not a stranger to many of our troops. Morgan had surrendered to his troops in Ohio. General Hobson was a man for whom Morgan's men always entertained a high respect, knowing him to be a gentleman and a gallant, chivalrous officer.

The enemy stacked their guns, which were rifled muskets, with bayonets fixed. With the exception of many of the men who carried Enfield rifles, our soldiers abandoned their own guns and took those of the enemy in order to utilize the Federal ammunition. The soldiers of the Fourth Kentucky, almost without exception, were armed with Enfield rifles, the same they had captured from the One Hundreth Ohio Infantry at Limestone, Tenn. They were much attached to the gun and were loath to throw it away. Soldier-like they trusted to luck, hoping that the vicissitudes of war would soon throw some Enfield cartridges into their hands, a fatal mistake, as the sequel, the next morning's battle at Cynthiana, proved. My recollection is that a positive order was issued for the men to throw away the Enfields and take the Federal muskets, but the order was not inforced. The cavalrymen naturally looked askance at an infantry musket with a bayonet attachment.

The prisoners were placed in charge of Cassell's battalion and moved out on the Augusta Road. They were afterward in charge of Colonel Greenwood, the officer with big spectacles, the famous "torpedo man."

We now had about one thousand and three hundred prisoners and not more than one thousand fighting men. Giltner's brigade returned to Cynthiana, passed through the town and

took position a short distance beyond on the Paris Pike, scouts having reported that a Federal force was approaching from that direction.

Taking all the circumstances in consideration, probably any other chieftain than Morgan would have thought discretion the better part of valor and forthwith have retired from Kentucky to his base, far away in blessed old Virginia.

The men were broken down by long marches, loss of sleep and much hard fighting. Not more than eight hundred or one thousand weary, partially unarmed men could be depended upon to fight three thousand fresh troops, with artillery, said to be advancing upon us by two roads; besides the whole State was garrisoned with legions of well armed Federals, bountifully supplied with quartermaster and commissary stores, necessary to the effectiveness of any army. Notwithstanding the gloomy, depressing situation, General Morgan intimated his inclination to remain at Cynthiana and fight the fresh hosts advancing upon him. However, I have thought that General Morgan was not altogether to blame for remaining in that position until the next morning. Soon after nightfall I inadvertently overheard a *coterie* of officers, high in command, discussing the situation, holding an informal council of war. It was stated that General Morgan had reconsidered his resolution and suggested to his officers the advisability of withdrawing the command from its perilous position; at least of removing it across Licking River, and beyond the immediate vicinity of Cynthiana. In the light of subsequent events, the scene and conversation of that small group of officers became indelibly impressed upon the tablets of my memory. It was a calm, weird scene. The troops were nearly all lying down, "the weary to sleep, the wounded to die." I, too, was reclining upon the bluegrass sward, unobserved by the officers who were standing near, their forms clearly outlined against my canopy—the sky. They talked in subdued tones, but I could hear distinctly every word said. To my surprise, the leading spokesman ridiculed the idea of moving the command that night, and the others readily agreed with him that the men *must* have a night's rest. They argued that the weary soldiers would be abso-

lutely incapacitated for further active service if not permitted to rest that night. If the general had suggested a movement it was then made evident to me that he had been opposed by leading officers in a council of war, and had acquiesced to their view of the situation. For this I have always blamed him. He was in command ; his authority was supreme, and his suggestion of a movement that night was founded upon sound military policy. We should not have been permitted to sleep all night while an overwhelming force of the enemy was moving upon us, and—the Licking River was behind us.

Giltner's brigade was placed in position on the Paris Turnpike, near the Kimbrough mansion, on an elevation which commanded a view of the road several hundred yards in our front ; the Fourth Kentucky was immediately on the left of the road, facing toward Paris ; Major Holliday's (Clay's) battalion was on the opposite side of Kimbrough's house, on the right hand side of the road. These two battalions slept on their arms, in line of battle, all night. The battalions of Chenoweth, Johnson, Trimble and Jessee lay on their arms, by their horses, a short distance in the rear. The Second Brigade, I think, was across the river, a mile or more away, guarding the Leesburg Road.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE THIRD BATTLE AT CYNTHIANA—THE CONFEDERATES DEFEATED AND STAMPEDED—MANY CAPTURED—DEATH IN THE LICKING RIVER—NARROW ESCAPE OF GENERAL MORGAN AND A REMNANT OF HIS COMMAND—THE CONFEDERATE FORCE, CUT IN TWAIN, RETREATS FROM THE STATE BY TWO ROUTES—THE FEDERAL PRISONERS PAROLED—THE BUMMER—RESULTS OF THE RAID.

"On the low hills to the westward,
The consul fixed his eye;
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky;
And nearer, fast and nearer,
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum."

MEMORABLE Sunday morning—June 12, 1864! The culmination of the Iliad of our tribulations. Amid the peaceful harmonies of nature on the Sabbath day, instead of church bell chimes we hear the war trumpet and the clangor of arms. We see the carpet of bluegrass sward and the waters of Licking River reddened by the blood of Kentuckians, fighting on and for their natal soil.

"Down they go, the brave young riders;
Horse and foot together fall;
Like the plowshare in its furrow
Through them plows the Northern ball."

Before the dawn of that Sunday morning I had been lying on the ground, soundly sleeping, immediately to the left of the turnpike, and was awakened by the rumble of artillery and the tramp of Federal cavalry. The ominous sound came rushing on, and at early dawn our weary cavalrymen were once more in battle line to contend with the fresh host so rapidly bearing down upon them.

Captain Warren Montfort hastened to awake General Morgan; Johnson's and Jessee's battalions took positions on the

left of the Fourth Kentucky; Captain Guerrant formed the right wing by placing Chenoweth and Trimble on Holliday's right. Before these preparations had been completed the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, were upon us. They rode up to within a few hundred yards, dismounted and charged, but were driven back. They then sent a large force right and left to flank us. Being nearly surrounded our line fell back a distance of three or four hundred yards.

General Morgan then came upon the field at the head of Kirkpatrick's and Bowles' battalions, and sent one of them to the right, the other to the left, to repel the Federal flanking columns. The Fourth Kentucky, with empty guns, undertook to hold the enemy's center in check until the other battalions could mount their horses. Kirkpatrick's and Bowles' mounted battalions were too small to even momentarily delay the large flanking forces, and our whole command was soon forced back into the streets of the town, routed and demoralized. The confusion was indescribable—pandemonium reigned supreme. There was much shooting, swearing and yelling—some from sheer mortification were crying.

The Fourth Kentucky, dismounted, was in a worse predicament than the other battalions. Their horses, held in Augusta Street, had been stampeded by numerous cavalrymen dashing through the column before the boys had fallen back to them. The enemy came on in the form of a crescent, and cut off retreat by the only two avenues of escape—the Augusta Road and the Licking River Bridge. The only thing left was to take to the river, the passage of which was dangerous, and the more so because of an exposure to a pitiless fire from the enemy. Many poor fellows were killed or captured in the town, and many more, men and horses, were killed, wounded or drowned in the river. There seemed to be no thought of surrender. Nothing but visions of cruel, loathsome prisons could have nerved those soldiers, brave as they were, to risk almost certain death in the Licking River rather than to surrender.

General Morgan had ordered a retreat by way of the Augusta Road, and he and a number of men escaped by that

route just before the point of the blue crescent swung into the road. The prisoners had also been sent ahead on the Augusta Road.

While falling back on the town I saw General Morgan, on his step-trotting roan horse, going toward the Augusta Road. He was "skimming" along at an easy pace, looking up at our broken lines and—softly whistling. I was glad to see him getting away, for had he been captured he would doubtless have fared badly—as the Federals had not forgiven him for his daring escape from the Ohio prison.

Luck came my way. While in the town I drifted about here and there, and was thinking of taking the river route to freedom or death, when a tall, fine-looking officer, a stranger to me, at the head of a small squad of men dashed up and said that he knew the topography of the country, and that he could flank the enemy without crossing the river. He spoke rapidly, scarcely halting. Ten or fifteen of us followed him. His name was Berry, a lieutenant of the Second Brigade, I think. I can not describe the route we took. I had never been in Cynthiana before, and I have never been there since that awful morning. Berry "quadruple-quicked" us through obscure streets and by devious and isolated pathways until finally we crossed a deep, narrow stream, tributary to Licking River, called Indian Creek, as I remember. We galloped across bluegrass pastures and through woodlands until we came into the Augusta Road, some distance in rear of General Morgan's rapidly-retreating column. Hurrying on we overtook Captain Warren Montfort, of Jessee's battalion, who was in command of Morgan's rear guard.

Confederates and prisoners alike were going at a quick-step march. The prisoners, many of whom had tramped all the way from Mt. Sterling, sharing our hard marches, were anxious to be paroled that they might return to their homes. They were afraid that the Federals would overtake and capture us before we should have an opportunity to parol them. I noticed a nice-looking little prisoner, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, limping along, seemingly in distress. He very gratefully accepted my invitation for

him to get up behind me and ride. I shared my horse with him until we arrived at Clayvillage, where the prisoners were paroled. Not having time to give them written parols they were simply required to hold up their right hands and solemnly swear that they would not take up arms again until regularly exchanged. The "wholesale-swearing" ceremony was decidedly ludicrous, and we had little confidence that the men would be permitted to observe parols of that informal character.

Nil desperandum! Notwithstanding the horrors at Cynthiana; the desperate fighting; the indescribable scenes in the town—the enemy on three sides and the Licking River on the other—the men of General Morgan's retreating column were cheerful, even merry. Their disagreeable experience was the fortune of war. There were between two and three hundred merry cavaliers following the plume of the smiling Morgan. We were ignorant of the fate of Giltner, Guerrant, Trimble, Everett, Scott, Barrett and others. We had seen Trimble's gallant battalion struggling in the river, and were confident that many, very many, of our comrades were sleeping the sleep of death, and yet we rode on merely saying "*conquiescat in pace*," anxious to get as far away from Cynthiana as possible. We were "bound for Old Virginia once more," and were by no means assured of a safe journey thither.

There was the possibility of being intercepted and forced to fight again—or run. However, we worried not. We crossed no bridge before we came to it, and then we burned it. We knew that we could outrun any Federal cavalry that might be pursuing us. From Clayvillage we had taken a northeastern course, passing from Harrison County into Robertson, thence to Sardis, a small town south of Maysville. At Sardis I witnessed a scene, similar to others, nearly always incidental to cavalry raids. A store, stocked with general merchandise, was being robbed by men who had marched in advance of the main column. It was enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any honest cavalier, and was especially mortifying and humiliating to all proud Kentuckians, and more's the pity we were nearly all Kentuckians.

We had to halt until the "looters" could be persuaded to move on. Men of other commands caught the infection, and doubtless thinking that as "everything was going" they might as well have a share they entered the store and appropriated to themselves all the lighter class of goods that the other fellows had failed to carry off. It was understood that the owner of the store was a Union man, and the boys not having much love for that class of men, especially at that particular time, thought *lex talionis* a good motto, and remembered that *inter arma silent leges*. The scene was not without a ludicrous side. Horses were loaded with bolts of calico, domestic cotton, boots, shoes, millinery goods, even babies' shoes, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

There are strange anomalies in war—especially in a civil war. To use the language of Victor Hugo:

"One of the most surprising things is the rapid stripping of the dead after victory; the dawn that follows a battle always rises on naked corpses. Who does this? Who sullies the triumph in this way? Whose is the hideous, furtive hand which slips into the pocket of victory? Who are the villains dealing their death stroke behind the glory? Some philosophers, Voltaire among them, assert that they are the very men who have made the glory; they say that those who keep their feet plunder those lying on the ground, and the hero of the day is the vampire of the night. After all a man has the right to strip a corpse of which he is the author. We do not believe it, however; reaping a crop of laurels and stealing the shoes of a dead man, or of a live one, either, does not seem possible from the same hand."

I am inclined to the belief of Voltaire. I know that the soldiers who plundered the store at Sardis, thoughtless boys that they were, had shown their gallantry on many a field, and that they were not criminals in the common acceptation of the term.

From Sardis we moved at an ordinary pace, not stopping, however, until we reached the vicinity of Morehead, in Rowan County. Here, at night, in a large grass field, without unsaddling, we turned our horses loose to graze, and lay down to rest and sleep, of which we were much in need.

John Callaway, of Gathright's company, and myself were lying together when a trooper's horse, laden with cavalry boots and other things, in fact a miniature store, wandered near us. The night was dark, and we instantly determined to relieve that horse of at least two pairs of boots. We reasoned that the trooper, a stranger to us, had no right to so many "store goods," and acting quickly we each appropriated an elegant pair of cavalry boots, luckily securing a tolerably good fit. We could not conscientiously pillage a store, but we had no hesitancy in robbing a gay Confederate cavalier when he had a surplus.

We marched leisurely and uninterruptedly to the Louisa Fork of Big Sandy River, and up the same, thence into Virginia, where we learned for the first time of the escape of Colonel Giltner, with about two hundred men of various commands, about forty of whom belonged to the Fourth Kentucky.

Giltner's column had traveled a more tortuous route and encountered more difficulties and dangers than that which followed Morgan. They had escaped the terrors of Licking River, but had to fight a cavalry force that had crossed the bridge and attempted to intercept them on the other shore. The desperate Confederates fought them with saber and pistol, driving them out of the way Giltner's party then made a detour from the Leesburg Road, his ranks being constantly augmented by other small squads running for life. Further on, this unorganized band was increased by the addition of Lieutenant-Colonel Alston, Captain Pete Everett and Captain Castleman with about two hundred and fifty men. They were mostly unarmed, having lost their guns in the river or thrown them away, as they had no ammunition. Giltner directed Castleman and Everett to organize a body of armed men for a rear guard. Colonel Jessee, who, with a gallant little band had so bravely covered the rear at the river, was transferred to the front to command the advance guard. Colonels Trimble, Johnson and Alston, and Captains Guerrant, Scott, Barrett, Candall, Castleman, Everett and other officers were with Giltner. When he had gone some distance from Cynthiana, Colonel Giltner detached Jessee and ordered

him to proceed to Owen and Henry Counties to serve as a nucleus for the rallying of the scattered clans. Colonel Johnson was sent to the vicinity of Mt. Sterling for the same purpose.

Giltner's column marched rapidly through fields and by unfrequented roads, sometimes on the highways, cutting telegraph wires and dodging Federal troops. They narrowly escaped from the Federals at Nicholasville and Richmond. Captain Pete Everett and others had left the column at Georgetown, and men had continued to fall out all along the route, until Giltner's force was reduced one-half. Of those who were left not more than sixty or seventy were armed. Lieutenant Corbin, of Jessee's command, gallantly commanded the advance guard, after his chief's departure, and Captain Tom Barrett much of the time was in command of the rear guard, a dangerous and responsible position.

With about two hundred men, Colonel Giltner succeeded in getting out of Kentucky by way of Pennington's Gap in the Cumberland Mountains. Thus it will be seen that Morgan's cavalry was cut in twain at Cynthiana, the lines of retreat forming two sides of a triangle, of which Cynthiana was the apex and the Cumberland Mountains the base.

In this memorable campaign General Morgan had surprised two Federal forces and captured them; he had fought General Hobson and captured him and one thousand men. In turn, General Morgan himself had met with two serious disasters—on the second morning at Mt. Sterling and the second morning at Cynthiana. He had paroled between twelve and fifteen hundred prisoners, and had lost in killed, wounded, captured and missing about one thousand men.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GENERAL MORGAN'S MARCH TO GREENVILLE, TENN.

"Loud neigh the coursers
O'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors
Wait the rising morn."

DURING the months of July and August, subsequent to the Kentucky campaign, General Morgan chafed at restraint and was restless under inforced inactivity. It required time to reorganize his command and for his troopers to recuperate from the effects of the successes and disasters that had characterized the fighting on the "dark and bloody ground." However, during the latter days of August there was activity in Morgan's camp. Glistening guns, burnished sabers, gay plumes and pennons fair indicated that the restless chieftain was ready to march against the enemy. No one seemed to know whither we were going; but all knew there would soon be "music in the air," and we impatiently awaited the sounding of the bugle horn. We had not long to wait until the general

"Bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day."

From Virginia we marched into Tennessee and arrived at Greenville late in the afternoon of September 3, 1864.

It was known that a force of Federals commanded by General Gillem was at Bulls Gap, probably eighteen miles west of Greenville.

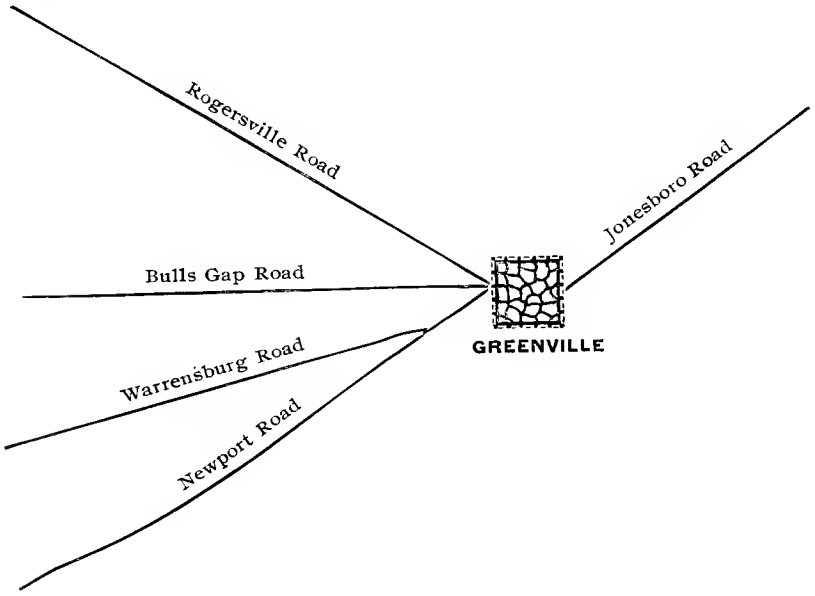
Four roads led from Greenville toward Gillem's position—the Bulls Gap Road running almost due west, the Rogersville Road northwest, and the Warrensburg and Newport Roads southwest, the latter two forming a junction about one mile from Greenville.

Giltner's brigade, Captain J. E. Cantrill's detachment and Captain Pete Everett, commanding, I think, a portion of General Geo. B. Hodge's brigade, were on the Rogersville Road,

Giltner in advance, probably two miles from town. Bradford, commanding Vaughn's Tennesseeans, was on the Bulls Gap Road, two miles from town, and Captain Walters with a detachment of the Sixteenth Georgia, about fifty men, was on the Warrensburg Road. *There was no one on the Newport Road.*

Cassell's battalion and the artillery were on an eminence in the eastern suburbs of the town. General Morgan established his headquarters at the home of his friend, Mrs. Williams, in the town.

A careful study of the disposition of the troops and of the following diagram will enable the reader to understand subsequent events.



Giltner's headquarters were also established at a house, a neat cottage, occupied by a pleasant and hospitable lady, named Vestal, I think. Like General Morgan and staff, Giltner and his military family were inclined to luxurious habits, fond of "square meals" and of sleeping on "goose hair." At this time Colonel Giltner, Captain Guerrant, Captain Barney Giltner and myself were the only members of the "family" present. Captain Henry T Stanton was at

Abingdon, Captain Peyton Miller was temporarily adjutant of the Fourth Kentucky, Captain J. J. McAfee was performing the duties of adjutant-general of the Hodge brigade, Lieutenant H. T. Anderson was at the general's headquarters, Brainard Bayless was in prison, and Charley Carter had gone home.

The night was very dark and it rained almost incessantly.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MORGAN BETRAYED—THE WOMAN—GENERAL GILLEM'S MARCH.

THE woman who had betrayed General Morgan was the daughter-in-law of his friend and hostess, Mrs. Williams. The general was unaware of the fact that the young woman was unfriendly to the South. Pretending to be friendly, she had ample time and opportunity to ascertain our strength, the location of the troops and the fatal fact of the unpicketed Newport Road. She was certainly a remarkable woman, decisive, prompt and courageous. Quickly comprehending the situation, she resolved to betray her mother's guest, the handsome Confederate chieftain, whose gentlemanly instincts and chivalrous regard for all women precluded any thought of treachery on the part of the "fair Greek bringing gifts."

Accounts are conflicting as to the time when she left the house. Some say that she left the supper table quietly and without remark, while others think she remained within the house until after the general had retired for the night. She must, however, have left early in the evening, as she is known to have reached Gillem's headquarters about 10 o'clock. She evidently had the assistance of emissaries. The town being hostile to the Confederacy, doubtless some bushwhacker informed her of the unguarded Newport Road. There were women in the town, wives of Federal partisan officers and bushwhackers, who had achieved unenviable fame as spies; among them the Amazonian mail carrier, Mrs. David Fry, who had been previously restricted to the limits of Greenville by special order issued by Colonel Giltner. It is therefore plain that the betrayer of General Morgan could command the services of willing male and female coadjutors in her treacherous scheme. Some of the Federal soldiers said that two women went to Gillem's headquarters. That may possibly be true, and it is more than probable that the Williams woman was accompanied by a male companion, during a part, at least, of her nocturnal pilgrimage through excessive dark-

ness, rain and mud, from Greenville to Bulls Gap. The contemporaneous opinion, however, was that she made the trip unattended. That opinion was based mainly upon her own vauntful declaration, she claiming all the honor, such as it was. Not having much confidence in a woman of her guild, I accept her statement *cum grano salis*.

The Federal general eagerly listened to the woman's story and promptly availed himself of the valuable information given him. By 11 o'clock his column, about two thousand strong, was *en route* to Greenville.

At some point on the road, I know not where, Gillem detached one hundred and fifty or two hundred men from the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry and sent them across the country to the Warrensburg and Newport Roads, with orders to make a forced march and to charge the town from the Newport Road and surround the square in which was located the Williams mansion. The object, of course, was to either kill or capture General Morgan.

Gillem was eager, alert, expeditious and hopeful of success. It was an opportunity not to be lost. If successful, fame and promotion would undoubtedly be his. It would be a proud feather in his cap, the capture of the famous "wizard of the saddle," General John H. Morgan.

The detachment of Tennesseans was admirably adapted to Gillem's purpose. Being natives of the locality every man was familiar with the roads and by-paths and acquainted with the town of Greenville.

Gillem, with his main force, moved on the main road from Bulls Gap toward Greenville, intending to make a feint on Bradford and engage that officer's attention while the detachment of the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry should be performing its mission in the town. The plan succeeded beyond the Federal general's most sanguine expectations. When the attack was made, Bradford's men, pickets and all, were apparently asleep, and what Gillem intended as a feint proved to be a rout to Bradford's sleepy, surprised and demoralized Tennesseans. Had any one of the Kentucky battalions been on that road there would have been a fight, and the tragedy of the morning, possibly, would have been averted and this history differently written.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GENERAL MORGAN SURPRISED—CONFUSION IN THE CAMPS—THE GENERAL MISSING — UNCERTAINTY REGARDING HIS FATE—RETREAT ON THE JONESBORO ROAD—CAPTAIN MCAFEE, UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, FINDS THE GENERAL'S DEAD BODY IN GREENVILLE.

AT about 6 o'clock on Sunday morning Giltner's little military family sat down to an elaborate breakfast, generously served by the sympathetic hostess. While leisurely eating and discussing the probable events of the day, anathematizing the rain and gloomy weather and commiserating the uncomfortable situation of the troops in camps, we heard firing across the country in the direction of Bradford's Tennesseans. We were not much startled—a soldier being accustomed to hearing firing at unexpected times and places. We thought Bradford's men were firing off their wet guns. That delusion, however, was soon dispelled, as the firing increased in volume and seemed to be nearing Greenville. We anxiously turned our eyes toward the town, expecting the arrival of a staff officer with orders. Again there was a furious volley, evidently at Greenville. Still no orders. Colonel Giltner then assumed the responsibility of ordering the bugle to sound "boots and saddles," and then awaited orders. None came. Alas! we did not know. General Morgan had issued his last order. The inquiry went along the waiting column: "What can be the matter?" "Why do we not receive orders?" The suspense was indescribably trying. Finally Colonel Giltner quietly remarked to his officers, "Gentlemen, orders or no orders, I am going to double-quick my brigade to Greenville." We had scarcely begun the movement when a breathless soldier dashed up to the colonel and delivered a verbal order, emanating from—he did not know whom, that we were to march quickly to Greenville. This order was irregular and under ordinary circumstances would not be obeyed—a verbal

order not being recognized unless delivered by a member of the staff or some commissioned officer. However in this case it made no difference—we were going any way.

We were making a rapid march, stimulated by the firing in our front, when a young officer met us, saying he came from Colonel D. Howard Smith with orders that we should join him on the Jonesboro Road. The messenger said the enemy were in possession of the town and that General Morgan was missing. About this time we heard firing east of town, on the Jonesboro Road, indicating that our troops were in full retreat. Everett and Cantrill, who had been encamped between us and town, were gone—we knew not whither. Desiring to unite with Colonel Smith, who now seemed to be in command, we impressed a guide and ordered him to lead us by the straightest, most practicable route across the country to the Jonesboro Road. We followed the guide a mile or more through fields, bushes and woodland, and then he left us—lost. Desultory firing was heard further and further from Greenville toward Rheatown, on the Jonesboro Road, and all the while we were rambling about over a villainous country, inhabited by "Union bushwhackers," who, even if so inclined, were apparently too ignorant to understand what we wanted or to give us intelligent information or directions. After much tribulation we finally emerged from "the wilderness," striking the Jonesboro Road, just in rear of the Hodge brigade, and between it and the enemy. Everett's men could give us little information as to the fate of General Morgan. Nobody seemed to know anything. Morgan was missing, probably captured, possibly killed; yet there was a chance that he had escaped.

Everett and Cantrill said the Federals were in the town when they arrived there, and they were compelled to move around it. They found all the troops gone, but, nevertheless, they formed east of town and exchanged shots with the enemy. Bob Scott, General Hodge's clerk in the adjutant-general's office, was killed, shot through the head. A gallant soldier of Johnson's battalion, named Lail, was also killed. He was the young soldier who captured a Federal dispatch bearer, near Richmond, Ky., while on the retreat

from Cynthiana. Another soldier, whose name I do not know, was killed at the same time. Everett and Cantrill would have continued the fight, but withdrew in obedience to orders from Smith and Bradford, who were retreating rather precipitately toward Rheatown. Colonel Giltner was very angry and declared that the retreat was a shame. The troops also grumbled, and wondered why we continued to retreat. Some swore that we were fleeing from a shadow, and nearly all were of the opinion that a desperate resistance should have been made just behind Greenville until the troops could have been concentrated there. Bradford's Tennesseans, however, were so demoralized that it is doubtful whether Colonels Smith and Bradford could have checked the current flowing to the rear.

When we had reached the road we found no one to give us orders. Giltner, protesting the while, slowly followed in rear of the retreating troops, his brigade being the rear guard. The colonel sent me forward to find Colonel Smith, or whoever was in command, and to inform him of the whereabouts of Giltner's brigade. I was also ordered to say to the commanding officer that Colonel Giltner would respectfully suggest that, as the entire command was then on the Jonesboro Road, the retreat should be discontinued and that the division should right-about-face and march back to Greenville, if possible, to ascertain the fate of General Morgan. But that if the retreat must continue, he desired to send a flag of truce to Greenville to bring off the general's body, if dead.

I found Colonel Smith, who directed me to tell Giltner to double-quick his brigade toward Jonesboro, saying he had information that the enemy was marching on our right flank. He assented, however, to Giltner's proposition in regard to the flag of truce. When I delivered Colonel Smith's order Giltner expressed disgust, and declared that he did not believe any Federals of consequence were even following us.

Colonel Giltner directed Captain J. J. McAfee to take four men from the Fourth Kentucky, and several others, I do not remember whom nor how many, and to proceed to Green-

ville and ascertain, if possible, the fate of Morgan. If the general had been killed McAfee was to request General Gillem to let him have the body, that it might be forwarded to Mrs. Morgan at Abingdon. We halted at Rheatown and awaited the return of the flag of truce. About midnight a courier from McAfee announced that he had found General Morgan dead in Greenville, the body laid out in Mrs. Williams' house, and that there were no Federals in the town.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE DEATH OF MORGAN—THE GARDEN SCENE—MURDER IN THE VINEYARD—ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE AND COLONEL DICK MORGAN—BURIAL OF THE DEAD CHIEFTAIN AT ABINGDON —SOME REFLECTIONS.

"He woke to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke."

EVEN at this remote day it is with sad and halting pen that I attempt to record the events connected with the tragedy enacted at Greenville Sunday morning, September 4, 1864—the death of Morgan, the dauntless cavalier, the flower of our knighthood, the pride of the cavalry

The following dispatch carried inexpressible sorrow to the heart of a beautiful and accomplished wife, who had idolized her gallant and handsome husband, the peerless Morgan.

HEADQUARTERS BRIGADE, NEAR RHEATOWN, TENN.,
September 4, 1864.

MRS. GENERAL MORGAN, Abingdon, Va.:

With deep sorrow I have to announce the sad intelligence of your husband's death. He fell by the hands of the enemy, at Greenville, this morning. His remains are being brought away under flag of truce. We all mourn with you in this great affliction. Most respectfully,

H. L. GILTNER,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

Morgan dead! The Southland mourns! The enemy rejoices! A devoted wife is bereaved and the hearts of his cavalrymen are filled with gloom and unavailing regrets. A horrible Sunday morning tragedy disgraces forever the "heavy villain" in the play. Weeping clouds mingle their tears with those of the wife so cruelly made a widow; the echoes of rolling thunder are blended with the mutterings of the dead chieftain's followers, who vow vengeance on the town of Greenville and upon the brutal ruffians who, having murdered the brave, defenseless general, perpetrated unspeakable indignities upon the helpless, unresisting dead body. Oh, the shame

of it! The generous-hearted general, whose banner ever bore the motto, "Clemency belongs to the brave," murdered by ruffians, who, had they fallen into his hands, would have received that generous treatment always accorded by a brave and gentlemanly soldier to a prisoner of war. Yet General Morgan, alone and defenseless, is basely slain by a Tennessee mountaineer, a bushwhacker. Such a dastardly tragedy would have been impossible had General Morgan fallen into the hands of General Hobson's command. No true, honorable soldier killed General Morgan, nor did any officer, worthy of the name, sanction the horrible, shameful deed.

General Morgan fell in the noonday of his brilliant and somewhat romantic career, crowned with a warrior's deathless fame. Those who followed his plume can never forget the stirring times when, riding far within Federal lines, their "gray uniform and a strange new flag" greeted the sons of the morning. *Fama semper vivat.*

Surrounding the Williams mansion was a large yard in which there was a number of trees and much shrubbery. Adjoining the yard was a garden in which was a small, untrimmed vineyard. The garden, partly inclosed by a high plank fence, was the scene of the murder of General Morgan. There "in the pleasant vineyard ground," surrounded by bloodthirsty foes, the Marion of the civil war, only thirty-nine years old, showed a brutal, cowardly soldiery how a brave and honorable Southern cavalier could die. Far away from the old Kentucky home, among strangers, alone, surrounded by unsympathetic enemies, he died where

> "There was lack of woman's nursing,
> There was dearth of woman's tears."

Major Williams, a son of the general's hostess, and brother-in-law of Mrs. Lucy Williams, the woman who betrayed him, was temporarily serving on the general's staff, and was an eyewitness to much that occurred in the house and in the garden. His story was substantially as follows: When the Federals dashed into the town he ran up-stairs to the general's room and cried, "For God's sake, general, get out of here, the town is full of Yankees!" The general hurriedly

put on his trousers and socks, threw his pistols over his shoulders, ran down the stairs and out the back door into the thick foliage of the yard. Seeing Mrs. Williams, as he passed out the door, he gave a military salute and smilingly said, "Goodbye, Mrs. Williams, I am all right now." The enemy were then at the front door. He ran down to the Episcopal Church, but seeing the street was guarded by soldiers, he turned and ran back into the garden. The notorious Mrs. Fry and other fiendish women saw him from their windows, and knowing him pointed him out to the soldiers, saying, "There he is; there he goes; that's Morgan, over there in the vineyard!" The soldiers rode up and began shooting through the grounds. Being closely pressed, and hearing the soldiers' oaths and threats, the general stood at bay, and feeling assured that they meant to kill him he returned their shots until he had emptied his pistols, and then—threw up his hands and surrendered. Captain Wilcox, of the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, rode up to the general and received his pistols. After a moment's conversation, Wilcox rode away While standing there a defenseless prisoner, a soldier approached the general and presented his gun. The general exclaimed: "My God! don't shoot! I am a prisoner!" With an oath, the cowardly ruffian fired, the ball striking the general full in the breast, passing through the heart and ranging downward. The murderer threw the dead body across his horse and galloped along the streets, exulting in his diabolical deed. He then galloped out to Gillem's quarters, about two miles from town, and threw the body into a muddy ditch by the roadside.

That General Morgan was murdered there is not the shadow of a doubt. The fact that only one ball struck him, and that at point blank range, the powder burning his body, is, of itself, proof sufficient, the general's empty pistols being in the possession of Wilcox. The fellow had no excuse whatever for firing. His life was not in danger. The general, holding up his defenseless hands, asked him not to shoot. A hostler in a stable near the vineyard said he distinctly heard the general's words when he surrendered, and that he saw the man ride up and shoot him. Captains Charles A. Withers and

L. C. Johnson, of the general's staff, were at first with the general in the garden. They corroborate the foregoing statements concerning the surrender and murder. While some members of the general's staff were running hither and thither, seeking some avenue of escape, Mrs. Williams cried out to them, "Your brave general lies dead in my vineyard!" Captain Withers, Captain James Rogers, Captain Harry Clay, L. C. Johnson and probably others of the staff were captured. No one of them was harmed. The murder of Morgan seemed to satiate the enemy's thirst for blood.

Captain Withers says that when he found the soldiers were treating the general's dead body with almost every conceivable indignity, he told Gillem that his men were treating the body like that of a dog, and that Gillem replied: "Ay sir, and it shall lie there and rot like a dog." Gillem was very abusive, and rejected and scoffed at every appeal of Withers that he be permitted to care for the body. Finally, however, Gillem being called away, Colonel Brownlow, who seemed to be a gentleman, told Withers that he should have the body and be given an opportunity to prepare it for burial. Brownlow sent out into the country for the body and had it taken to Mrs. Williams' house, where Captain Withers and Captain Rogers, assisted by a negro man, washed and dressed it, Mrs. Williams and a few gentle-hearted ladies rendering such assistance as was in their power. As before said, it was here that Captain McAfee and party, with Giltner's flag of truce, found the body of Morgan. McAfee had the corpse inclosed in a neat walnut coffin made in Greenville, and securing a small one-horse wagon, the only substitute for a hearse he could find, his little cortege slowly and sadly marched back to the command encamped near Jonesboro.

General Duke and Colonel Dick Morgan arrived in camp the day after General Morgan was killed. Having been in prison since the Ohio raid, they had only recently been exchanged. The general's body was turned over to them. It was a sad day for Colonel Dick Morgan, the brother, and General Duke, the brother-in-law of the dead chieftain. General Duke, Colonel Morgan, Colonel Crittenden, Colonel Ward, Colonel D. Howard Smith and other officers, with an

escort from Cantrill's and Cassell's battalions, accompanied General Morgan's remains to Abingdon, where they were temporarily interred until opportunity should offer for their removal to Lexington, Ky.

Colonel D. Howard Smith was criticised, somewhat, for apparent indecision, irresolution and lack of dash and energy on that fatal morning at Greenville. Colonel Smith's bravery and accomplishments as an officer can not be questioned. He had long been one of General Morgan's trusted lieutenants and a conspicuous officer in nearly all of the general's most important movements. The situation at Greenville was peculiar. Colonel Smith, possibly, was unaware of the location of the several battalions. Much valuable time was lost before it was known that Morgan was missing. The command was scattered, some parts of it isolated. Smith had no means of ascertaining the enemy's force. It took time to find the several commanders, and in part explain the situation. It could not be wholly explained because the fate of Morgan was unknown. Had Colonel Smith recklessly dashed into the town before the command was concentrated, and without consultation with his officers, the result might have been most serious if not disastrous. Any action, however prompt, could not have saved Morgan. At the first alarm he was killed. There was really nothing to gain by attacking the enemy, unless indeed it should be for purposes of vengeance. When the commanding officer is killed on the field of battle where all can see, there is always more or less demoralization. In this instance the chief was the first man killed, and no one of the command except members of his staff who were captives knew of the fact. Take it all in all, I am not aware of any similar military condition in history. It was the unexpected that happened to us that Sunday morning. Again I am constrained to exclaim: *Bella! bella! horrida bella!*

General Morgan has been criticised for being in town away from his command. In one sense the criticism is just. It is unmilitary in a commanding officer to be away from his troops when in the presence of the enemy, and history is replete with instances where generals have come to grief by

disregarding that law. In General Morgan's case there are extenuating circumstances. In point of fact, he was not away from his command. He was in the midst of it, surrounded by it. His position was apparently safe. No human foresight could have foreseen what actually happened, nor dreamed of the combination of circumstances leading thereto, and, alas! poor Morgan trusted too much to the fair Greeks bringing gifts, and was ignorant of the unpicketed Newport Road. The town, the home of Andrew Johnson, was intensely disloyal to the South, and, maledictions upon her, a woman heartlessly betrayed him. I know of my personal knowledge that General Morgan seemingly took every precaution to guard against surprise. In my capacity of clerk, I had business with Captain Withers, his adjutant-general, which detained me at his headquarters in town until nearly dark. On my way to Giltner's brigade on the Rogersville Road, I met the general and his quartermaster, Major Gassett, about a mile from Greenville. They were riding rapidly and so was I. When we met the general greeted me pleasantly, and the recollection of the fact is a sweet memory to-day, for it was the last time I ever saw him. I then little dreamed of the tragedy of the morrow. The thought occurred to me, however, that the general was taking unusual precautions, it being customary for general officers to order certain roads picketed and to rely upon the reports of subordinates that "all is well." When I reached the brigade and commented on the general's visit, I learned that he had not only visited the brigade, but that he had ridden out to the station of the vedettes. I do not know, but I always have thought that it being dark when he returned to town, he failed to visit the roads on the left, and felt secure, Captain Walters doubtless reporting that the roads in that direction were properly guarded. Really the unpicketed Newport Road, even if its existence were known to General Morgan, would not have been considered important, as it scarcely extended toward the enemy's position. The woman did it all.

CHAPTER XXXV

MISCELLANY.

GENERAL MARSHALL AND TOM HAYDEN.

ONE afternoon the Fourth Kentucky, being in advance, had halted after crossing a mountain, waiting for the rest of the brigade to "close up." General Marshall riding up from the rear stopped at the head of the regiment, where for the first time he saw Tom Hayden, the bugler. Now Tom had belonged to a brass band before the war, and when he went into the army he took his cornet horn along to keep in practice. He was an accomplished musician, and could play on almost any kind of instrument. Colonel Giltner knowing his accomplishments appointed him bugler. Tom neglected to learn the various regulation cavalry "calls," and usually, when sounding reveille, boots and saddles, etc., he would simply play some popular air, a favorite being "Sweet Ellen Bayne." The keys were frequently out of order, and often it was difficult to blow the bugle at all. General Marshall examined Tom's horn, and then pleasantly commanded him to sound the "calls." Tom, afraid to confess that he did not know them, said the old horn was out of order and could not be blown. The general then told him to whistle the "calls." Tom said he could not whistle. The general then laughingly said that "a bird that could sing and wouldn't sing should be made to sing," and then he rode away, much to Tom's relief.

GENERAL MARSHALL AND THE SABER DRILL.

At one time, during Bragg's Kentucky campaign, we were hustled off to Morehead, Rowan County, to assist General John H. Morgan in intercepting the Federal general, George W Morgan, then making his famous retreat from Cumberland Gap.

The boys had been armed with heavy English sabers, splendid weapons, but they despised them, and generally managed to "lose" them. While at Morehead, awaiting developments on the part of the enemy the general concluded to exercise us in the saber drill. He was a master in the use of the weapon, and the day being hot and the exercise being exceedingly wearisome, especially to the right hand and arm, the boys became so disgusted that they ever afterward rebelled against carrying any such weapon, and the more so because they thought it extremely improbable that they should ever have any use for it. While the drill was in progress General Marshall walked up to John Vories and me and bade us both to employ all our skill and vigor in an attempt to strike him. In our verdancy we thought that would be an easy matter—two against one—and we endeavored to be very careful, fearing we might inadvertently injure the good general: but he parried our thrusts so easily by a "simple twist of the wrist," always catching our blades on the guard of his, that we finally became excited and cut and slashed at him in a terrific manner, always however, with the same result, the general standing composedly before us, and apparently without an effort parrying every cut or thrust, until at last he stepped back and told us to hold up; that our d—d awkwardness might make him forget himself and leave his guard open. That exercise was a revelation to us of the advantage an expert swordsman would have over a novice.

The following is the concluding stanza of a plaintive song written by Major McKnight:

IN PRISON ON LAKE ERIE.

How many moons will rise and wane,
  How many months will languish,
Ere Peace, the white-winged angel, comes
  To soothe a captive's anguish?
God speed the long'd and prayed for day,
  When loved ones, bright and cheery,
Shall welcome him around the hearth,
  From prison on Lake Erie.

Skirmishing for Corn.

During the East Tennessee campaign forage became very scarce. Burnside's and Longstreet's armies had stripped the country. At one time, however, while our cavalry was occupying a position at Mooresburg there was a large field of corn between our line and that of the enemy. There was a race every morning between the cavalry of each army, both aiming for the same place—the cornfield. If we got there first a skirmish line was advanced to the front to "warn off the Yanks" until the boys could fill their sacks with the coveted corn. Probably on the next morning the boys in blue would be the "first in the field," when they would practice the same tactics adopted by us on the previous day. This went on for a week or more, the skirmishing at times being quite lively.

The Mud Lark.

When in camp, on short rations, consisting often of nothing more than meager quantities of blue beef and rice, with a modicum of bread, made of unbolted flour, the soldiers frequently made quiet, stealthy forays into the surrounding country in search of something for the benefit of stomachs nearly always in an "unsatisfied-like" condition. On these excursions the most satisfactory game they could "flush" was a "mud lark." Now, unsophisticated reader, you must not think the boys were hunting for a bird that sings in the meadow and rises with the sun. Not at all. They are simply on a "still hunt" for an unpoetical, grunting, razor-back hog, which the high-toned Southern cavalier calls a "mud lark." Being the private property of loyal citizens there are strict orders against killing the "larks," and therefore the "forager" must use much strategy and discretion. He usually inveigles his "larkship" into some sequestered dale, where he can be dispatched, skinned and chucked into a bag, unobserved by the "Lord of the Manor." This proceeding successfully accomplished the defunct "mud lark" is smuggled into camp, and a few choice spirits are invited to the festal board to enjoy a feast like unto that Charles Lamb describes in his inimitable "Dissertation of Roast Pig."

Upon one of these forays I was so fortunate as to have a "pal" in the person of Clayt. Hartsough, a bold, generous-hearted Owenton, Ky., boy. We had been quite successful, and were in the act of skinning a "lark," when suddenly a fine old Virginia gentleman, mounted on a big bay horse, appeared on the scene. He was awfully mad, and swore that he was going immediately to camp to report us. He evidently meant business, but Hartsough being equal to the emergency promptly instituted "a game of bluff." He leveled his Enfield rifle at the f. o. V g., and swore he would shoot him off his horse if he did not forthwith return to his "fine old ancestral hall," which was in sight, about a quarter of a mile away. The old gentleman concluding that Clayt. held the best hand declined to "call him," and we never saw nor heard of him again.

Sleeping in the Snow.

Not desiring to overburden his horse the cavalryman seldom carried more than one blanket, and generally having no roof over his head other than the canopy of the sky, and no couch other than the earth, it was customary for two or three soldiers to "bunk together," using the two or three blankets for bed and cover. Upon one occasion near Rogersville we went into camp in an open field, Colonel Pryor, Major Parker and myself sleeping together. Being a boy and small they put me in the "middle." We slumbered through the entire night, unconscious that a heavy snow was falling until at early dawn, being "crowded" and unusually warm, I drew the blanket from over my head, thereby letting the cold snow fall upon the necks of the colonel and major, both of whom being suddenly awakened by the shock, cried out, "Ugh! ugh!" Looking out upon the camp I could see no one stirring; every man was sleeping soundly and comfortably, their snow-covered forms having the appearance of so many inanimate logs. That experience convinced me that on a cold winter night one could have no warmer covering than a snow-blanket.

Snowballing.

Whenever there was a suitable snowfall a battle was almost invariably fought between nearly equal forces of volunteer troops. These sham battles were no child's play; the charges and counter-charges being made with grim determination were often of a desperate character. The balls being made hard as possible were capable of inflicting severe injuries. Many a poor fellow was carried from the field badly wounded, but even if so inclined he dared not exhibit anger nor complain. I well remember an occasion when a body of cavalry had to pass along a road lined on either side with infantry. The snow was melting and it was easy to make a ball with celerity and to make it almost as hard as a grapeshot. The infantry never missed an opportunity to guy the cavalry, and knowing we were coming they had large piles of snowballs already made. Conscious of the inevitable pelting we should receive every fellow ignominiously ducked his head and attempted to run the gauntlet at a gallop. The infantry fellows guyed us unmercifully, yelled like demons and kept the air literally full of hurtling balls. They having a cross-fire on us it was useless to dodge, and of course "we caught it" right and left. Some of our boys were knocked off their horses, but they were not permitted to surrender. Those infantry fellows for the time being had hoisted the black flag and gave no quarter. It was a terrible ordeal, many of the boys afterward saying they would rather go into any "sure enough" battle than to again run that gauntlet.

Killing Rabbits.

The greatest wholesale slaughter I ever witnessed was McLaws' division of Longstreet's army corps killing rabbits. The soldiers, two or three thousand in number, surrounded a large field of sage grass, an area of probably one hundred acres, and armed with iron ramrods at the tap of the drum marched to a common center. Almost as soon as the march began the rabbits, scared by the terrific and constant yelling of the soldiers, could be seen jumping up all over the field, and as the four marching lines neared the center it was both

a pitiful and a ludicrous sight to see the countless little animals, timid and frightened, vainly trying to escape. At the general round-up the soldiers would knock them over with their ramrods, not a rabbit escaping. The field had been full of the little animals, and when killed they constituted a mound of considerable magnitude. One would suppose there would be an indescribable scramble and possibly a few fights among the men for the possession of the animals. Not so. They were veteran soldiers admirably disciplined, and they preserved the same order and discipline on an occasion of this kind as when performing the regular duties of a soldier. The proper officer took charge of the rabbits and issued to each company its *pro rata* just the same as if issuing ordinary rations.

THE GRAYBACK.

The most infernally-tormenting thing a soldier had to contend against was the pestiferous, disgusting little graybacks which were always with him in countless myriads, roaming over his person, biting and tickling him, making him at times frantically desperate. The annoying insect was especially active on a warm, sunshiny day. While a man was on the move the grayback would lie comparatively low, but the moment he became still the voracious blood-sucking little vermin would energetically begin business. Whenever the command would halt, if for only a short time, it was not unusual for many of the men to take off their shirts and occupy their time in "inspecting" for graybacks. Knowing he could not annihilate the whole army of investment the soldier expected to do nothing more than to crush the "pickets and skirmish lines." All conceivable expedients were resorted to for the extermination of the pests, or at least for an amelioration of the soldiers' tormented condition. Boiling his clothes, the using of mercurial ointment, red precipitate and other devices were of no avail. When Mr. and Mrs. Grayback were once introduced into a camp they were there to stay. They multiplied with phenomenal rapidity, burrowing in the seams and nap of clothing, in the hair, in the

blankets, saddles—everywhere. The longer the war continued the more decimated became the Confederate ranks, but the grayback army was constantly augmenting in numbers. A soldier receiving new clothing from the quartermaster would carry them to a certain spot in a field, walk away from them a distance of probably fifty yards, divest himself of his old clothes, "graybacks and all," and then, being nude as nature made him, he would run to the pile of new clothing, put them on, and—by the next morning be as full of graybacks as ever. The grayback was no respecter of persons, attacking alike the dainty, fastidious patrician and the tattered and torn plebeian, the general and the private soldier.

A DIXIE GIRL'S SONG.

My homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's palmetto, too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights can do.
We send the bravest of our land
To battle with the foe,
And we will lend a helping hand—
We love the South, you know.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah!
For the Sunny South, so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear.

Now Northern goods are out of date,
And since Old Abe's blockade
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern made.
We send our sweethearts to the war,
But, girls, never mind—
Your soldier-love will ne'er forget
The girl he left behind.

The Southern land's a glorious land
And has a glorious cause;
Then cheer, three cheers for Southern rights
And for the Southern boys!

We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with a grace.

And now, young man, a word to you,
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls
And win your lady there;
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave.
And that our tears are all for those
Who fill the soldier's grave.

KEEPING A DIARY.

J. Harvey Dorman, of Captain Alexander's company, came upon the dead body of one of Averill's men at Wytheville, and upon examination of the "effects" of the dead Federal he found a journal in which the soldier had kept a daily record, but he had been killed before he had an opportunity of making an entry for that day. Dorman wishing to keep the record unbroken made the entry: "May 10, 1864. I was killed to-day."

MORNING ABLUTIONS AT A MOUNTAIN CABIN.

The wife of Colonel Giltner was a delicate young lady, vivacious, witty and of a sunny temperament. Mrs. Bart Jenkins was one of the gentlest, most amiable, refined and kindest-hearted ladies I ever knew.

When the flag had been furled at Appomattox, and we were returning to Kentucky through the mountains, Mrs. Giltner and Mrs. Jenkins were in a carriage, escorted by Henry and Neville Bullit, of Louisville, and myself. One night we secured quarters for the ladies in a mountain cabin. The next morning the ladies asked the simple but hospitable hostess for a wash basin. The lady of the house opened her eyes in surprise, not understanding what they wanted. Finally, however, she was made to comprehend, and directed them to a wooden trough down by the spring, several rods from the house.

A Man in a "Fit" and a Fight.

Mrs. Stout, a Virginia lady, saw a great deal of the Fourth Kentucky, and tells the following on Henry Razor and Jerry Leggett: Razor had "drawn" a new suit of clothes, which, as usual, were a "misfit." The trousers especially were ridiculous—the waist being about four sizes too large, and the legs only reaching a short distance below his knees. While Mrs. Stout was busily baking biscuits for them, which they were rapidly and voraciously devouring, Leggett slipped one of the hot biscuits down the bulge in Razor's Falstaffian trousers, and she says that right then and there occurred the most vicious fight she ever saw.

Texan Boys' Song.

The race is not to them that's got
The longest legs to run;
Nor the battle to that people
That shoots the biggest gun.

Confederate Prices.

Horses, ordinary	$700 to	$3,000
Boots, per pair	100 to	200
Hat	75 to	100
Coat	300 to	400
Calico, per yard	8 to	10
Coffee, per pound	15	
Sugar, per pound	5	

The Tennessee Bushwhacker.

Bill Owens, a ferocious rebel bushwhacker, came to headquarters and told how he had killed John Morrison, the noted Union bushwhacker, of Beech Creek, and how Morrison's little boy stepped out from the cabin and said: "Boys, old John's dead." Owens said he would call again after he had killed bushwhacker Sizemore and some other 'whackers.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

Of the many war songs the following was one of the most pathetic. I recall two stanzas:

" Why am I so weak and weary,
See how faint my heated breath;
All around to me seems darkness,
Tell me, comrade, is this death?
Oh, how well I know your answer!
To my fate I meekly bow;
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for mother now?

" Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrade, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die;
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow.
I have for my country fallen.
Who will care for mother now?

GENERAL MARSHALL'S "SPIRITED" ADDRESS.

In the autumn of 1864 the brigade was visited by General Humphrey Marshall, whom the boys had not seen since he had gone to Richmond to represent the Kentuckians in Congress. When he arrived in camp the boys gathered about him and demanded a speech. He said he was happy to greet them; that he had kept himself informed as to their movements, achievements, conduct and welfare, and eloquently referred to the good record "his boys" had made, far from their Kentucky homes, battling for a just cause. He then relapsed into a strain of humor, saying that when absent he was with them in spirit; that really he had been due in camp on the preceding day, but had met a few convivial spirits and got too much in the spirit, or too much of the spirit in himself; that he was so full that he would have been too full for utterance had he then put in an appearance and been called upon for an oration. It was his duty to set a good example and not let "his boys" see him so full of "spirits." He had, however, often indulged them in the vice of getting "full,"

and he now asked their forgiveness for having ordered a number of barrels of whisky to be emptied and the soil irrigated therewith at Ticktown, Ky. He thought "his boys" would agree with him that they had been getting a little too full on that occasion; that he thought he was not so much to blame for having become intemperate on the preceding day, as every officer he met presented the flowing bowl, and custom and politeness demanded that he should not slight their hospitality. He forgot that there were six drinking against one, or one against six—somehow things were mixed, and he could scarcely yet straighten them out. His peroration was grandly eloquent. In his glowing apostrophe to liberty he said the war must be fought to a triumphant conclusion, even though it became necessary to wade waist-deep in blood. Barney Giltner, the witty aid-de-camp, here interrupted the orator and said: "General, that's too deep for me. I only contracted to go in knee-deep."

A MOUNTAIN WOOD NYMPH.

Major Henry T. Stanton, the laureate, inadvertently found a mountain maid sitting on a log in a sequestered woodland. Her chin rested upon her knees, held together by her clasped hands, and her feet were bare.

"She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad."

The major halted at a respectful distance, intuitively feeling that the forlorn looking maid was in distress, and had purposely sought that secluded spot to be away from the haunts of man. Sympathetically he remained unseen and listened to the following lament, "chanted o'er and o'er," while the nymph's body swayed to and fro;

"Beauty is skin deep,
Ugly is to the bone;
Beauty fades away,
But ugly holds its own."

Our poet silently sneaked away to the camp, wiped his weeping eyes, sat down at his desk and wrote an ode, dedicated to the army mule.

The following was one of the mournful songs—sounds from the battlefield:

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air,
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there!
The bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around;
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound;
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound.

Sleep, soldier, tho' many regret thee
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day;
Soon, soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.
The man thou didst love as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

But tho' hearts that now mourn for thee sadly
Soon joyous as ever shall be;
Tho' thy bright orphan boy may laugh gladly
As he sits on some comrade's kind knee,
There is one who shall still pay the duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first, in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er the soldier's grave;
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er the soldier's grave.

A BUSHWHACKER TAKES A WHACK AT THE POET LAUREATE.

Jolly Major Henry T. Stanton came into camp, and in a poetical way told how, when upon the mountain side, he had been bushwhacked by a bloodthirsty mountaineer with an elongated squirrel rifle; how he had withdrawn himself in quintuple time from the vicinity of the "whacker's" sequestered eyre, and that he congratulated himself upon his masterly retreat—not losing a man.

THE COLD NEW YEAR.

On the morn of that New Year,
No bugle horn did we hear.

Ever memorable day, January 1, 1864! Memorable, not only on account of the excessive frigidity of the day, but by reason of the peculiar circumstances which indelibly stamped it upon the tablet of memory. No; there was no sounding of Tom Hayden s bugle. The old horn had a bad cold, likewise Tom. However, if there was no blow in the horn, old Boreas was giving us a blast, the very memory of which makes us shiver on a midsummer day.

As I said, the circumstances were peculiar, even for soldiers inured to the hardest kind of hardships. We were in Tennessee, northeast of Knoxville, in a country which the armies of Longstreet and Burnside had left a barren waste, and now, on this terribly cold morning of a day that has passed into history as "the cold New Year," we are encamped on the outpost; no fire and no prospect of a mouthful of food until we can reach our wagons, thirty miles away. On the previous day the weather was quite warm and rainy. The sudden change came in the night. We were lying on the bare ground with only the sky for canopy. Our mission at the post was ended, and at the break of day we began preparations for the long, cold, dreary march. With difficulty we untied our poor horses, which were shivering and whimpering for food. The halters were covered with ice and snow, and frozen to the small "black jack" trees, which served as hitching posts. Without any formation we started on the long tramp of thirty miles. I say tramp because no man could ride his horse that day without freezing to death. We had seen no fire, had had no cup of coffee nor good warm breakfast to fortify ourselves against the cold. The men straggled at will, many of them leaving the column to wander through the country, hoping to find warmth—they could not hope for food—at the hearths of the simple but hospitable mountaineers.

Few in that column were old enough to wear beards, but Major Parker had very black hair and beard. Toward the middle of the day, while staggering along, my horse follow-

ing, I found myself beside the major, who spoke a cheerful word. I never would have recognized him but for his voice. The patriarch Abraham never wore whiter beard than the frosted hirsute appendage of the major.

I shall not further attempt to describe our almost intolerable sufferings. Suffice to say that when, after nightfall, we came in sight of the glowing camp fires, we felt just about as happy as if entering the New Jerusalem.

Colonel Pryor and the Home Guards.

One night Colonel Pryor, recruiting in Kentucky, thought he would venture into Carrollton to see his family. When within a few miles of the town he ran into a company of Home Guards, mustered at a crossroads. Appreciating the situation the colonel promptly ordered them to advance, one man at a time, which they abjectly and meekly did, the colonel sending them, one by one, to the rear. Having thus disposed of the valiant (?) Home Guardians, the solitary horseman resumed his triumphal march to Carrollton.

A Sample.

A dark, cold night at the foot of Clinch Mountain. The courier gang has applied to a man by the name of Sample for food and been refused.

John Powell—"What's his name?"

Dick Alexander—"Sample."

John Powell—"Well, I think he's a d—d poor sample."

John Fore—"I think he's a very good sample of his class."

All—"D—n Sample!"

An old gentleman wearing a high-crowned hat enters the camp.

Soldier—"Say, mister, where did you get that hat? Have you got a rammer for it?"

JOHN SKIDMORE AND GENERAL COSBY.

On the march down the Shenandoah Valley, General Cosby, riding an inferior horse, overtook John Skidmore, of Company A, Fourth Kentucky, who was mounted upon a superb charger:

General — "Soldier, that's a fine horse. How'll you trade?"

Skidmore—"Couldn't trade 'hosses,' general, but I'll trade you my haversack for your 'hoss.'"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Battle of Saltville.

THE loss of the Virginia Saltworks would have been a dire disaster to the Confederacy. The saline springs and wells were numerous, and large sums of money had been expended in their development and in the manufacture of the most indispensable condiment used by man or beast.

A person who had never seen them could scarcely conceive of the huge piles, long ranges of salt hills.

The Federals had long coveted these works, and our scouts reported that a force of six or eight thousand cavalry with from six to ten pieces of artillery was making a rapid march from Kentucky, with the avowed determination to capture and destroy them. They were commanded by Generals Burbridge and Hobson and Colonel Charles Hanson. It was also understood that there were two negro regiments in the Federal column.

The Saltworks were probably sixty miles from the Virginia and Kentucky line, and in order to delay the enemy and to keep informed of his movements, Colonel Giltner, whose brigade was between Saltville and the Federals, sent Colonel Trimble with one hundred and fifty men to Richlands, forty miles from Saltville. It not being known with certainty by which route the Federals would approach the Saltworks, various detachments of observation were sent on several roads leading to the front and flanks. Learning that Burbridge had sent a battalion to Jeffersonville toward our right flank, Colonel Giltner ordered Captain Bart Jenkins to move in that direction to watch them. Trimble slowly fell back from Richlands, skirmishing the while with the enemy.

Our main force, not more than three hundred effective men, took position on the slope of Clinch Mountain, while the enemy in plain view were encamped in the broad fields of the demesne of stanch old General Bowen, some two miles from our position. This was on Saturday, October 1, 1864.

We knew that there were no troops behind us at Saltville, excepting a small body of militia and a few pieces of artillery. Afterward, however, Major Henry T. Stanton wrote that General "Cerro Gordo" Williams, commanding a division of cavalry, had unexpectedly arrived at Castle Woods, not far away. This was cheering news, and we now only desired to hold the enemy in check until old Cerro Gordo could reach Saltville.

About the middle of the forenoon the enemy moved out of their encampment and headed directly for our position on the mountain side. The long, blue columns as they debouched from their camps made a magnificent panoramic display. On they came in serpentine course, bugles sounding and panoplied in all the pomp and circumstance of war. A white horse battalion in front was especially noticeable. The mountain road ran in a zigzag course, and when the enemy had reached a turn in the road, about three hundred yards below one occupied by the Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles, our men fired down upon the Federals, emptying a number of saddles, killing some horses and causing the front regiments to dismount.

The superior numbers of the enemy, six thousand against three hundred, enabled them easily to flank us out of our position, but not until after a hot fight of probably a half hour. While falling back to the crest of the mountain, we partially blockaded the road by felling a few trees.

The Sixty-fourth Virginia and Tenth Kentucky Cavalry were on the summit of Flat Top Mountain to protect our flank. The enemy did not come up to our new position until an hour or two past noon, and we again fought them until they adopted their previous tactics of dismounting and flanking us. We then descended the mountain, falling back to a veritable Gibraltar, Laurel Gap. This was a narrow passway through a smaller range of mountains than the one we had just abandoned. We could have made a Thermopylæ of it but for the fact that it could be easily flanked. Here we were to make the last stand before retiring to Saltville. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, in command of probably two hundred and fifty reserves, old men and boys, was at the gap

when we got there. They were then sent to guard two less important gaps, lower down toward the Saltworks. The cliffs on either side of Laurel Gap were almost inaccessible, they could not be scaled. The Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles were posted on the cliff to the left, and the Sixty-fourth Virginia on the right. Colonel Trimble was sent up the valley behind the mountain, to check any force that might cross above and attempt to come down upon our rear.

It was late in the afternoon when the enemy appeared in heavy force, dismounted and attacked us. Scaling the mountain on the right, they charged upon the Sixty-fourth Virginia, easily driving it from its position. Our right being turned, there was nothing left but to retreat to Saltville. This we did slowly. In this fight Tom Roy, one of the best soldiers in the Fourth Kentucky, was severely wounded. There were, of course, others whose names I do not remember.

The enemy was arrogant and jubilant. The small force opposing him and the brief checks to his triumphant march emboldened him to think Saltville would fall an easy prey on the morrow. Burbridge, in his self-conceit and pomposity, did not seem even to suspect that he was being toled on to an inferno of blazing muskets and roaring artillery which would sound the death knell of hundreds of his doomed command, and whose reverberations amid the hills and valleys of the Saltworks would mingle with groans of his wounded and dying and sing requiems for his dead.

At Bradford the road forked, there being two roads to the Saltworks. Colonel Giltner took the Sixty-fourth Virginia and Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles across Holston River, and ordered Colonel Trimble with the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry and Fourth Kentucky Cavalry down the main river road. From scouts we learned that the entire Federal force had passed through Laurel Gap by midnight.

Early the next morning, Sunday, October 2, 1864, the battle of Saltville opened by the enemy making a spirited and confident attack on our pickets and skirmish lines. Heavy columns soon pressed our small force on both roads, and the

Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Kentucky Cavalry crossed over to the road occupied by Colonel Giltner, and in doing so they came immediately under the enemy's fire, Giltner having already fallen back. Colonel Trimble charged the enemy, making them recoil. He then continued to fall back slowly, until a large body of Federals charged the Fourth Kentucky. That regiment then and there fought a whole brigade for nearly a half hour. A part of the brigade occupied a high hill between two roads, just above Governor Saunders' house. General Robertson's small brigade, two hundred and fifty men, the advance of General Williams' division, arrived and took position on a high ridge to our right.

I was charmed with the appearance of General Robertson. He was the youngest looking general I had seen in the army, apparently not more than twenty-four years of age, and wearing good clothes, *en negligé*, gallant and handsome.

After much fierce fighting and shifting of positions, the enemy's frequent charges being repulsed with great loss to them, the line of battle was established substantially as follows: General Williams' division was on the high ridge on the right; Giltner's brigade was on the bluffs along the river; the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry on the bluff at the ford; on its left was the Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles; then the Sixty-fourth Virginia, and next the Fourth Kentucky, and Preston's reserves on the extreme left. Smith's and Prather's reserves were barricaded at Governor Saunders' house on a hill somewhat in advance—an exposed and dangerous position. They had been urged to abandon it but refused.

I was standing in the main road at the base of the left end of Chestnut Ridge, when General Cerro Gordo Williams rode up at the head of his command, early in the morning. He looked much the same as when I had seen him last in Tennessee; massive, tall and commanding, the picture of robust health. With the voice of a stentor he ordered his men up the ridge. Standing there in the middle of the road, he stormed and swore while hurrying the men, and continued to storm until the last man was in position. He was in prodigious haste to get into the battle, and after he got into it he stormed and "cussed" all day, and for aught I know he kept up the "storm" after the battle had ceased.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BATTLE OF SALTVILLE (Continued)—DEATH OF COLONEL TRIMBLE—DEFEAT OF THE FEDERALS.

SALTVILLE was a natural fortress, a number of hills and ridges in concentric circles surrounding it.

The enemy, apparently four thousand strong, mounted and dismounted, advanced upon our established lines and were received by a blazing line of fire from right to left. The roar and reverberations of our artillery among the gorges and fastnesses of the mountains were awe-inspiring and grand beyond description. The roar of one cannon sounded like a full battery of columbiads. The prolonged echoes were likely to inspire the delusion that a hundred hills were crowned with artillery of every caliber—howitzers, Napoleon twelve-pounders, parrotts, siege-guns, etc.

Between the hours of 11 and 12 A. M. the enemy made a grand demonstration, displaying more foolhardiness than generalship. Formed in three lines they charged the advanced reserves at Saunders', "old men and young boys," as Burbridge had contemptuously called them. Between those "old men and boys," not more than four hundred strong, and about two thousand Federals a surprisingly terrific conflict ensued. The "old men and little boys," in an exposed and unsupported position, stubbornly contested every inch of ground, much of the fighting being hand to hand. Their bravery surprised our veterans and the Federals alike. Our soldiers, accustomed to guy them, had expected them to retire precipitately at the first fire. They held their position until the enemy in overwhelming force entered the yard and surrounded the house. Their loss was severe; the more so as they had to fall back under a galling fire down a steep hill and up Chestnut Ridge. Thirty or more of them were killed, the usual proportion were wounded and as many more captured. Afterward, when passing over this part of the battlefield, my emotions were sad and sor-

rowful when I beheld gray-haired men and fair-haired boys lying side by side pale in death, slain at the threshold of their homes, on their native Virginia soil; gallant sons of the Old Dominion, the home of Washington and the mother of presidents. I take off my hat and bow in reverence to the memory of the "old men and little boys" of the Thirteenth Battalion Virginia reserves.

The enemy scarcely halting at the Saunders house swept down the hill and up Chestnut Ridge, where they were warmly received by the small brigades of Robertson and Dibbrell.

It was here that the negro regiments, conspicuously exposed, fell in heaps before the rifles of the enraged Tennesseeans. Three columns charged the center held by Colonel Trimble at the ford. One column came down the big hill, one down the river and another across the wide bottom. The Federals when charging our lines, being in plain view, were fair targets for our unerring riflemen, and consequently whenever they made a charge their losses were frightfully heavy.

Having crossed at the ford, the enemy scaled the cliff and attacked Trimble, who with his small battalion fought them in the open field at close range—not more than fifty yards. The Tenth Mounted Rifles and Sixty-fourth Virginia were sent to his support. Colonel Giltner galloped to the reserves who were then in the trenches at the church, and in obedience to his request they charged down the road and up by the graveyard, where Trimble was engaged, and delivered a withering fire, immediately, however, falling back.

Colonel Trimble Killed.

With his accustomed intrepidity the young colonel of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry was desperately holding his position, when he was shot through the head, the ball striking just beneath the star he wore on his hat. Thus fell one of the bravest of the brave, noted for his quiet, modest manner and for coolness and intrepidity in battle, an accomplished scholar, a Kentuckian by birth and a Texan by adoption. He had been a soldier from the beginning of the war, enter-

ing the army as a private and serving under General John B. Floyd, in his Northwest Virginia campaign, afterward a lieutenant in the Fifth Kentucky, thence rising to the colonelcy of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry.

> "He died a gallant knight,
> With sword in hand, for Southern right."

The enemy's advance was as signally repulsed in the center as it had been on the right. On the left they fared even worse. For more than an hour an interminable column of horsemen and footmen had been disappearing on the side of the mountain and eventually appearing in front of the Fourth Kentucky and Preston's reserves. This Federal column was commanded by Colonel Charles Hanson, a gallant officer. The Fourth Kentucky boys bore the brunt of the hot engagement that then ensued and drove the enemy back with heavy loss, there being only slight casualties in their own ranks. Captain Jim Willis was knocked down by a ball, but retained his place at the head of his company. With their long-range Enfield rifles the Fourth Kentucky made many a Federal bite the dust, and they guyed and tantalized the wavering, dispirited boys in blue unmercifully. They would fire a volley and then yell, "Come right up and draw your salt!" Silas Sims, a dead-shot, would draw a bead on a blue-coat, blaze away and then hail the "Yank" with the interrogatory, "How's that; am I shooting too high or too low?" Afterward, while passing over the field, Sims came upon the body of a dead officer whose head had been partially torn away by a cannon ball. The unsympathetic Confederate, with grim humor, took a handful of salt from his haversack and threw it into the cavity in the dead officer's head, saying, "There, you came for salt, now take some."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BATTLE OF SALTVILLE — (Continued) — CAPTAIN JENKINS IN THE FEDERAL REAR — ARRIVAL OF GENERALS BRECKINRIDGE AND ECHOLS—DUKE'S, COSBY'S AND VAUGHN'S BRIGADES—KILLING THE NEGROES.

ACTIVE firing ceased at 5 P. M. Really the enemy had been hopelessly defeated early in the afternoon, but dared not retreat, as we commanded the road through Hayters Gap, which was the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle, the road from Saltville to Laurel Gap being the perpendicular, and the road thence to Kentucky the base. Given an even start with the enemy we could easily cut them off by taking the Hayters Gap Road, as they would be compelled to retreat by way of the perpendicular and base of the right-angled triangle. They contented themselves as best they could by simply holding their position, a mile from the Saltworks, until night.

Our artillery had been well served—solid shot and shrieking bombs doing horrible execution in the dense assaulting columns. One rifled cannon near the church was especially well trained, fired rapidly. and was very effective against the column that attacked Trimble at the ford. One shot killed a major and a captain. At another time a few well-directed shots stampeded a Federal line advancing around the end of Chestnut Ridge.

It will be remembered that Captains Bart Jenkins and T M. Barrett had been sent to Jeffersonville to guard our flank before the enemy had reached the plantation of General Bowen. Captain Barrett succeeded in returning to the command before the enemy passed the Jeffersonville Road, but Captain Jenkins was cut off. As the sequel proved it would have been to our advantage had Captain Barrett been forced to remain with Jenkins. There would then have been an annoying force in the enemy's rear. The genius, celerity and daring of Jenkins and the cool imperturbability

and tenacity of Barrett would have made an admirable combination.

About the middle of the afternoon Jenkins attacked the Federal rear, surprising Confederates and Federals and creating a diversion in our favor, Burbridge withdrawing four or five hundred men from our front to face the unknown force in his rear.

Jenkins' bold attack and masterly evolutions greatly mystified and demoralized Burbridge's already defeated and dispirited troops.

A considerable part of our force was not engaged at all. General Williams' own brigade, commanded by Colonel Breckinridge, had only one battalion in the fight, and three or four hundred of the reserves were in action only a brief time. Giltner's brigade fired some seventy-five or one hundred rounds of ammunition to the man.

Just after dark Captain Guerrant and myself were riding over the field when we met General Robertson, who said he thought his men had killed nearly all the negroes.

Among the casualties that occurred in Giltner's brigade, I do not pretend to remember all, were the following: Major Cox, of Trimble's battalion, was shot from his horse, desperately wounded; Captain John Honaker, of the same troop, was wounded; Lieutenant James Crutchfield, of the Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles, was killed. Lieutenant Crit Ireland, acting aid-de-camp on Giltner's staff, had his horse shot from under him.

Generals Breckinridge and Echols arrived after nightfall; also the small brigades of Generals Duke, Cosby and Vaughn.

The Federals built numerous fires, which excited a suspicion, afterward verified, that they would be gone before the dawn of Monday.

The Fourth Kentucky relieved Trimble's battalion guarding the ford. With our front guarded by a strong skirmish line, the clear, blue Holston River running between us and the enemy, the "sentinel stars having set their watch in the sky," the Confederates slept peacefully and refreshingly until the early dawn of Monday

Our command had always entertained a supreme contempt for Burbridge's generalship, but on this occasion he was entitled to credit for knowing when to retreat. Had the Federals remained in their position until the next morning they never would have gotten back to Kentucky except as exchanged prisoners of war. Reinforced in the night by Duke's, Cosby's and Vaughn's troops, we could easily have intercepted the retreating enemy on the narrow mountain roads and have hemmed them within the fastnesses of the mountains.

I awoke at the first faint light of the dawn and saw that, as usual, a dense fog enveloped mountain and valley. All was quiet and impenetrably dark in front. Presently I heard a shot, then another and another until the firing swelled to the volume of that of a skirmish line. It seemed to indicate that the enemy were still in our front. Some adventurous scouts, however, soon came in and reported the enemy *non est inventus*. But what did that firing mean? I mounted my horse, and guided by an occasional pistol or rifle shot made my way through the fog until I had arrived at a point some distance to the front and right of the position from which I had started. I soon became aware of the fact that I was in the front of Robertson's and Dibbrell's brigades, and the desultory firing was at once explained—the Tennesseeans were killing negroes. Dead Federals, whites and negroes, were lying all about me. Of course many of the negroes had been killed in battle, but many of them had been killed after the battle, that morning. Hearing more firing in front, I cautiously rode forward and came upon a squad of Tennesseeans, mad and excited to the highest degree. They were shooting every wounded negro they could find. Hearing firing on other parts of the field, I knew that the same awful work was going on all about me. It was horrible, most horrible. Robertson's and Dibbrell's brigades had lost many good men and officers, probably shot by these same negroes, and they were so exasperated that they could not be deterred from their murderous work. Very many of the negroes standing about in groups were only slightly wounded, but they soon went down before the unerring pistols and rifles of the enraged Tennesseeans.

Had Burbridge done his duty he could have carried those wounded Africans off with his retreating column. Many of them were not disabled to the extent that they could not travel. They had not been awakened when the Federals "folded their tents and silently stole away." The poor, unfortunate negroes had overslept themselves and found that they had been deserted by their comrades and left to be massacred--a fate that Burbridge must have known would befall them should they fall into Confederate hands. I pitied them from the bottom of my heart and would have interposed in their behalf had I not known that any effort to save them would be futile. Some of them were so slightly wounded that they could even run, but when they ran from the muzzle of one pistol it was only to be confronted by another. Entering a little log cabin, I paused at the threshold when I saw seven or eight slightly wounded negroes standing with their backs against the walls. I had scarcely been there a minute when a pistol-shot from the door caused me to turn and observe a boy, not more than sixteen years old, with a pistol in each hand. I stepped back, telling him to hold on until I could get out of the way. In less time than I can write it, the boy had shot every negro in the room. Every time he pulled a trigger a negro fell dead. Generally the negroes met their fate sullenly. It was bang, bang, bang, all over the field—negroes dropping everywhere. About this time General Breckinridge, General Duke and other officers appeared on the scene. General Breckinridge, with blazing eyes and thunderous tones, ordered that the massacre should be stopped. He rode away and—the shooting went on. The men could not be restrained. I saw a youth approach a bright-looking mulatto boy standing quietly in front of a log cabin, who seemed to think he was in no danger. The young soldier leveled his pistol, and then the little mulatto jumped behind a sapling not larger than a man's arm, and cried out that General Duke had ordered him to remain there until he should return. It was of no use. In another moment the little mulatto was a corpse. It was said, I know not how truly, that General Duke had recognized the young negro as one who had belonged to the family of Morgan, or Duke, at Lexington, Ky.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BATTLE OF SALTVILLE (Continued) — THE RETREAT AND PURSUIT—GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE—COLONEL CHARLES HANSON—FEDERAL DEPREDATIONS—ESCAPE OF THE FEDERALS.

EVIDENTLY the enemy had retreated precipitately and much demoralized, as they had abandoned guns, ammunition, hats, coats, horses and other miscellaneous camp paraphernalia. The hills and fields were strewn with their dead and the houses were filled with their wounded. Their ostentatious cry, "*Delenda est Carthago*," had been changed to that of "*Sauve qui peut.*"

The ring of the rifle continued to sound the death-knell of the poor negroes. They were all killed—a multitude of them. The sable soldier was not accorded the privilege of surrendering himself a prisoner of war. I did not see any of the Kentuckians shoot a negro. A few of them, however, may have done so. Not having met the negroes in battle they had not the same provocation as the Tennesseeans.

General Breckinridge having ordered a scout from Giltner's brigade to find the missing Federals the dashing Captain Dick Gathright was sent on their trail in hot pursuit.

General Williams, with Duke's, Cosby's, Vaughn's, Robertson's and Dibbrell's small brigades, was ordered to take the road through Hayters Gap, and, if possible, intercept the enemy in Richlands. There was an unaccountable delay. I observed that General Basil Duke, whose brigade formed the advance of Williams' division, was promptly in the saddle and at the head of his column, restlessly impatient, awaiting the pleasure of Breckinridge or of Williams for him to move forward. I have often thought of the brilliant young general's appearance on that morning. He was the impersonation of the ideal cavalier, a veritable Prince Rupert or Henry of Navarre. His agile, symmetrical form was in constant, nervous motion. Restlessly turning in his saddle, his dark

eyes flashing, he impatiently awaited the order to advance. His was an attractive, martial figure. It must have been about 8 o'clock when the expected order came. Like a flash General Duke wheeled in his saddle, shouted "Forward!" and was off like a shot, the remainder of Williams' division trailing along behind him.

Giltner's brigade was ordered to follow the enemy, but not to force them to accelerate their march, as it was desired to give Williams time to get ahead of them. The enemy having many hours the start it was doubtful whether Old Cerro Gordo could intercept them.

About a mile up the river we found Colonel Charles Hanson lying in a little log hut desperately wounded. In company with Colonel Giltner, Doctor Scott and Colonel Bob Stoner I went in to see him. He was lying on a rude bed and swearing horribly. Several canteens of brandy hung at the head of the bed, and it was evident he had been drinking copiously of their contents. His surgeon, Doctor Hunt, an old acquaintance, whom we had captured at Mt. Sterling, was attending him. The colonel was familiarly well acquainted with Colonel Bob Stoner, calling him "Bob," and to him he addressed most of his conversation. He expressed his opinion of Burbridge in language more forceful than polite, and said that Burbridge had kept well to the rear, "too d—d cowardly to go where he had sent his men." A minie ball having passed through his body the surgeons declared the wound was mortal, but although he thought himself in the immediate presence of death he made no effort to make his "peace, calling and election sure," but continued to "cuss a blue streak."

Colonel Hanson was a tall, well proportioned, exceedingly handsome man, quite drunk and seemingly very wicked. We did not have time to remain with him long, and when we left him he was still "cussin'" and drinking brandy. Having no other thought than that he would surely die we were surprised to learn later that he had been removed to Emory and Henry Hospital, and that he would recover. The noted Champ Ferguson, who always carried a black flag, pushed his way to Hanson's ward in the hospital, and would have

killed him but for the interposition of the Confederate guards.

Continuing the pursuit evidence of the demoralization of the Federals accumulated all along the route. Captain Gathright had overtaken and stampeded what remained of the negro regiments at Laurel Gap, the Federal commander again seeming determined to sacrifice the negroes in order to protect his white soldiers. He gave the negroes the post of honor—the most dangerous positions.

At Laurel Gap we found an abandoned cannon, and further along another. The Federals pillaged every house on the route, the negroes especially making themselves very obnoxious, insulting women, breaking into trunks, presses, bureaus, etc.

About 4 P. M., when crossing Clinch Mountain, we saw the rear of the Federal column passing General Bowen's. They took all of the old general's negroes, horses, cattle, etc. Burbridge had also made a captive of Governor Saunders, gray-haired and decrepit, sixty years old, and exhibited his petty meanness and cruelty by making the old gentleman walk. The Federals were fine foragers. They killed sixty sheep for one man, and all the geese, turkeys, ducks, chickens and hogs they could find. They robbed the gardens and even levied on all the portable cooking utensils usually found in kitchens. They left many a poor, broken-down horse, and at one point the Sixty-fourth Virginia picked up eleven Federals, lost in the woods. We met a number of negroes, men, women and children, who had gone off with the enemy, coming back. At dusk Colonel Diamond, commanding the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, attacked the enemy's rear while crossing Clinch River. Moving slowly, according to orders, we felt fairly confident of "bagging" the entire Federal force, but toward noon of the next day we found that the "best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee"—General Williams had failed to "head off" the enemy. Our mortification and disappointment were great. It was useless to follow further.

CHAPTER XL.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—GENERAL COSBY—NATURAL BRIDGE —LEXINGTON—WASHINGTON COLLEGE—VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE—STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE—GENERAL EARLY—GENERAL LOMAX—CAPTAIN MCAFEE—ROSSER'S MEN.

"Where Shenandoah brawls along—
And burly Blue Ridge echoes strong
To swell the soldiers' rousing song
Of Stonewall Jackson's way."

ON or about the 20th of October, 1864, General John C. Breckinridge ordered General George B. Cosby, with detachments of Giltner's and Hodge's brigades, to proceed down the Shenandoah Valley and report to General Jubal A. Early. Cosby's command consisted of parts of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, Captain Bart Jenkins' company, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, Sixty-fourth Virginia, Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles, First Kentucky Mounted Rifles, Second Kentucky Mounted Rifles and the Sixth Confederate Battalion—about five hundred men. Our disabled men and horses were left in camp near Wytheville, Va.

General George B. Cosby was a native of Louisville, Ky., and had spent the greater part of his life at West Point and in the regular army. While in the United States army he was lieutenant in the Second Dragoons, commanded by Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston. He had served on the staff of Lieutenant-General S. B. Buckner. He was about thirty-five years old, five and a half feet in height, and weighed not more than one hundred and fifteen pounds. His hair and eyes were black, and his complexion dark. He was a polished man and somewhat of a martinet. He had some noticeable peculiarities, one of which was that he was invariably thrown into a rage when he saw an officer or soldier building a fire against a standing tree. Although the camp might be in the midst of a dense forest, he held that there was no excuse for wanton and unnecessary destruction of

timber. He was interesting in conversation and genial in temperament.

The general's staff was made up as follows: Major O. S. Tenny, Q. M.; Major Clark, Q. M.; Major Thompson, C. S.; Major Shook, C. S.; Captain Sam Shipp, A. I. G.; Captain E. O. Guerrant, A. A. G.; Captain J. J. McAfee, A. A. G.; Captain Johnson, Ordinance Officer; Lieutenant Carrington, Ordinance Officer; Lieutenant Crit Ireland, A. I. G.; Captain Barney Giltner and Charles D. Carter, Aids-de-camp.

I hailed with delight the prospect of a trip down the valley. I had been anxious to see the beautiful valley, celebrated in song and story, and which had recently been made famous by the brilliant exploits of Stonewall Jackson. The march was through a country of romantic appearance. The great turnpike road which runs through the entire length of the valley was the best I have ever seen. Much of the country is very beautiful, bearing a striking resemblance to the blue-grass region of Kentucky. When we were crossing the Alleghanies we were scarcely aware of the fact, the grade being so gradual. Of the objects of interest the one of greatest curiosity was the wonderful Natural Bridge. The main road runs right over it. General Cosby permitted the command to halt for an hour or two, that the boys might inspect the wonderful structure of nature. The bridge is an immense arch of limestone, two hundred and fifteen feet above Cedar Creek and averages eighty feet in width and fifty-five in thickness. The arch forms a perfect bridge, which, when viewed from the margin of the stream below, presents an imposing appearance. This great valley is fenced on one side by the Blue Ridge and on the other by the Alleghanies, the expansive country being alternately level and undulating, dotted with elegant mansions, reminding one of baronial halls. The broad, fertile fields and extensive bluegrass savannas make up a picture of beauty and grandeur which my inartistic pen is incapable of describing. Staunton, Salem, Harrisonburg, Lexington, Strasburg, Winchester and other towns, notwithstanding the desolation wrought by war, retained much of their pristine, substantial and aristocratic

appearance. Lexington, situated on tableland, about equidistant between the Alleghany Mountains and the Blue Ridge, was a town of probably one thousand inhabitants. The streets were crooked, but the houses were generally large and built somewhat after the style of those in cities, seemingly commencing at the second story — the kitchen, laundry, etc., being in the basement. Few men were at home —all gone into the war. The women were refined and cultured; but we did not see many of them. They were either busily engaged with their domestic duties or weeping. Washington College, now known as Washington and Lee University, consisted of several attractive and commodious brick buildings west or northwest of town.

The Virginia Military Institute, then almost in ruins, stood near North River. Even in ruins the buildings were imposing, though the silent walls, vacant windows and open doors gave them a mournful appearance. Within those walls and on the surrounding campus the immortal military genius, Stonewall Jackson, had taught the cadets and trained them in artillery evolutions. The Federal general, Hunter, had attempted to destroy the buildings at about the time the right wing of his invading cavalry, under Averill, had been stampeded by General John H. Morgan, at Wytheville.

In the center of the cemetery I sorrowfully and reverentially stood beside the grave of Jackson. There was then no stone, no monument—nothing but a small flagstaff and Confederate flag to mark the sepulcher of the renowned Napoleonic warrior who "had gone across the river to rest under the shade of the trees." It was a simple, sodded mound, with a bouquet of flowers, a daily offering laid upon it by loving hands. The boards at the head and foot of the grave had been mutilated by the Federals, who carried away chips and splinters as souvenirs. In no spirit of vandalism, however, did they do this. The Union soldiers entertained the highest respect for the great Christian general, and they had no thought of desecrating his grave.

Sheridan, the famous barn-burner, had left his signet almost everywhere in the valley. Somber ruins marked the places where the proud Virginia manor houses, granaries and mam-

moth barns had stood. In many localities it was a desert land. The brave sons of refined and cultured old Virginia families were daily being shot down while defending their ancestral halls and their loved native land. Their weeping mothers, wives and sisters were driven from their homes by the flaming torch, an instrument of warfare disgraceful to even the untutored barbarian—the Goths and Vandals. The land of Washington, of Jefferson, of Madison, of Monroe, of Marshall, of Patrick Henry, of the Lees, the Jacksons, the Stuarts, the Ashbys and the Randolphs was made waste by fire and sword in the hands of men professing love for a country of which Washington, the Virginian, was the illustrious father—the first in war, the first in peace and the first in the hearts of his countrymen.

I turn from the somber, sickening picture, doffing my hat and reverentially bowing to the memory of the Virginians. Let the curtain fall, while the orchestra renders music doloroso.

At New Market General Cosby reported to General Early and was assigned to the cavalry division of Major-General Lomax, a young officer six feet two inches in height, with black eyes and hair, slow in speech, plain and unpretentious in manner. General Davidson, one of his brigade commanders, was not tall, but he was very broad. Captain Guerrant said the appearance of the two generals suggested longitude and latitude.

General Early, commanding Jackson's corps, was apparently about fifty years of age, probably six feet in height, well proportioned, but somewhat stoop-shouldered. He wore a great gray coat and an ancient-looking white slouch hat, decorated with a black plume. He "cussed and swore awfully," and drank liberally, as was the wont of the traditional "fine old Virginia gentlemen." He always carried a canteen, which was generally supposed to contain brandy or whisky. However, "Old Jubal" was very popular, notwithstanding his wicked ways.

When we arrived in the valley the battle of Cedar Creek had just been fought, and the first reading matter I saw was General Early's address to his troops, in which he recited their enviable record as soldiers and praised their valor which

had won the battle and sent the Federal army flying down the valley, broken and demoralized. He then, in scathing language, denounced them for having lost the fruits of their great victory by breaking ranks and devoting themselves to plundering the enemy's camps. It was an able, lengthy, interesting paper, and in many respects a remarkable composition, abounding in praise, pathos, pleading and denunciation. One who has seen General Early can well imagine his wrath, and how he "cussed and swore" on that fateful day, when he had seen his signal victory turned into defeat by his gallant soldiers, intoxicated with victory, indulging themselves in a wild revel in the enemy's camps. The general pointed out to them how easily they could have followed up their victory had they not stopped to plunder, converting themselves into a demoralized mob, an easy prey to Sheridan when he turned and attacked them.

Had Early's army retained its organization and continued its march against the fleeing Federals, "Sheridan's Ride," so-called, would never have been written. The excuse for Early's men is that they were ragged and hungry. The rich stores of food and clothing belonging to Sheridan's army were too tempting; in fact were irresistibly attractive; they halted in the midst of victory, and acting upon the principle that "to the victor belongs the spoils" they abandoned themselves to the pleasures of the hour. The soldiers felt their disgrace keenly, and did not resent the old general's terrible denunciations. They admitted that the general's scathing, condemnatory sentences were justly deserved. But among all his denunciations there was no charge of cowardice. The veterans whom he commanded, among whom was the old "Stonewall brigade," could never be charged with cowardice.

New Market was a small, war-worn, battle-scarred town, having more the appearance of barracks for soldiers than a habitation for citizens. The town was full of soldiers, guns, wagons—everything that constituted the panoply of war. There I first saw General John B. Gordon, the fighting Georgian, and a number of other notables whose names I shall not stop to write.

Lomax's division was composed of the brigades of Davidson, W L. Jackson, Imboden, McCausland and Cosby.

General Cosby issued the following address to his brigade:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY COMMAND,

LURAY VALLEY, VA., October 31, 1864.

The brigadier-general commanding takes pleasure in complimenting the command for good conduct on the march which has now terminated. But few disgraceful exceptions marred its discipline.

Soldiers, you bring to the Valley of Virginia an untarnished reputation. Let your record here be worthy of the past and a source of pride in the future.

Let no straggling, want of discipline or drunkenness disgrace your usefulness. Your path of duty is plain. Let no man depart from it.

GEORGE B. COSBY, *Brigadier-General.*

EDWARD O. GUERRANT, *A. A. G.*

Captain McAfee soon became disgusted with the scant rations and tragically exclaimed: "My stomach feels heated and unsatisfied-like." When he got to Pennsylvania he intended to eat light bread, apple butter, cow butter and poultry *ad infinitum*, and burn mills, barns and granaries *ad libitum*, *a la* Sheridan. We trembled to think of the dire fate of the poor Pennsylvanians, when hungry "Ginger," with epicurean stomach, should swoop down upon them. But there continued to be a perennial vacuum in "Mack's" stomach. He never "got there."

While on our way from New Market over into Luray Valley we met General Rosser's famous cavalry. They were well dressed, handsome, gallant-looking fellows and very merry, the result of a recent successful raid upon a "still house," found in a sequestered spot in the Blue Ridge. Our boys saluted them and cried out, "Too gay, fellows, too gay!"

We also passed through Kershaw's division of infantry, McLaw's old division, whom we had seen before with Longstreet in Tennessee.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY (Continued) — LURAY VALLEY — GENERAL IMBODEN—LIEUTENANT CRIT IRELAND—"MOONSHINE STILLS"—COLUMBIA BRIDGE—FRONT ROYAL—DESOLATION AND GRAVES.

WE learned that Sheridan was at Strasburg, "twenty miles away." We continued to meet occasionally a Rosser cavalryman who had tarried behind his comrades at the mountain "still house." The little distilleries seemed to be about the only inflammable objects that Sheridan had neglected to burn. Possibly he thought "fire water" was hot enough and quite as demoralizing and destructive as his own fire-brands.

Our own boys were not long in finding out that they were in a land of apple-jack, nor was it long until many of our "sophisticated old timers" became as jolly as Rosser's merry cavaliers.

"We journeyed on
With shout and song
While Shenandoah
Brawled along,"

And went into camp twelve or fifteen miles from New Market, near Columbia Bridge, which was burned by Stonewall Jackson just before his triple victory over Shields, Banks and Fremont at Cross Keys, Port Republic, etc. These valley soldiers and people almost deified Jackson, saying he seemed to be omnipresent and omniscient—an inspired and invincible Mars of war.

Although the distillers made no application for them General Cosby supplied the "moonshine resorts" with double guards—a matter of precaution and of courtesy. (?) The general knew the "failing" of his Kentuckians and remembered Rosser's Laurel brigade, composed of good-looking, gayly-dressed boys, on good horses, but carrying "a little too much of the over-be-joyful."

General Imboden visited our headquarters while we were at Columbia Bridge, and continued his visits on future occasions, being always a most welcome guest. Tall and stately, courteous in manner, elegant and scholarly in conversation, he was the ideal, fine old Virginia gentleman. When he visited Cosby's quarters we were usually treated to a medley of the sublime and ridiculous. While General Imboden would be charming us with discourses on art and poetry, the classics and science, he would be interrupted by gallant Lieutenant Crit Ireland, who wanted to tell some ridiculous anecdote or laughable, impossible story. Ireland was a connoisseur in equine flesh, unexcelled in horsemanship, but literature was not his forte. His fortissimo laughter was in marked contrast to Imboden's dulcet tones. Again while the learned general's rythmic, enchanting language fascinated the audience around the bivouac fire Captain McAfee, with his hands upon his "unsatisfied-like stomach," would spoil the enchantment by bewailing the fact that there was not even one poor rooster left to welcome the rosy dawn along the banks of the classic Shenandoah.

General Imboden had been intimately associated with Stonewall Jackson, whom he regarded as the greatest military genius of the war. He said that Jackson undoubtedly won the first battle at Manassas; that he always favored aggressive tactics and planned to attack both front and rear.

Tom Hayden's "shrill trumpet calling" summoned us to horse, as the morning lances routed the mists of the Shenandoah, and when the sun peeped over the Blue Ridge we resumed our march down Luray Valley, our objective point being Front Royal, the site of another of the immortal Jackson's triumphs over an often beaten foe. It was a small, city-like town, in a level bottom, probably a mile above the junction of the two branches of the Shenandoah River. The ladies of the place were noted for refinement and Southern patriotism. The surrounding country was desolation. We were in the region where Jackson had achieved undying fame. Here huge armies had been again and again hurled against each other, and the country was marked with ruins

and graves. Graves everywhere; in the cemetery, in the woodland, by the roadside, in the fields, in the church-yard, in the garden. The very atmosphere seemed charged with the breath of the grim reaper; the country was a Golgotha.

"The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood;
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpse that sleeps below."

CHAPTER XLII.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY (Continued)—GENERAL EARLY MAKES A RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE—THE INFANTRY EXCHANGES PLEASANTRIES WITH THE CAVALRY—LOST ON A BLEAK PLATEAU —A FRAGRANT BREATH AND TWO CANTEENS—A WEIRD SCENE.

"See you the foeman's banner waving?"
"We see the foeman's banner waving."
"Hark to the music—the trumpet and fife,
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife!"

FROM Front Royal we moved on down the valley, looking for Sheridan, whom we found about five miles south of Winchester. On the night of November 11, 1864, our bivouac fires illumined a line of battle, and three miles distant was a long line of glowing fires, indicating that "Cavalry Sheridan" was ready and willing to fight us on the morrow. Early's army had marched down the valley with "glad and gallant tread," seemingly eager to recover the laurels it had won and lost at Cedar Creek, October 19th.

The bands played inspiring melodies, and the veterans of many battlefields sang, jested and laughed, apparently without a thought of the probable horrors of a great battle on the morrow. Their hearts were filled with "banquet song and dance and wine," oblivious of the morrow's tear, the groan, the knell, the pall, the bier. Here and there, however, was a group of Kentucky cavalrymen speculating upon "coming events," and grimly discussing the probability of measuring lances with the "gallant yellow-haired Custer," who was known to be with the Federal cavalry in front.

When Tom Hayden's bugle sounded the reveille on the morning of November 12th, our division (Lomax's) was on the extreme right of the army. An occasional volley was heard toward the front, and as usual "camp rumors" were numerous. Some said that Sheridan had fallen back beyond Winchester, and that Early's infantry skirmishers were already advancing; others said that Sheridan was moving

upon our lines, all of which proved to be correct. Both armies were advancing their skirmishers and maneuvering for position, preliminary to a general engagement.

General Lomax soon received an order to double-quick to the left flank to assist Rosser, who was being pressed by a superior force of Merritt's admirable cavalry. Away we went across the entire front of the infantry, a line four miles long. The infantry, with burnished guns and bristling bayonets, were wheeling into position, and they made many a jest as we passed along their lines. They wanted to know what had become of "that mule of Morgan's," and implored us to "come down out of our hats." They knew we were "in there, because they could see our ears a-working."

The bands were playing, the drums sounded the long-roll, the shrill fife pierced the November air, the bugles sounded various calls, artillery rolled to the front, the skirmish lines were hotly engaged, the roar of the battle had commenced; but still blithe and gay the Stonewall Brigade and Gordon's veterans good-naturedly jested with the cavalry. Apparently "Sheridan's Ride," so-called, had not destroyed the *morale* of these stout-hearted veterans who were marching along with jest and song, ready, yea, eager, to again measure lances with the boastful Federals.

Both armies were maneuvering in broad, apparently boundless, meadows on both sides of the valley pike, the grand highway of armies. The fields very much resembled the bluegrass pastures of Kentucky.

Having run the gauntlet of the infantry, we found that Rosser's gallant boys had been driven back from the left flank front to a line even with that of the infantry, but they had brought with them one hundred and four prisoners, and had killed and wounded many of the enemy.

We formed in line of battle, facing Winchester; then we faced toward the Alleghany Mountains, but were soon ordered across the fields to form another line facing in a different direction. The firing was heavy along the lines, but there was no general engagement of the infantry. After much changing of position our division faced Winchester again, and then dismounted. Again mounting our horses, we sat for

half an hour in the piercing cold, when General Lomax rode up and ordered General Cosby to follow him. The division then again passed along the entire line of the infantry to the position it had occupied in the morning. We passed General Early in front of McLaw's division. Although it was then night heavy firing rolled along the front, the blazing guns producing a fine display of fireworks. En route across the valley we struck General John B. Gordon's division of infantry at right angles ; they were in columns, marching to the rear, and we then realized that Early was falling back ; that under cover of a heavy battle line in front the army was slowly and sullenly retiring. While waiting for them to pass the long lines of infantry seemed interminable—an endless stream of human beings. Our cavalry boys became impatient, and occasionally seeing a gap in the marching columns they would attempt to ride through, but the infantry would double-quick to the point, with bayonets fixed, and give the cavalrymen to, understand that they could either stand where they were until they (the infantry) passed or fight—they did not care a d—n which. An infantryman, who probably had eaten nothing for two days, would propose to swap his gun for a horse and throw in his rations. They were very lively, full of fun, and would occasionally stop and cry out, " Rally, boys, rally ! " " Here's the place to make a stand ! " " We can whip them if a few men will only make a determined stand here "—referring to the cries of their officers who had endeavored to rally them at Cedar Creek.

We finally got through the columns of infantry, and were then ordered by General Lomax to move across the country to Front Royal via Cedarville ; thence back to our former position in Luray Valley.

Why the army was falling back no one seemed to know. Some said General Early had intended to fight a general battle, but had found Sheridan too strong ; others, that he had made the " demonstration in force " to show Sheridan that he was neither dead nor sleeping, and that his army was not scattered and demoralized, as Sheridan had reported to his admirers in the North. But whatever the object of the movement many a poor fellow was left stark and cold upon

the field. For an hour or more after dark the firing was heavy and incessant—raging fearfully in the cold, pitiless moonlight. Although not an engagement of the whole army it was a battle that would have been especially notable had it occurred in any previous war in this country. A great many more graves were dug and additional numbers of our comrades were left "sleeping in the valley."

"Sink, O night, among thy mountains!
Let the cool, gray shadows fall!
Dying brothers, fighting demons—
Drop thy curtain over all!

"Through the thickening winter twilight,
Wide apart the battle rolled;
In its sheath the saber rested,
And the cannon's lips grew cold."

When Lomax's division left the battlefield Cosby's brigade marched in advance, and being unacquainted with the country the general secured a guide to conduct him across the fields and through the woodlands to the Winchester and Front Royal Turnpike. When within probably two miles of the road the guide became confused and finally admitted that he was lost. We halted on a cold, bleak plateau, and scouts were sent forward to ascertain "where we were at."

While waiting on that desolate promontory the troops experienced some of the horrible sensations of men freezing to death. Many of the rank and file had neither blankets nor overcoats, and, besides, they were ravenously hungry. We did not dare build fires, as we had heard that General McCausland had fought a cavalry fight with the enemy at Cedarville during the afternoon. Cedarville was between us and Front Royal, and we did not know but that the Federals were in our immediate front. I shiver now when I think of that terrible night—no fires, no blankets, no overcoats; hungry, freezing and lost in close proximity to the enemy. Some poor fellows were almost wild with pain and fear—the fear of freezing to death.

Who can question the patriotism of those heroic Confederate soldiers, to fame and to fortune unknown? No pay, no

bounty, scant clothing and little food. Exposed to the bitter cold and to every danger they unhesitatingly performed any required duty, marched almost continuously and fought desperately. The record of their marches was written in blood from their shoeless feet along the roads of the valley and other highways of the South. The milestones were battlefields and—graves.

I never experienced a more welcome illustration of how the unexpected happens than on that night. While my teeth were chattering and my frail frame was shaking like an aspen leaf Tom Hayden, the bugler, cautiously approached me, placed his arms affectionately around my neck and—blew his breath in my face.

Gentle reader, do you think I was insulted? Not much. That breath was laden with the fragrant fumes of "moonshine brandy," and wonderingly, but unquestioningly, I heeded his mute signal, "dropped to all fours," and following his lead crept through the grass to a pack-mule, which I recognized as one belonging to Doctor Scott, the surgeon and was supposed to be guarded by the doctor's factotum, Bob Hudson. Bob seemed to be off duty—probably drunk or undergoing the process of freezing to death. I knew, instinctively, that I was in the immediate presence of the "elixir of life," and did not stop to worry about poor Bob's condition or fate. I kept my eyes on Hayden, and saw him crawl to the gentle and generous mule. I did likewise. Two canteens, dangling from the pommel of the saddle, glistened in the pale moonlight. Hayden, in a half erect position, inverted one of the canteens and let the contents thereof flow in an uninterrupted stream down his throat. No words were spoken. None were necessary. All I had to do was to imitate my comrade, and I imitated him until those canteens were sucked dry. Is there a Good Templar living who would have acted differently under similar circumstances? I think not. The fire-water had a wonderfully exhilarating effect upon us. That was really a generous act in Hayden. He might have appropriated to himself the two canteens, but he preferred to divide "the find" with a comrade. Good old Tom! I believe I should have frozen to death if his

olfactories had not located that life-giving elixir. I shall not attempt to quote the awful language of Doctor Scott when he discovered the vacuum in those canteens.

His terrific rage and the sulphurous condition of the circumambient atmosphere can be better imagined than described. Poor Hudson bore the brunt of the tirade, while Hayden and I, like Cæsar's wife, were above suspicion.

Our scouts finally reported that the enemy had passed beyond the point where we would come into the road. Moving onto the pike we found ourselves within one mile of the Federal vedettes. We then marched toward Front Royal, passing over McCausland's battlefield. It was a dreary, dismal march. The houses were filled with wounded men. In one lay the inspector-general of McCausland's brigade mortally wounded. By the roadside and in the fields, stark and stiff, lay the frozen bodies of dead soldiers—rebel soldiers! Their wan faces looked piteous and ghastly in the dim moonlight. Dead horses, saddles, bridles, wagons, sabers, broken guns, hats, coats and a burning caisson mutely told the story of the sanguinary combat between the fighting McCausland and his little brigade and a whole division of the enemy, commanded by General Powell, whom McCausland always called "That d—d one-eyed Powell." He was McCausland's old antagonist, and he hated him thoroughly. Powell was commanding Averill's division, the same that Morgan had defeated at Wytheville.

"The pale moon rose up softly,
And calmly she looked down
On the red sands of the battlefield
With bloody corpses strewn."

The fight had taken place in open fields, where the enemy, by reason of their greatly superior numbers, had every advantage. McCausland's brigade had been literally run over. In fact it was rashness in McCausland to make a stand at all. He was driven back across the Shenandoah, losing two colonels and other officers, many of his men and two pieces of artillery. I drop the curtain on the dismal scene.

We recrossed the Shenandoah, leaving McCausland's dead braves alone in their glory.

> "Farewell! fallen brothers; tho' this life is o'er
> There's another in which we shall meet you once more."

We passed McCausland's lone vedette, standing specter-like on the overhanging bank, peering over "Guard Hill" for a blue-coat or the gleam of a deadly rifle. McCausland's scattered brigade at midnight was guarding the fords of the Shenandoah. The Fourth Kentucky and Captain Jenkins' company relieved McCausland and guarded the front until the next morning.

For some days we marched and countermarched. The enemy made a number of demonstrations; skirmishes were frequent, but "that d—d one-eyed Powell" made no serious effort to cross the river.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FAREWELL TO THE VALLEY—GENERAL EARLY'S OPINION OF THE CAVALRY—GOOD NEWS FROM ROSSER—NEW CLOTHING—FAMOUS VIRGINIA SPRINGS—THE RETURN MARCH—GRAVE OF CAPTAIN CLEBURNE—MRS. JOHN B. FLOYD.

NOVEMBER 24, 1864, General Early ordered General Cosby to report to General Breckinridge, then in Tennessee. General Early himself selected our route, directing General Cosby to return by way of Warm Springs and Lewisburg. Grimly smiling, the old general remarked to Cosby that the people on that route had more horses to spare than those living along the valley pike. He had never been an admirer of the cavalry and was wont to say, "They are only good to stampede and to steal horses," and that "Nobody ever saw a dead man wearing spurs." However, he had somewhat modified his opinion. His horsemen had done valuable service when his infantry was stampeded at Cedar Creek, and the accomplished General Rosser and his merry cavaliers had just covered themselves with glory by a dash into Piedmont, resulting in the capture of about one thousand Federals, fifteen hundred horses, two thousand cattle, eight cannon and innumerable small arms, all of which had been brought to New Market and presented to the cynical old general as trophies of the generalship and *esprit de corps* of the cavalry, especially of Rosser's Laurel brigade.

Just at this time also came the cheering news that General Breckinridge, who had been General Early's associate in the grand demonstration on Washington City, had signally defeated Gillem in Tennessee, capturing seven or eight hundred prisoners, six cannon, caissons, horses, fifty loaded wagons, ambulances, etc. Good for Breckinridge! We all rejoiced at the humiliation of Gillem, our old antagonist, the slayer of General Morgan.

When we started to rejoin Breckinridge our horses were nearly starved and the men were in a like condition. Luckily

about this time the brigade drew probably four hundred suits of most excellent dark gray clothing, of English manufacture, which had recently run the blockade. The clothing came none too soon, as the troops were suffering greatly from the Spitzbergen weather which had prevailed nearly all the while we were in the valley. One night I shall never forget. The northwest wind was a howling blast. The force of the storm was similar to the euroclydon of the seas and the tornado of the woodlands. No sky, no stars were visible. The moon had the appearance of a white flower in a leaden vase. Captain Guerrant and myself, more fortunate than many, secured a wisp of hay for a bed, and a buffalo robe served for a coverlet. But the wind whistled through the old tent, the trees moaned, the tent creaked and finally fell down, the horses neighed, and we shivered while we longed for morning. We thought of the comforts of home and the cost of liberty. The heavens, obscured by leaden snow-clouds, resembled a polar sky; the Lapland fields bounded by mountains deep in Alpine snow and swept by Siberian blasts afforded no asylum from the arctic cold.

Our route led us by the way of the noted Hot Springs, Warm Springs, White Sulphur Springs, Red Sulphur, Red Sweet Sulphur and Gray Sulphur Springs. They are all in a narrow, romantic-looking valley, and at each of them was a large hotel and a number of other buildings, such as shooting galleries, bowling alleys and cottages. The springs are strung along the valley not more than a mile or two apart. General Cosby made it convenient to go into camp one night at White Sulphur Springs, where the cavalrymen freely roamed over the grounds and through the hotels and other buildings, all of them being "banquet halls deserted."

Our headquarters for one night were at an unpretentious mansion, where resided the widow of General John B. Floyd, formerly of President Buchanan's cabinet. Mrs. Floyd was a motherly, intelligent lady, who sat knitting beside the marble bust of her husband in the parlor.

Near Dublin we passed over the battlefield where the Federal general, Crook, had killed General Jenkins on the 9th of May, 1864, the day before Morgan defeated Averill

at Wytheville. Jenkins had a small force which fought Crook's superior numbers most desperately Three hundred dismounted men from our camp near Saltville, under command of Colonel D. Howard Smith and Major Diamond, had been sent by rail to Dublin to assist in repelling Crook's raiders. This little detachment met and fought Crook's victorious column most gallantly. Here I saw the grave of Captain Cleburne, of Morgan's second brigade, who had been buried where he fell. On a simple board at the head of his lonely grave a comrade had inscribed the following: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" Captain Cleburne was a brother of General Pat Cleburne, killed at Franklin, Tenn.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE "BOYS" ENTERTAIN THEIR COMRADES WITH STORIES OF VALLEY EXPERIENCE—STONEMAN ON A RAID—BURBRIDGE AFTER MORE SALT—GENERAL DUKE IS CAPTURED BUT ESCAPES—GENERAL DUKE DEFEATED AT KINGSPORT AND COLONEL DICK MORGAN CAPTURED—CAPTAIN BART JENKINS CAPTURED AT ABINGDON BUT KILLS TWO SOLDIERS AND ESCAPES.

HAVING returned to General Breckinridge, near Wytheville, we learned that General Stoneman commanding a division of cavalry composed of the brigades of Gillem and Burbridge was advancing from Tennessee, his objective point probably being Saltville. Burbridge coming for more salt? W-h-e-w!

We went into camp to obtain a short season of rest and to be reviewed and inspected by General Breckinridge.

Colonel Giltner also was in the vicinity of Wytheville, with three hundred disabled and dismounted men who had not gone down the valley with Cosby.

The weather being extremely cold, the soldiers, grouped around roaring fires, were entertained by the valley veterans who detailed their experience in the region of the Shenandoah. Their stories of their association with the army in the valley were graphic, patriotic and amusing.

The dismounted boys were especially interested in everything we could tell them concerning the Stonewall brigade, and in the many legends that had been told us respecting the personality, character and marvelous genius of Jackson. We had seen his grave at Lexington, and his battlefields at Harrisonburg, Port Republic, Cross Keys, Front Royal, Strasburg, Fishers Hill, New Market, etc. We told them of old Jubal Early and his great white overcoat, his slouch hat with the black plume, his short gray beard and light hair, his red face, the large field-glasses and the inevitable canteen; of his battlefield at Cedar Creek, and of the untruthfulness of the poetry in "Sheridan's Ride;" of General

Imboden, the polished scholar and polite gentleman; of the dashing cavalry generals, Lomax, Rosser, Bradley T. Johnson and McCausland, and of their gay and experienced cavaliers; of the Natural Bridge, Weir's Cave, Luray, the springs, etc.

While at Wytheville Captain Cantrill, of Duke's brigade, brought to Breckinridge's headquarters two black flags captured from bushwhackers, eight of whom having been killed while fighting under them. The others had fled to the mountain fastnesses.

Lieutenant-Governor Richard T. Jacob, of Kentucky, had been banished by the Federals and was temporarily living with Breckinridge's military family.

About the middle of December General Breckinridge sent a dispatch to General Cosby, still in command of our brigade, stating that General Duke had been driven back from Kingsport and that Stoneman was evidently advancing on Abingdon and Saltville. He ordered Cosby to make a forced march to Saltville and head off Stoneman if possible.

We started at daylight, in rain, mud and snow. A cold wind blew directly in our faces all day. It was one of those days that make soldiers forget their religion, and, when, instead of singing pastorales and breathing pater nosters, they indulged in maledictions and inelegant "cuss words." On we went, through Mt. Airy, Marion and Seven-mile Ford, reaching Saltville that night, having marched about forty miles without halting. We learned en route that Stoneman had captured two trains of cars near Bristol, and had defeated Duke at Kingsport, capturing Colonel Dick Morgan, a number of men and wagons.

We went into camp without anything for men or horses to eat. However, we were glad of an opportunity to sleep and rest, notwithstanding the horrid weather — the rain having turned to sleet. Before daylight, the bugles sounded their warning notes and we were placed in line of battle, expecting an attack from the enemy who we learned were approaching from Abingdon, they having captured that town early in the night. General Duke, who soon arrived with his little brigade, said Stoneman had between five and six

thousand men, and was making a triumphal march, there being no troops of consequence to oppose him. This was depressing news, as we had only about one thousand cavalry and two or three hundred militia at the Saltworks.

Colonel Giltner now took command of his brigade, relieving General Cosby, who resumed the command of his own brigade, formerly that of General George B. Hodge.

We remained in line of battle all day, but Stoneman did not come. He had gone in another direction. During the night a Federal surgeon, named Gardner, I think, was captured by Oscar Coleman, of the Fourth Kentucky, who had command of a picket post. This same surgeon had been captured in the former battle at Saltville. He was gruff, shrewd and disagreeable. He took pleasure in telling us that Stoneman had burned the court-house square, depot, jail and other of the best buildings in Abingdon and large commissary stores at Bristol; that from Bristol the Federals had gone to Glade Spring Depot and captured a passenger train filled with negroes, running from Saltville. Two other trains, freight, escaped and returned to Saltville.

Still another night we remained in battle array in the cold sleet, without shelter, awaiting an expected attack from the direction of Glade Spring. It seemed difficult for General Breckinridge to determine the enemy's intentions or to decide upon what movement to make himself. Many doubted that the enemy would attempt to take the Saltworks while we were in possession of them. The position was a strong one, and General Burbridge knew from experience what would probably happen to an assaulting column. General Duke while scouting in the night was captured, but adroitly managed to escape before the enemy discovered his identity.

Captain Bart Jenkins and a number of other officers were asleep in Abingdon when the Federals entered the town. Captain Jenkins was captured successively by two soldiers. He killed both of them and escaped from the town. Captain J. J. McAfee and Barney Giltner were also surprised, but escaped, and walked to Glade Spring. Those two young gentlemen were ever seeking "square meals" and a bed of "goose hair."

We finally learned that Stoneman was moving toward Wytheville, burning bridges and playing "high jenks" generally.

About 3 o'clock in the morning our brigade was ordered to move, taking the advance, in the direction of Wytheville. Finding the muddy road almost impassable we turned into a field and waited until after daylight for General Breckinridge.

CHAPTER XLV

THE BATTLE OF MARION—GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE—WITCHER AND HIS NIGHTHAWKS—THE KENTUCKIANS WIN CHOICE OF POSITION—INCIDENTS.

"Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes."

THE battle of Marion was fought in the rain, mud and cold, on Saturday and Sunday, December 17 and 18, 1864, between about one thousand Kentuckians, under Breckinridge, and four thousand or more Federals, commanded by General Stoneman. Among the Federals was a regiment or two of "smoked Yankees"—as the Confederates facetiously called the negro troops.

The morose and dejected Kentuckians, waiting in the mud and cold, recovered their nonchalant gayety when General Breckinridge appeared and rode to the front.

What a handsome and imposing appearance he made! Tall, straight, dignified, he was the ideal Kentuckian among Kentuckians.

"His stately mien as well implied
A high born heart, a martial pride."

Elegantly appareled, wearing the full dress uniform of a Confederate major-general, his bearing was indeed knightly. A brilliant staff of dashing officers followed in his train. Among them were Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, adjutant-general, and Captain Blackburn, aid-de-camp.

While this imposing, handsome general and glittering retinue slowly rode along the column, going to the front, it was interesting to note the many quaint remarks, some witty, some grave, some cynical and others prophetic, made by a thousand Kentucky cavalrymen. Such as the following: "Boys, he'll do." "W-h-e-w! ain't he grand?" "Boys, that man has been Vice-President of the United States."

GEN. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

The column stopped near Seven-mile Ford, in the rain and mud, to feed the horses. A courier from dauntless Colonel Witcher brought the intelligence that Stoneman was coming back and that he (Witcher) was fighting the Federals at Mt. Airy, beyond Marion. We moved briskly along, passing the burned depot at the ford and crossed Holston River, where stood the great mansion of Preston, and marched on to Marion, where we met another courier from Witcher, saying that he was being hard pressed, and that he was retreating somewhat hurriedly before overwhelming numbers. It being apparent that a collision would soon occur the Confederates tightened their belts, looked to their arms and grimly rode forward to battle. About two miles beyond Marion, near the covered bridge, over Holston River, we met Witcher's little battalion retreating rapidly before two Federal regiments. The enemy, not being aware of our proximity, recklessly charged Witcher, resulting in a colliding of the opposing forces in the big road.

Our advance battalion, the Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles, I think, quickly dismounted and poured a deadly volley into the confused, recoiling Federal column, which retreated faster than it had advanced. Three Federal officers, loath to retreat, gallantly stood their ground, fighting with saber and pistol. One of them was killed, and the others, one a major, were captured. Giltner's brigade, being in advance, dismounted and double-quicked to take possession of a hill on the left, already occupied by a part of Stoneman's force and plainly the key to the position. The Tenth Kentucky Mounted Rifles, a squadron of the Fourth Kentucky, under Captain James T. Willis, the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry and Captain Bart Jenkins' troop, if I remember correctly, charged the hill and took possession of it. Captain Tom Barrett, commanding the remaining companies of the Fourth Kentucky, moved to a position behind the rail fence, on low, open ground, forming the center of our lines and commanding the approaches to the bridge. Cosby's and Duke's brigades deployed to the right of the railroad and turnpike and drove the enemy from a low range of hills, thus forming the left of the battle line. It was then late in the

afternoon, but the enemy made several unsuccessful attempts to break through our lines. General firing ceased at nightfall, and our weary troops hoped to obtain some much-needed rest and sleep, but desultory firing continued nearly all night. At 8 or 9 o'clock General Breckinridge ordered the entire line to be advanced. It was very dark and the opposing lines were so close, probably not more than two hundred yards apart, that messengers bearing orders to the several battalions had to proceed slowly and cautiously, for fear of passing through gaps in the lines and falling into the hands of the enemy. While bearing an order to Captain Jenkins I became hopelessly lost, and expected every moment to ride into the Federal lines. Neither side had dared to build fires, and there I was alone, very lonesome, and so completely "turned round" that I even had no idea of the direction back or forward to headquarters. I was afraid to go backward or forward, to the right or to the left. However, it would not do for me to remain motionless. I must move in some direction and trust to luck. I rode along slowly, very slowly, until finally I saw a glimmer of light in the distance. I approached it stealthily, and to my great relief found a section of our artillery, and then I knew "where I was at.' To this day I do not know what part of the field I was on that night when lost. Other messengers had somewhat similar experience. Some time in the night the enemy made a furious assault on Captain Barrett's line at the bridge, but were promptly driven back. Lieutenant Tenny Bond and several men of the Fourth Kentucky were wounded, but the saddest of all was the killing of Johnny Vallandingham, a mere boy, who had only recently left his home in Owen County, Ky., to join the Confederacy.

The line could not be advanced that night, and both sides contented themselves by keeping up a desultory fusillade until the dawn of Sunday morning.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BATTLE OF MARION (Continued)—NO SUNDAY IN THE ARMY—A DESPERATE COMBAT—STONEMAN REPULSED—DUKE AND WITCHER DEMORALIZE THE "SMOKED YANKEES."

BY a singular fatality nearly all of our most desperately fought engagements occurred on Sundays. A soldier took little account of time and rarely knew the day of the week. There was no Sunday in the army.

During the small hours of the night a number of the enemy, probably seventy-five or one hundred, effected a lodgment within the bridge—a fatal movement to them. At the dawn of day they were quickly made to realize that they were in the "wrong box." They could not get out, and to stay within the trap was uncomfortable and dangerous. The lynx-eyed sharpshooters of the Fourth Kentucky were exultant and watched the point of exit from the bridge as closely and eagerly as a cat watches a rat-hole. The first Federal who emerged from the bridge and made a dash for his base bit the dust, riddled by bullets. Another attempted a "home run" and shared the same fate; then another and another. It was fun for the Kentuckians, but death to the gentlemen in blue. It was a case of "I'll be killed if I do, and I'll be killed if I don't." Again and again some bold soldier boy would undertake to make the dangerous run, only to be stopped by the unerring minie ball from a Kentuckian's Enfield rifle. In all, probably twenty attempted the hazardous flight, and all met a common fate. Warned by the fate of their comrades, the remaining Federals cowered in the bridge, and with fear and trembling awaited "coming events." When it became evident that there was not another bluecoat willing to become a target for the grim-humored Kentucky sharpshooters, a small piece of artillery was ordered to take position in the orchard within three hundred yards of the bridge, and shell the Federals out. But the shrieking, ricochetting, bursting bombs, awfully terrifying, failed to dislodge

them. They preferred to endure the terrors of artillery rather than hear the death-song of the Kentuckians' minie ball. A few were killed within the bridge, and the others remained there until night, when they sneaked out, the sharpshooters being no longer able to see the sights of their rifles.

The main battle continued all day in nearly even scale, the fighting being obstinate, first one side and then the other gaining an advantage. The general battle did not begin very early in the morning, Stoneman hesitatingly and leisurely making disposition of his troops for the combat. Some two thousand horses could be seen on the hills in front of our center, but the riders were invisible. A deep ravine lay between the two forces. The first movement Stoneman made was an attempt to turn our left, held by Giltner's brigade. His assaulting columns met such a withering fire from Kentucky rifles that they were afraid to venture across the ravine, and they forthwith abandoned the "turning business" on that part of the field. Failing to make an impression on our left and center, Stoneman massed a heavy column and made a vicious attack on our right, held by the small brigades of Duke and Cosby. Here occurred probably the fiercest fight of the day. Burbridge's "smoked Yankees" were in front of Cosby, and whenever they ventured from cover the Fourth Kentucky boys, who were on Cosby's left, poured a terrific cross-fire into them, and the colored troops, who did not always fight nobly, gave a howl of terror and quickly became invisible.

A body of Federal cavalry attempted a charge and even approached the bridge, but "there stood that d—d Fourth Kentucky," cheering and yelling for them to "come on," but although it was a cold December day, it was too hot for the Northmen, who declined the warm invitation and hurriedly sought a place of refuge.

In the afternoon General Duke and Colonel Witcher moved around and beyond the extreme left of the Federal line, and making a vigorous attack, scared Burbridge's "smoked Yankees" from the field.

Although a hard rain was falling and the Kentuckians were knee-deep in mud, they cheered lustily, feeling confi-

dent of their ability to defeat the enemy and to probably capture Stoneman's entire force.

During the latter part of the day Stoneman was content to fight on the defensive. General Stoneman himself narrowly escaped capture when Duke and Witcher made the sortie on his left.

Just before dark we saw a column of Federals followed by wagons coming from the direction of Wytheville. This was a part of Gillem's brigade, which Stoneman had sent down Rich Valley to destroy the Saltworks, while he should entertain us at Marion. Finding himself hard pressed, however, Stoneman was forced to recall Gillem.

At nightfall the fighting ceased, but the rain and cold increased. For two days we had been in the mud, cold and rain, fighting almost continuously, without anything to eat. On this Sunday night, however, after the battle, scant rations which had been cooked by the ladies of Marion were served.

It was apparent to the humblest soldier that the enemy had been beaten. The Confederates had demonstrated their ability to hold their position and to repel every effort made by Stoneman to break through their lines.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE BATTLE OF MARION (Continued)—ENIGMATICAL STRATEGETICS —A WIDE OPEN DOOR FOR GENERAL STONEMAN TO ENTER SALTVILLE.

AFTER nightfall General Breckinridge ordered the little army to withdraw from its position and move out on the road to Marion. On account of the rain, cold and darkness and the close proximity of the enemy it was a difficult and somewhat dangerous movement to make. Desultory firing continued all the while, and it was not until 1 o'clock Monday morning that the movement was successfully effected. But there was much surprise among the troops, and the query went round, "What does all this mean?" Some thought we were going to Saltville; others, that General Breckinridge was attempting to execute a strategical maneuver. However, the majority of officers and men thought we should have retained our position at the bridge. Stoneman had been forced to fight on the defensive. We were between him and Saltville, and he was a long way from his base, in an unfavorable position for retreat. We were aware that Colonel Buckley, returning from the lead mines, which he had failed to destroy, had passed along the Rye Valley Road, on our right. Buckley's force was of inconsequential strength and attracted but little attention. Notwithstanding the excellent *morale* of the troops, elated by their successes in the battles of Saturday and Sunday, we were now making the *quid obscurum* movement of this inexplicable campaign. General Breckinridge had not been outgeneraled nor had he been out-fought. He was greatly outnumbered, it is true, Stoneman having five men to his one, but his little army of Kentuckians had defeated every movement of the Federals and were by no means loath to confront them again on Monday morning. At sundown on Sunday the Confederates were conquerors, and they protested against playing the role of the vanquished. In the light of

subsequent events it appeared that General Breckinridge had out-generaled himself. He threw wide open the door and permitted Stoneman to march unopposed to Saltville. The successful battles at Marion brought us none of the fruits of victory.

When we arrived in the town of Marion, after midnight, General Breckinridge, rather excitedly, ordered the column to take the road to the left, leading over into Rye Valley. Really it was no road—simply a mountain stream, swollen by the continuous rains, the water coming down much after the fashion of that at Lodore and making it almost impossible for us to proceed.

The head of the column became lost on the mountain, and when we reached the forks of the road General Breckinridge was again lost and unable to decide which road to take. Finally we started up a dark ravine and got lost again. Then we countermarched a mile and went up a mountain, where we halted on the summit, in the brush, and waited for daylight. The mountain was bleak and bare of comfort. The wood was too wet to burn, everybody was drowsy, but it was too cold to sleep. General Breckinridge sat on a stump, looking mad, dreary and forlorn. That seat on the stump was a striking contrast to that he had occupied when presiding over the United States Senate. The officers and men sat around on stumps, logs and stones, nodding and swearing.

At day dawn we moved down the mountain to Rye Valley, turned up the valley, marched nearly all day, left the valley and went across to Mt. Airy, when we were once more on the Wytheville and Marion Road, having gone entirely around the enemy. Moving on to Marion we found no enemy—gone, of course.

Citizens said the Federals had lost about two hundred killed and wounded, and that they threw some of their dead into the river. The dead "smoked Yankees" were left where they fell, unburied.

General Duke, with a detachment of picked men, and Captain T. M. Barrett, with a squadron of the best mounted men of the Fourth Kentucky, were hurried forward toward Salt-

ville, the rest of the troops following, hungry, cold, sleepy, wet, muddy and—mad.

When we reached Preston's great mansion we found the enemy had left nothing in it but cold, empty space. General Duke and Captain Cal Morgan were there waiting for the general. It was from this place on that dark, cheerless night, December 20th, that we saw the light of burning Saltville.

The enemy did but little damage at Saltville. Of the three thousand kettles they broke about one-third and burned a number of the sheds. They were in a hurry and did not appear to understand the business of destroying saltworks. The wells were uninjured and there remained sufficient salt to supply every demand until the termination of the war. The lead mines, never of much importance, were not seriously damaged. The most serious damage done by the Federals was the destruction of Confederate commissary, quartermaster and ordnance stores at Bristol and Abingdon. In fact the loss of the ordnance stores doubtless had much to do in embarrassing General Breckinridge's movements. Our ammunition was running low at Marion, and it was impossible to obtain a supply so long as Stoneman remained between us and Wytheville.

Stoneman and Gillem fell back into Tennessee, while Burbridge retreated, closely pressed by our forces, by way of Pound Gap into Kentucky—a long, desolate march. Many of his men had frozen ears and noses when they reached the bluegrass region.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The Captains of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry.

Captain W. D. Ray,

AFTERWARD major of the regiment, commanded Company A until the death of Major Parker. He was a middle-aged man, of medium height, stout, ruddy complexion, genial temperament and naturally a military-looking man. His face was smooth-shaven, excepting a notably heavy mustache, which gave him a somewhat fierce expression. He had been a member of the Buckner Guards and was a brave, reliable officer.

Captain Ben Duncan,

Who had been first lieutenant of Company A, succeeded to the captaincy when Captain Ray was made major. He was a rather small man with a compact, sturdy frame, of sandy complexion, quiet but alert, pleasing in manner, cool and intrepid, witty, intelligent and one of the very best "all-round" officers in the regiment.

Captain John G. Scott.

Slightly above medium height, slender, somewhat delicate in appearance, hair tinged with gray, voice rather strong, head carried high, graceful, dashing and one of the "bravest of the brave"—such was Captain Scott of Company B. He was affable in manner and one of the most popular officers in the command. He usually rode a gray horse, and when charging the enemy he had a habit of waving his hat above his head that had a most inspiring effect upon his own and other troopers. He was a model cavalry officer, his favorite tactics being to dash right at the enemy; and when such opportunity presented itself he went at them like a veritable thunderbolt of war, being as irresistible as Napoleon's

impetuous Murat. When excited and impatient he would sometimes "cuss" a little, but instead of offending any one there was a certain charm about his profanity that had the effect of putting the men in good humor.

Captain J. Tarkin Alexander,

Commander of Company C, a very large company, composed almost wholly of Owen County boys, was one of the most courageous and efficient officers in the regiment. He had dark complexion, black hair and eyes, and was slender and very tall. He was plain and unassuming, cool and indifferent to danger—having many characteristics in common with Captain Barrett. No company in the regiment did more or better service than Captain Alexander's big Company C. They were especial favorites and were denominated "Old Reliables."

Captain Thomas E. Moore.

Company D, made up of "boys" from Pendleton, Harrison, Bourbon, Kenton and Campbell Counties, was commanded by Captain Thomas E. Moore, of Bourbon, an officer *sans peur et sans reproche*. Of medium size, delicate, neat in dress, prepossessing in appearance, quiet and courteous, Captain Moore was one of the most gentlemanly officers in the brigade; a man of whom no officer or soldier ever spoke a disrespectful word. His appearance suggested a dry goods merchant rather than a bluff captain of cavalry, but beneath that quiet exterior was the indomitable spirit of the bravest of cavaliers. He seemed alike impervious to fear or excitement, and in the din and roar of battle he was the same calm, unimpassioned man as when quietly conversing with comrades around the bivouac fire. In a desperate hand-to-hand saber fight with a Michigan regiment at Mossy Creek, Tenn., he was severely wounded in the arm, and although the wound was painful and slow to heal he placed the arm in a sling and continued to perform every duty as nonchalantly as if nothing had happened.

CAPT. THOS. M. BARRETT.

CAPTAIN SAM DUNCAN,

Of Company E, was a rather large, strong-looking man, rotund, slightly above medium height. He had dark hair, a pleasing face and wore a heavy mustache—a bluff, rollicking, fun-loving officer, brave as Julius Cæsar; plain in manner and speech, he usually wore a short cavalry jacket. I never saw him in full dress uniform, and do not think he ever dressed in that sort of style. He was witty and immensely popular. He, too, had been a member of the Buckner Guards, and as a private soldier in that peerless company he won an enviable reputation for gallant daring among men who were all conspicuously brave.

It is, however, on the humorous side of the captain's character that those who knew him best delight to dwell. He and Captain Shuck Whitaker were pre-eminently the two witty and "funny" officers of the regiment. There is no limit to the humorous stories told by them and of them. Their wit and humor ran in different channels, but it was all "funny" just the same.

His comrades of the Buckner Guards tell of an incident that occurred at Shiloh. Just before the beginning of that great battle, when the opposing lines were so close that ordinary sounds were heard from one line to the other, Duncan was on the extreme outpost one night as a picket guard. Being weary and sleepy, too, he for once forgot military regulations and went off into the "Land of Nod." He had also been so careless as to dismount and hitch his horse, fastening the rein to a fence rail. In a short time he was awakened by a commotion in the camp of the enemy, and in his dazed condition, not being fully awake, thinking the enemy was advancing, he hurriedly sought to unhitch his horse, preparatory to mounting and riding away. In his hurry he failed to unfasten the rein in as brief time as he thought necessary, and instead he shouldered the rail, mounted his horse, and thus rode triumphantly back to his company.

The genial captain was the proud owner of a pretty little gray mare, and upon one occasion, being some miles from camp on a private scouting expedition, he found a small

"moonshine distillery," and forthwith confiscated to his own use and benefit a liberal quantity of the "mountain dew" found therein. Like all "Confeds" the jovial captain was not troubled with any prohibition nonsense, and it was not long until the "dew" "took hold," making him merrily frolicsome and ready for any absurd adventure, dangerous or otherwise.

Taking a bridle path through the woods, going to the encampment, the thought occurred to him that the little gray mare could be made to climb a tree. While endeavoring to make the frisky little mare perform this unheard-of circus feat Colonel Giltner appeared upon the scene, and instantly comprehending the *status* the following dialogue ensued, the colonel being inwardly convulsed with laughter but outwardly preserving his usual hauteur and speaking in characteristic, measured, emphatic tones:

"Well,—Captain Duncan,—what—in—the—world—are—you—trying—to—do?"

"Hey! Hello, colonel! I'm trying to make this —— mare climb a tree."

"Captain Duncan,—I—must—say—I'm—ashamed—of—you."

"What's that, Colonel Giltner? You say you're ashamed of me?"

"Yes, Captain Duncan, I—must—say—I—am."

"Well, look here, Colonel Giltner, I'm ashamed of you too, and what's more, I've been ashamed of you a —— long time!"

The colonel rode away, leaving the doughty captain alone in his glory. Upon coming into camp the colonel related the circumstances in such an inimitably droll manner that the narration was about as funny as Duncan's attempt to make the mare climb a tree.

Captain Duncan was captured in the horrible fight at Rheatown, Tenn., and remained a prisoner of war on Johnsons Island until the close of the war.

LIEUT. H. H. ADCOCK.

Captain Thomas M. Barrett.

First Lieutenant T. M. Barrett was promoted to the captaincy of Company F, Giltner's old company, when the latter was made colonel at the organization of the regiment at Salyersville.

Captain Barrett was a young man with black hair and beard, quiet, staid and firm. Like Captain Alexander he was very tall and distinguished for good, hard, common sense and for cool, nonchalant bearing in battle. The commanding general frequently called for a detachment from the Fourth Kentucky when he wished some especially hazardous duty performed, and upon such occasions Captain Barrett and his gallant company were often detailed to report to the general. At one time General Breckinridge sent them upon an expedition that a number of officers denominated as "horrible, most horrible." Captain Barrett fully realized the danger, but he and his men, apparently without a quiver of fear, unhesitatingly and successfully performed the service as commanded. Captain Barrett was a peculiarly conspicuous figure on a skirmish line, by reason of his tall form, which could be seen moving up and down his line unconcernedly, apparently unconscious that the air was full of whizzing bullets, hurtling grape and shrieking shells. I well remember one occasion when serving with Longstreet, in Tennessee. Captain Barrett was on the skirmish line in an extremely exposed position; his men were lying down and under cover, but he himself was moving about, his form seemingly taller than ever, while the Federal sharpshooters were popping away at him—yet he was as undisturbed and void of nervousness as when at home in his elegant mansion on la belle riviere. Upon this occasion some one of the staff officers, pointing to the skirmish line, said: "Just look at Tom Barrett. The d—d fool is determined to get himself killed."

Lieutenant Henry H. Adcock

Was virtually captain of Company E, he having commanded that company from the time of Captain Duncan's capture, October, 1863, until the close of the war. Somewhat above

medium height, rotund and sturdy in body, black hair, brown eyes, a pleasing face, suave, gentle, yet positive, courtly manners, Lieutenant Adcock was one of the most popular and reliable company officers in the Fourth Kentucky. Of equable temperament, fearless and intelligent, he commanded the respect of his superior officers and the unswerving fealty of his company. Notably conscientious in the performance of every duty, calm and collected in the hour of danger, the officers did him homage while the men gave him affection and admiration. His ability and natural military qualifications eminently fitted him for high rank. There was a peculiar, indescribable attractiveness about the man that commanded the friendship and confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

Once upon a time, as the novelist would say, when the Fourth Kentucky was quite young in the service Lieutenant Adcock, with a small detachment, unexpectedly ran into a force of Federals, commanded by the notorious Colonel Jim Lane, in ambush near one of the gaps in the Cumberland Mountains. The first intimation Lieutenant Adcock had of the presence of the enemy was the receiving of a volley, at close range, from the unseen foe in the bushes. It came so unexpectedly that the lieutenant, momentarily disconcerted, exclaimed, "By grab, boys! what do you mean?" A part of his hat brim had been shot away, but in the next breath he gave the command to fire, and then something very remarkable happened. When the "scrimmage" was over it was found that nine shots fired by Adcock's men had killed thirteen Federals, among them Colonel Lane. Will Glasscock, of Trimble County, Ky., now has Lane's pistol in his possession, and it is supposed he killed the Federal commander.

Captain James T. Willis,

The dashing commander of Company G, was a young officer of "infinite jest and most excellent fancy." Nearly six feet in height, well proportioned, prompt and decisive, he was "a knight good and true." His personality was extremely attractive. The soul of honor, his escutcheon was as untarnished and bright as his smiling face. Officers and men

CAPT. R. O. GATHRIGHT.

extolled the excellences of Captain Jim Willis. He was a brilliant cavalryman, whose sword flashed amid the smoke of the fiercest combat and whose cheering voice nerved and inspired his clansmen in the conflict. His gallant company was composed principally of young men from Grant and Owen Counties.

CAPTAIN R. O. GATHRIGHT,

Excepting Captain John Marshall, was the handsomest captain in the regiment. He was a man of medium size, lithe, alert, impetuous, proud and daring. He had a notably fine suit of black curling hair, black flashing eyes, and in his face was an expression of blended gentleness and hauteur. Graceful in person, of patrician lineage, brilliant in conversation, possessing many and varied accomplishments, Captain Dick Gathright, of Company H, challenged admiration in the bivouac, on the march, on dress parade and on the field of battle. He was at his best when charging the enemy. He awaited the signal impatiently, and then with waving sword he was off like a shot. The word "dashing" is peculiarly applicable to Captain Dick Gathright. Courteous to his superiors, they honored him; considerate and sociable with his subordinates, they believed in him and unhesitatingly followed his lead when gallantly charging the foe. Captain Gathright always dressed well, even elegantly—a most graceful and pleasing figure to look upon.

> "Not his the form nor his the eye,
> That youthful maidens wont to fly."

CAPTAIN JOHN J. MARSHALL.

Young, frank, gay and light-hearted, yet upon occasion properly dignified; courteous to his elders and superiors, considerate of his equals and kind to his inferiors; tall, straight, handsomely dressed, of proud and lofty carriage, Captain John Marshall was the most knightly-looking officer in the brigade.

He was a son of General Humphrey Marshall and commanded Company I, composed of men and boys from Henry

and Carroll Counties. It is not possible to conceive of a more gallant, chivalrous officer than was this gifted, ill-fated young man. His bravery amounted to rashness, an illustration of which came under my personal observation during Longstreet's Tennessee campaign. While skirmishing in front of our infantry, Captain Marshall, in an exposed position, was closely pressed by dense lines of Federal infantry, but instead of retiring he undauntedly stood erect and waved his hat and sword in proud defiance right in the faces of the enemy, who themselves must have admired him. He finally brought his men off the field, in company form, slowly and defiantly. Retiring behind the infantry line Humphrey's Mississippians cheered him and declared they had never seen any such cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia. The compliment was really bestowed upon the entire regiment, which was present, but Captain Marshall for a time was the most conspicuous figure between the lines of the opposing infantry, and he was the means of eliciting the applause the more emphatically. Longstreet's veterans said they were accustomed to having the cavalry stir up a "racket" in front and then retire, leaving them to do the fighting, but that the Fourth Kentucky not only brought on the fight, they stayed and helped to fight it out.

In Morgan's Kentucky campaign, during the fight on the second morning at Mt. Sterling, Captain Marshall killed a Federal with his saber.

This peerless young officer met a sad and untimely death in a personal altercation with one who had been his friend, at Russell Courthouse, Va.

Captain H. Smith Chilton,

Who had been first lieutenant of Company I, succeeded to the captaincy when Captain Marshall was killed. He was more advanced in years than many of his brother officers. He was somewhat above medium height and slightly inclined to corpulency. He was dignified in manner, had a kind, strong face and was a brave, trustworthy officer. There was a solidity about the man that inspired confidence, and his

plain, unassuming manners made him very popular with his men. Of course what I have said as to the gallantry of Captain Marshall and his company will apply to Captain Chilton, he being with the company second in command. Under his leadership the company lost none of its prestige for gallant daring.

CAPTAIN E. D. WHITAKER,

The gallant and redoubtable commander of Company K, was of medium size and dressed like a gentleman. He lived like one, too—whenever he struck a "square meal" or a "bed of goose hair." Witty and shrewd, Chesterfieldian in manner and sufficiently "cheeky," he usually had better luck than his comrades in securing substantials and luxuries, which were exceedingly scarce in the Confederacy. There are many humorous stories that could be told of Captain "Shuck" Whitaker, but one of the best is that related by Mrs. Emily Stout, of Worthville, Ky., but who during the war lived in Virginia. Captain "Shuck," accompanied by four soldiers, called on her and wanted to buy some turkeys. She told him she had already given away a number of turkeys and that she had only five left, which she wished to keep. The captain then in his well-known eloquent, persuasive tones made the following pathetic appeal: "My dear good woman, I know you have sons in the army, and I am sure they, too, are hungry. If you will let me have the turkeys it will be like bread cast upon the waters, and the good Lord will surely cause some one to feed your poor hungry boys. Now, my good woman, I am an honest Christian man, and but for that fact might have stolen your turkeys. Madam, they are all now sitting on the fence behind the barn, and if you will spare me one you may be the instrument in the hands of God that will save one poor Christian soldier from starvation." The lady, unable to resist this pathetic plea, said, "Well, I will go with you and let you have one." But, sad to say, there were no turkeys sitting on the fence. While the Christian-like captain monopolized the attention of "my good woman" his four soldiers had "skipped" with the five turkeys.

CHAPTER XLIX.

SOME OF THE "BOYS."

"Bold they could speak and fairly ride;
I warrant them, soldiers tried."

CHARLES J. BOWER

WAS an educated, gentlemanly young soldier, belonging to Company F, Fourth Kentucky His record is exceptionally honorable. Always ready for duty he never missed a fight. At Mt. Sterling he took deliberate aim at a Federal, shooting him dead. Gallant Guy Flusser was killed by his side.

While operating with Longstreet in the vicinity of Beans Station young Bower was with a detachment that captured a train of wagons at night north of Clinch Mountain, on the road from Cumberland Gap to Beans Station. The wagons were loaded with sugar, coffee and other commissary stores, en route to Burnside's army corps. Bower and James Spencer brought off one of the wagons and distributed the contents among their comrades instead of turning them into the commissary department. Bower, being a lawyer and politician, claimed that he had first lien on the goods, and that to the victor belonged the spoils.

Charley Bower and his faithful war equine, "Old Bess," were generally on hand when "tough" and dangerous service was to be performed. They were never with the "lame squad" but once—when Bower marched with the "foot cavalry" from Virginia to Mt. Sterling, during the first days of Morgan's last raid into Kentucky. Although he had been reared in affluence young Bower philosophically and stoically submitted to the hardships of a Confederate cavalryman's life. His fine education, natural intelligence and varied accomplishments eminently fitted him for some staff duty of ease, rank and pleasure, but he sought no such position, being content to serve the Confederacy in the humble capacity of private soldier. He was fitted to adorn any station.

"For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Charley Bower was held the flower."

HUMPHREY MARSHALL, JR.

H. HULCEE,

Sometimes called "H." and sometimes "Ham," was a Louisville youth, who joined Company E, Fourth Kentucky, in 1863. Ham Hulcee was a rare boy, "smart," brave to rashness, cynical, indifferent to the luxuries of life, although he had been accustomed to them, careless in dress, and withal one of the very best soldiers in the Confederacy. The whole Federal army could not have scared him. He was the son of Dr. H. Hulcee, a prominent physician of Louisville, and when Lee had furled the flag at Appomattox young Hulcee was averse to surrender and advocated a protraction of the struggle, even should it become necessary to adopt a guerrilla mode of warfare. He was one of the "last-ditch" sort of fellows, and did not lay down his arms until he saw that if the war was to go on he would have to fight it alone.

THOMAS J. MCELRATH

Was a college-bred youth, a Scotchman, the best classical scholar in the Fourth Kentucky. Impervious to fear he was ever ready for the fray and never shirked a soldier's duty. The boys delighted to gather around the bivouac fire to hear him read some "classic work of ancient story," or listen to his eloquent recital of legendary lore. He was captured at Mt. Sterling on Morgan's last raid, and in the loathsome prison at Rock Island he enlivened many a weary hour by reading aloud to his fellow-prisoners selections of modern and classic literature.

HUMPHREY MARSHALL, JR.

In personal appearance young Humphrey Marshall was a "chip off the old block." Not more than seventeen years old, he was very large and fleshy, almost the picture of his father, the general. He seemed to be a free rover, going whither he pleased and coming when it suited his whim. He accompanied us on Morgan's last raid into Kentucky, and walked almost the entire "round trip." When asked why he did not get a horse he would nonchalantly reply, "Oh, plenty of time; I'll get one after a while;" but he seemed

content to walk along the turnpikes rather than make an effort to obtain a horse, which could easily be secured by leaving the highway a few minutes. However, while we were skirting the suburbs of Lexington he made a dash into the city and picked up a forlorn-looking Rosinante, but running upon a squad of Dutch cavalry he was very nearly captured, as he would hold on to the worthless old "raw bones" while he fought off the Dutch single-handed. Riding bareback he rejoined the column. His experience must have been severe, as he wore scant clothing, his own back being nearly as bare as that of his razor-back war horse. He was devoid of fear and seemed to care neither for the comforts nor luxuries of life. At Mt. Sterling, under the hottest kind of fire, the enemy in the houses, he and a number of comrades had a position behind a stone wall, where they were somewhat safe so long as they lay on the ground, but in danger of instant death the moment they showed any part of their bodies above the wall. Young Humphrey, however, persisted in standing up, coolly endeavoring to "draw a bead on a 'Yank.'" His comrades called to him, "Lie down, Humphrey! You'll be killed if you stand there!" His reply was, "By G—d, I can't see anything lying down there!" He escaped unscratched, although men fell all around him like grain before the sickle. He was a brainy youth and a most entertaining companion. I was with him a great deal on the Kentucky trip and at other times, and I often recall his wit, drolleries and enjoyable comradeship. Upon our arrival in Virginia, after the hegira from Cynthiana, I for a time had young Marshall and Tommy Bayless for messmates. Rations were scarce, and one morning having nothing but a chunk of blue beef, about enough for one soldier, and a small quantity of hard bread, we cooked the meat in an old pan, adding a little water, hoping to make an apology for gravy. Bayless was the first to dip a piece of the adamantine bread into the "sop," but he instantly threw it down and turned his head. Surprised, I asked him what was the matter. He said a big black spider had been cooked with the meat. Upon examination I discovered the dismembered spider floating in the gravy. I also turned away.

D. BRAINARD BAYLESS.

Young Humphrey, noticing our movements, queried, "What's the matter with you fellows?" We informed him about the spider. "Humph!" exclaimed he, "what of that?" We said it turned our stomachs, whereupon he began to eat the disgusting compound, saying, "Boys, one side of my stomach is just as good as the other—let her turn." He soon left us, going to Richmond to read law in his father's office. He may have had further experience in the army, in his peculiar way, but I never saw him again.

D. Brainard Bayless.

This youth, handsome, dashing and brilliant, readily became one of the pets of the brigade. A native of Covington, Ky., apparently not more than sixteen years of age, small, always neatly attired, a perfect little gentleman, he first came to the brigade as a member of "the little battery." The first time I ever saw the battery in action was at Telfords Station, where it came promptly upon the field when the engagement began, and at the first fire my attention was attracted to the little boy, Bayless, who was rapidly working one of the guns, and at each discharge of the diminutive cannon he would wave his hat, jump into the air and cheer. After leaving the battery he filled various "preferred" positions, and being a prime favorite of Adjutant-General Guerrant he was installed into that officer's office as clerk and to perform general staff duty—the same position held by myself. Later, when General Breckinridge was in command, his younger brother, Tommy Bayless, joined us, and for a long time was my bedfellow and most intimate companion. Brainard Bayless was captured at Mt. Sterling, June, 1864, during Morgan's raid, but escaped from prison, and in the following September rejoined the command, remaining with it until the termination of the war.

Wm. J. Bohon.

One of the handsomest, most intelligent and popular youths of the Fourth Kentucky was Billy Bohon, a native of Harrodsburg, where he had been well educated and a clerk in a

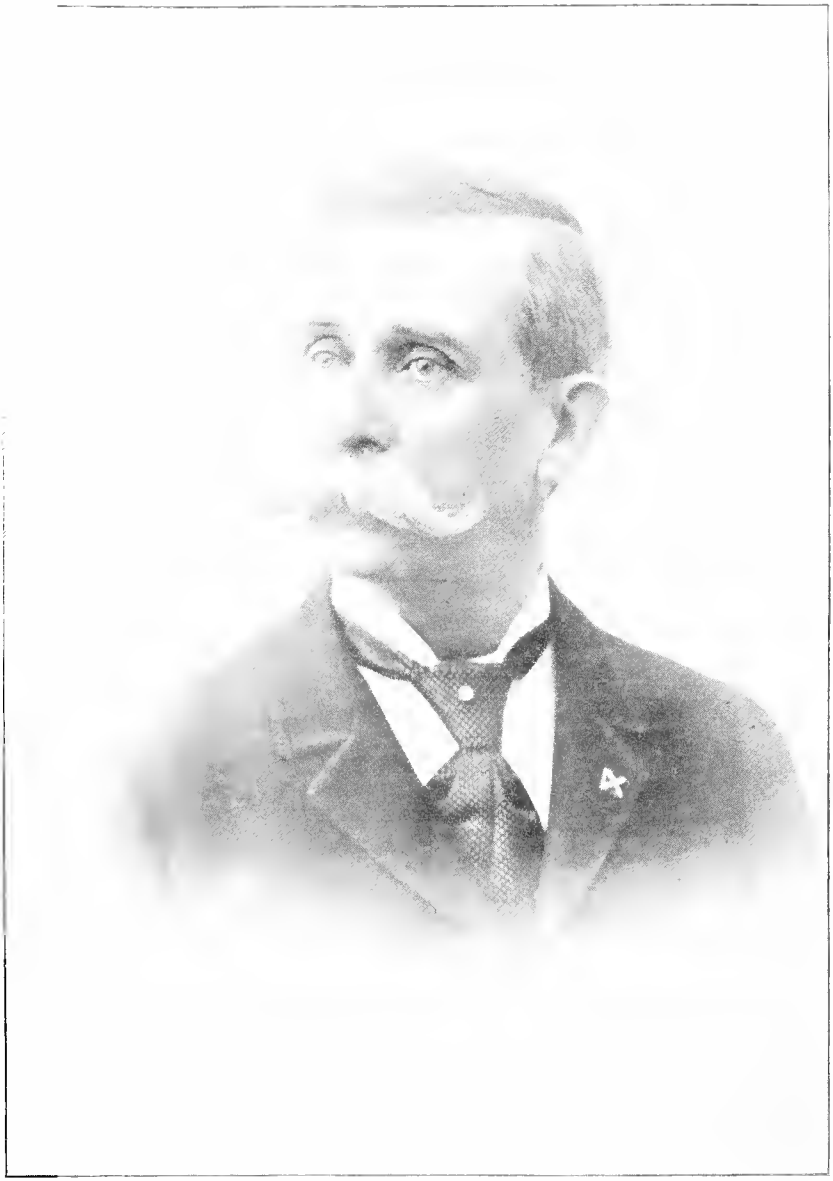
dry goods store. A gallant soldier, fastidious in dress, alway managing to have good clothes and knowing how to wea them with the best effect, he was the best dressed boy in th regiment. He had been reared in refined society, had rea extensively and could readily quote from standard poets– Pope being his favorite. Notwithstanding his fastidiousnes in language and dress the most uncouth and illiterate soldie was his firm friend. He was captured at Mt. Sterling, an remained a prisoner, I think, until the close of the war. H belonged to Barrett's company.

THOMAS P. BASHAW.

Another elegant and accomplished youth, Tom Bashaw came to the Fourth Kentucky, Company F, in company wit Bohon, and like him immediately became exceedingly pop ular with officers and men. Bashaw was not only an affabl gentleman ; he was highly educated, a profound thinker, charming conversationalist and a fine singer. The boy delighted to gather about his camp-fire and listen to his elo quent discourses and hear him sing the numerous war songs such as "Maryland, My Maryland," "The Bonnie Blu Flag," etc. He was rather above medium height, well pro portioned and had black hair and eyes, a full, benignant face a tender, inviting expression about the mouth, a tendency t melancholy, and was rather easily discouraged, which w were inclined to attribute to delicate health. Tom Bashaw was one of that rare type of men of whom no one ever had a inclination to speak disrespectfully. Conscientious, he di his full duty as a soldier. After the war he became a bril iant lawyer, and going to Missouri he very nearly defeate General Marmaduke in the State Democratic Convention fo Governor.

WM. H. BRADLEY

Was probably the best drilled young soldier in the Fourth Ken tucky when it was first organized. For some years previou to the war he had been a member of a superb military compan in Louisville, and was therefore well up in tactics before h enlisted in the Confederate army. He had also been drill



WILL L. CRABB.

master of a company of the Kentucky State Guard. As a soldier he was one of the best. His modesty and unassuming manner kept him in the ranks, while others of less merit and ability became somewhat prominent officers. He was especially efficient as a leader of scouts. His military acumen and general intelligence were recognized by his officers, who frequently sent him on special service.

It was generally thought that Burbridge's (or Burnside's) cold-blooded general order No. 38 was only applicable to Confederates captured in Kentucky or within Federal lines. That supposition is disproved by the fact that Andy Garnett and Bill Tige, of Scott's company, were captured near Bean Station, Tenn., and condemned by Burbridge to be shot. Morgan's raid made it necessary to remove the prisoners from Lexington, and the sentence for some reason was commuted to imprisonment. Bradley, who was captured on Morgan's raid, was surprised to find Garnett and Tige in prison, and from them he learned of their narrow escape from being shot under order "38."

PETER A. MALLOY

Was a notable young Irishman of Company E, Fourth Kentucky. Possessing great force of character he had almost unaided acquired a good common school education, which he supplemented by the judicious reading of history, biography, belles lettres, etc. His general information and ready Irish wit made him a most agreeable comrade. At Rheatown he was shot through both hips and left on the field, it being supposed that he was dead. About two months later a letter was received from him, announcing that he still lived and requesting that he be sent for and taken to the command. There was general rejoicing that the gallant young Irish soldier was not dead. However he was a cripple for the rest of his life. The Federals had treated him well, and when they left Rheatown they appointed a soldier to remain with him. Lieutenant Sennett Duncan went to him and conveyed him to Rogersville, where for a time he was left with friends. He was assigned to duty in the adjutant-general's office, where his good penmanship and intelligence made him a valued acquisition.

Heroism of Henry Sanders.

Three soldiers whose names should be written in gold were Lieutenant Robert Alexander, Henry Sanders and Thomas Osborne of the Fourth Kentucky.

On the morning of the battle of Blue Springs Captain Tom Barrett was in command of the pickets—a squadron composed of his own and Scott's companies. Colonel Giltner ordered him to move with his pickets, or scouts, to Bulls Gap for the purpose of ascertaining whether the enemy was in possession of the gap. Barrett was cautioned, however, not to enter the pass under any consideration whatever.

The captain proceeded without seeing or hearing of any enemy, and when within three hundred yards of the gap came to a halt. Not knowing positively from information he had obtained whether or not an enemy occupied the pass he directed Lieutenant Alexander, of Scott's company, to take two men and make a closer reconnoissance. Upon Alexander's call for volunteers Henry Sanders and Tom Osborne promptly signified their willingness to accompany him. The three daring soldiers going beyond their orders crept to a point whence they could look down into the gap. The enemy, in ambush, closed in on their rear, cutting off retreat. They dashed through the gap, running the gauntlet between two lines of an unseen foe. Alexander received a painful wound in the calf of his leg, his horse was seriously shot, and Osborne was wounded in the heel. Sanders and his horse remained uninjured. Having passed through the gap they found themselves confronted by a whole division of cavalry, drawn up in line of battle. Wheeling to the right they dashed along the side of the mountain, the long line of Federals firing upon them. Alexander's horse went down. It was then that gallant Henry Sanders, or "Black Hawk," as he was familiarly called, performed an act of heroism and self-sacrifice that entitles his name to be written in letters of living light on the scroll of fame.

Dismounting under a galling fire he placed the disabled lieutenant upon his horse and took to the woods on foot. The brave trio managed to escape over the mountain, rejoining the command without further adventure.

J. H. DORMAN.

"DIGBY" AND "MAJOR" JENKINS.

These two youths were brothers, their proper names being Wm. L. and Frederick R. Jenkins. They had left a home of wealth and luxury to enter upon the hard and dangerous career of "soldiers in gray." I had never known them until we met as soldiers in the Fourth Kentucky, they belonging to Company E. From the first acquaintance I entertained a fraternal feeling for the two young brothers—brave, dashing and generous. Poor "Major" gave up his gallant young life—shot from his horse near Wytheville, Va., in the last engagement his regiment had in the closing days of the war, and he left no bolder heart behind.

"We gave him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

BOB WALDEN.

"Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now;
Somebody's darling is still and cold."

Bob Walden, the handsomest boy I ever saw, petted by a thousand cavaliers, left his home in Owen County, Ky., when probably not more than fourteen years old, to follow the plume of General John H. Morgan. When that chieftain made his famous raid through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio "Little Bob" daringly made his escape from imminent capture by swimming his horse across the Ohio River at Buffington Island. After many adventures he reached Giltner's brigade in Tennessee, and was assigned to duty at headquarters as a "courier boy." Nearly always riding at the head of the column he was gay and happy, cheerily singing some song like the following:

"The boy stood on the burning deck
Eating peanuts by the peck;
His father called, he would not go,
Because he loved the peanuts so."

He was rashly brave, seemingly never to realize the dangers to which he was constantly exposing himself. His

gallant career was brief. Standing alone upon the breastworks at Bulls Gap, Tenn., waving his hat and taunting the enemy—a conspicuous target for a thousand rifles—a ball struck him in the forehead, killing him instantly. Poor Bob! So young, so bright. How we loved that precious boy—the youngest of our clan! The bloom of summer was on his fair cheek; there was gayety in his heart; a cheery, perennial smile hovered about his boyish face, which was round and smooth, his complexion being the envy of the young girls.

"Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head
'Somebody's darling slumbers here.'"

LLEWELLYN MCCANN.

As the engraving indicates this young soldier was a frank, generous boy, genial and handsome—as gallant a lad as ever faced a foe. Originally he belonged to Company F, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, but when Captain Shuck Whitaker's company was organized he was transferred to Company K. Gentlemanly and intelligent he was an ideal soldier of the Confederacy.

J. H. DORMAN.

This soldier was "a high private in front ranks"—educated, intellectual and known as "Gentleman Dorman." He was a member of Alexander's company, always ready for duty—a veteran of forty-two engagements.

Since the war Harvey Dorman has been a successful lawyer, four years county judge of Owen County and has served a term in the State Senate. While serving in the latter capacity his former comrade in the army and associate in the Senate, the Hon. Thomas J McElrath, paid him the following just tribute:

"But I do know, and from an acquaintance of three years, extending over a period which called out every phase of a man's character, I am warranted in saying that Harvey Dorman is a gentleman like the gallant Bayard, 'without fear

W. LLEWELLYN M'CANN.

and without reproach;' that in the old Fourth Kentucky there was no more gallant soldier, no man of stricter integrity and purer morals than he."

THOMAS ROY,

Wounded at Laurel Gap, Va., was one of the coolest soldiers under fire in the Fourth Kentucky. Notably quiet and of amiable temperament he calmly did a soldier's duty.

I am admonished that if I continue to introduce cavaliers worthy of laudation this book will grow beyond all reasonable size, and I must therefore content myself by assuring the reader that the gallant "boys" whom I have sketched are merely "ensamples" of those whose names are found on muster rolls, recorded on preceding pages.

I close this chapter by quoting from General Bragg's exquisite tribute to the private soldier of the Confederacy:

"Without the incentive or the motive which controls the officer who hopes to live in history, without the hope of reward, actuated only by a sense of duty and patriotism, he has in this great contest justly judged that the cause was his own, and gone into it with a determination to conquer or die, to be free or not to be at all. No encomium is too high, no honor too great for such a soldier. However much of credit and glory may be given, and probably justly given, to the leaders in the struggle, history will yet award the main honor where it is due—to the private soldier, who without hope of reward and with no other incentive than a conscientiousness of rectitude has encountered all the hardships and has suffered all the privations. Well has it been said, 'The first monument our Confederacy raises should be a lofty shaft, pure and spotless, bearing this inscription: '*To the unknown and unrecorded dead.*'"

CHAPTER L.

THE LAST DAYS—THE HOMEWARD MARCH—THE SURRENDER TO GENERAL HOBSON AT MT. STERLING.

"Furl that banner; true, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages.
Furl its folds though uow we must."

AFTER the battle of Marion the brigade remained comparatively inactive until early in the spring of 1865, when it defeated and stampeded a raiding cavalry force near Wytheville. In this engagement, our last, "Major" Jenkins was killed.

From Wytheville the command marched toward Lynchburg and Appomattox, but when we had arrived at Christiansburg we received the intelligence that the Army of Northern Virginia had succumbed to the inevitable and laid down its arms—that General Lee had surrendered his little army, starved and exhausted, to General Grant. With the surrender of Lee's veterans the majority of our soldiers realized that the end had come; that

"The neighboring troops, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout were past."

All was gloom. I shall not attempt to describe the pathetic scenes. The men could scarcely decide as to the best course to pursue. General Basil Duke and others were loath to surrender. Many suggested an attempt to join General Joseph E. Johnston's army. Others determined to make their way to the Trans-Mississippi department, and thence to Mexico or South America. Many declared that they would never again live under the United States govern-

CONFEDERATE FLAG—FURLED.

ment; nearly all expected bad treatment and persecution by the dominant party controlling the Federal government.

Colonel Giltner, with tears in his eyes, addressed the assemblage of troopers, sitting upon their horses. He recapitulated their daring and faithfulness as soldiers and the many sacrifices they had made in the long, hard struggle against a power that commanded overwhelming numbers and unlimited resources. He said that the future appeared cheerless and forbidding, and that the thought of surrender was most harrowing to his soul, and yet he thought the very best thing that could be done would be for the command to retain its organization, march to Kentucky and there surrender. Emphasizing the fact that without Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia further conflict would be hopeless, he said that any prolongation of the struggle would result in useless suffering and effusion of blood. The colonel's voice faltered when he spoke of the sundering of the ties that for nearly three years had bound officers and men together in close comradeship. All eyes were dim; all voices were hushed. Men could not trust themselves to speak. No funeral scene was ever more solemn.

The colonel merely sought to advise the men; he made no attempt to dictate to them nor to control them. As for himself he intended to march to Kentucky; all who chose to do so could follow him; the others were at liberty to go whither they pleased. A number of the men, I do not know how many, arrayed themselves under the unfurled red battle flag of General Duke and followed that gallant chieftain southward. The majority of the command took Colonel Giltner's advice and turned their faces toward Kentucky. Having bidden the followers of General Duke a sad farewell we started upon the long and dreary homeward march.

> "No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
> Still were the pipe and drum;
> Save heavy tread and armor's clang,
> The sullen march was dumb."

My chums on this march were Neville Bullitt and his cousin, Henry Bullitt, of Louisville.

They were members of Company C, Second Kentucky Cavalry, General Duke's old regiment, and had been captured when on Morgan's raid north of the Ohio River. They had recently been exchanged, and when they joined the command in Virginia the three of us became messmates and close friends. They were exceptionally well educated, gentlemanly youths, with whom it was an honor to associate. Henry Bullitt was a brother of the Hon. Joshua F. Bullitt, formerly one of the judges of the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

At Hazel Green, Ky., probably forty miles from Mt. Sterling, we halted and sent forward a flag of truce to ascertain from General Hobson, in command at Mt. Sterling, the terms upon which we would be permitted to surrender. When our flag returned it was accompanied by a gentlemanly young artillery officer and a small escort, who bore a courteous communication from General Hobson, in which he suggested that we should march to Mt. Sterling, where we should be permitted to surrender upon the same terms, substantially, as had been granted to General Lee at Appomattox.

Immediately acting upon General Hobson's generous suggestion we marched to Mt. Sterling, where we surrendered and were paroled—May 10, 1865.

Our surrender to General Hobson was another illustration of the vicissitudes of war. Only one year before the general had surrendered his brigade to General Morgan at Cynthiana.

General Hobson treated us with delicate consideration, and did all that was in his power, under the circumstances, for our comfort and pleasure.

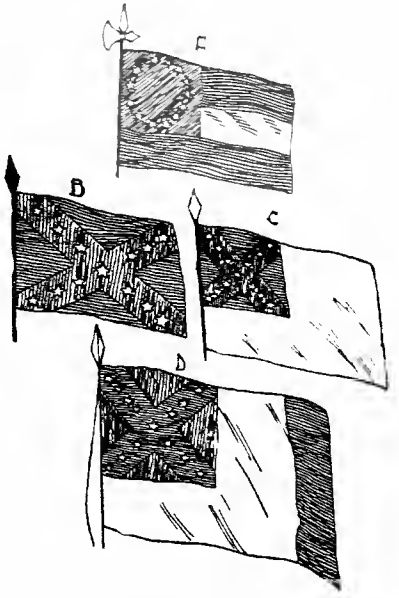
Personally I was extremely fortunate. Judge Belvard J. Peters, who lived in the suburbs of Mt. Sterling, had been an associate with Judge Bullitt on the bench of the Court of Appeals. He came into the encampment and invited the Bullitt boys and myself to make his house our home during our stay in that vicinity—an invitation which we thankfully accepted. The judge and his good wife gave us royal entertainment at their elegant home, and upon our departure, knowing that we had no money except worthless Confederate scrip, the generous judge made us accept of a

NEVILLE BULLITT.

gift of nearly one hundred dollars, current coin of the realm, that we might not be pecuniarily embarrassed while on the way to our homes.

From Mt. Sterling we went to Paris, where Henry Bullitt had a sweetheart, and remained a week; thence we went to Louisville, and then—our soldier days had ended.

"Furl that banner, softly, slowly.
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not; unfold it never;
Let it droop there—furled forever."



A—The Stars and Bars.
B—The Battle Flag.
C—The Camp Flag.
D—Last Flag of the Confederacy.